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Our Christian classics





OUR CHRISTIAN CLASSICS:
READINGS FROM
THE BEST DIVINES.

With Notices Biographical and Critical.

BY

JAMES HAMILTON, D. D.,

AUTHOR OF "LIFE IN EARNEST," "MOUNT OF OLIVES," "ROYAL PREACHER," ETC., ETC.

• IN FOUR VOLUMES.

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TO

THE RIGHT HON. AND RIGHT REV.

THE LORD BISHOP OF LONDON.

MY LORD,—Amongst other pleasant memories which, in common with many a contemporary, I have carried away from Glasgow College, is the commencement of that career which, through the mastership of Rugby, and the deanery of Carlisle, has borne up into the see of London the most popular of our fellow-students. At first attracted, and ever since retained, by that charm which a noble nature sheds around itself, we have rejoiced, as if personally promoted, in your rise to successive posts of influence and honour; and, although your life must henceforward be full of labour, in common with every patriot and every Protestant, we pray that this great metropolis, and the Church of England, may long benefit by that public spirit, that sound judgment, and that zeal for the best of causes which you carry to the discharge of your high and arduous duties.

In the following pages, it is likely that opinions and estimates of character may occasionally be found with which your Lordship cannot coincide; but the strong are generous, and those who are most fully persuaded in their own minds, are

usually the readiest to accord the right of private judgment. Nor, with your large and catholic affinities, will you like the book the less because it brings together so many of the great and good from various sections of the Church of Christ.

With much respect and affection, I have the honour to remain,

My Lord,

Your Lordship's faithful servant,

JAMES HAMILTON.

48 EUSTON SQUARE,
December 1, 1858.

PREFACE.

TAKE it all in all, no land can boast of such a Christian Authorship as England; but many of the greatest thinkers and most eloquent writers are locked up in ponderous or costly folios, inaccessible to ordinary readers. In the following pages, by means of characteristic specimens, the attempt is made to convey to persons of limited leisure a notion of the way in which the Masters in our Israel discoursed on the most momentous subjects; and it is hoped that the connecting notices, biographical and historical, and which extend to more than a third of the entire work, may promote the intelligent perusal and enjoyment of the accompanying extracts, or that they may even induce a few readers to acquaint themselves with the great originals.

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OUR CHRISTIAN CLASSICS.

IN the following pages the compiler must plead guilty to a certain amount of self-indulgence. It was his lot to be born in the midst of old books. Before he could read them, they had become a kind of companions, and, in their coats of brown calf and white vellum, great was his admiration for tomes as tall as himself. By and by, when he was allowed to open the leather portals, and look in on the solemn authors in peaked beards and wooden ruffs, his reverence deepened for the mighty days of the great departed; and with some vague prepossessions, his first use of the art of reading was to mimic an older example, and sit poring for hours over Manton and Hopkins, Reynolds and Horton. Indeed, so intense did this old-fashioned affection grow, that he can very well remember, when compelled to shut the volume and retire to rest, how night after night he carried to his cot some bulky folio, and only fell asleep to dream of a paradise where there was no end of books, and nothing to interrupt the reader. And although it is impossible to recall without a smile such precocious pedantry, the writer is grateful for tastes then formed and for impressions then acquired. Busier years have made those early haunts forbidden, but not altogether forgotten, ground; and now that, yielding to an ir-repressible longing, he pays them a hasty visit, he will feel

himself less of the mere idler should the intelligent reader lend him his company.

True, our excursions in these "old paths" must be very short; and it is not unlikely that treasures over which we have rejoiced as those that find great spoil may be regarded by others as great rubbish. It is even too possible that, on returning to well-remembered wonders, we may find the spell broken—the beryl converted into bottle-glass—the hoard of coins replaced by fairy money. But, like him whose childhood's home was beside some storied ruin, and who still finds a pleasure in revisiting the ancient nooks and crannies of what once was half his world—in screwing up the vertiginous stairs—in basking on the mossy pavement of the roofless hall—and in rousing up the echo which gave back the shouts of himself and his brothers a long, long time ago; a benevolent fellow-traveller will forgive the enthusiasm with which he cannot entirely sympathise.

But two fears come over us. Our first, dear reader, is a fear that you will not have patience for our introductory number. And doubtless it is dry. But to make our survey of English theology anywise complete, there is need for these "*origines sacræ*." The narrow keep or little sanctuary, which has subsequently expanded into a baronial castle or lofty minster, may be insignificant in itself, but it has an interest of its own. The lays and legends which formed the favourite lore of early English churchmen may not have much intrinsic importance; but every one will regard with mingled curiosity and affection the nucleus round which has arisen the mightiest fabric of Christian literature which any modern nation has produced.

Our other and greater fear is lest in these opening sentences, and occasionally hereafter, there should betray itself a sprightliness of tone offensive to sedate and thoughtful readers. We confess that when our task is agreeable,—and the present one is very much of a pastime,—and when those around us are greatly to our liking, our spirits are apt to rise. But even

then, we trust that we can distinguish between the playfulness of affection and the flippancy of irreverent familiarity. With this last we should be grieved, indeed, to find ourselves in any instance justly chargeable. Of the seriousness which springs from profound conviction, our world has always contained too little. At the same time, of cheerfulness, as contradistinguished from frivolity, there has been no single source so productive as the Gospel of Jesus Christ. Perhaps this may be one use of the following series. Just as it ought to make Christians catholic, by exhibiting the same spiritual identity in many outward communions, so it should make us magnanimous by revealing love to the same Saviour, under every possible natural temperament and mental complexion.

Within the limits of essential truth and unquestioned piety, ought we not to cherish a large and generous spirit? Amongst the first disciples of our Lord there was a great diversity of mental and moral contour; but, for their various attributes and dispositions,—for the caution of Thomas, and for the prompt intuition of the guileless Nathanael; for the faith of Stephen, with its historical basis, and for the spiritual consciousness of John; for James with his blunt directness, and for Paul with his delicate dexterity; for Peter so tender, no less than for Jude so faithful and severe,—He found a place in His heart and a function in His Church, and, attached to one Head and quickened by one Spirit, of these many members He made one strong and beautiful body. Should we not try to understand the principle which lay at the root of the Saviour's catholicity? and must it endanger our loyalty to Himself if we cultivate a cordial attachment to all classes of His disciples?

A lover of art may have his own predilections; but it is a sickly or one-sided taste which can tolerate one style only, and which hangs its exclusive walls with the productions of a single master. To a healthful eye there is a several charm in the

sunny landscape of Claude and the savage chaos of Salvator ; in the feminine saintliness of Murillo and the Titanic majesty of Michael Angelo ; in the creations of Fra Angelica, so immaterial and seraphic, and in the canvas of Rubens, bursting with passion and exuberant with animal energy ; nor will a complacent glance be refused to the merry groups of Teniers, and the exquisite imitations of Van Huysum. For our own picture gallery we claim a similar latitude. We desire to introduce nothing that is absolutely worthless, but we should like to give a fair representation of the great masters in English theology. Some will prefer the ethereal abstractions of Howe to the homely wisdom of Henry, and the experimental opulence of Owen to the poetic profusion of Jeremy Taylor. Alongside of Hugh Latimer's liveliness many will regard, as more suited to his sacred theme, the tense solemnity of Richard Baxter ; and, rather than Whitfield's declamatory fervour, others will enjoy the precise statements of Edwards, and the accurate logic of Butler. But those who remember the source from which comes every good and perfect gift, and the cause to which every Christian excellence is consecrated, whilst they wander enchanted through the imagery of the "Golden Grove," or sit spell-bound before the visions of the Bedford Dreamer, will not disdain a quaint emblem of Francis Quarles, or a pithy saying of Thomas Fuller.

ANGLO-SAXON PERIOD.

WHEN the Romans left Britain, Christianity was generally professed throughout the district which had been under their dominion, and the Gospel could shew its conquests in places to which the legions had never penetrated. It is true that the annals of the Romano-British Church are neither very copious nor very brilliant. Except Alban the martyr, who is more than counterbalanced by Pelagius the heretic, its archives preserve few names of renown; and it is too likely that the purer faith was tinctured with a superstitious infusion from the aboriginal Druidism. Still the Gospel, and Italian culture together, had done much to refine and elevate the native race; and when, early in the fifth century, the Romans withdrew, Christianity might be deemed the national religion. In the last galley which then quitted these shores, should there have been a "good centurion," he may have comforted himself with thinking, that if the eagles had retreated from the land of Caractacus, the Cross was now standing in their stead; and he may have been glad to remember, that since the mighty Julius first scaled them, the Sun of Righteousness had arisen on the white cliffs of Albion.

But at the end of the sixth century the scene was entirely changed. During the interval, there had poured into this island vast hordes of Saxons, Jutes, and Angles. These invaders were different branches of one great Teutonic family, who, in the marshes and pine forests of Northern Germany, had retained unsoftened their fierce independence and savage paganism. A strong and muscular race, with fair hair and florid, clear complexions, they were full of redundant energy; and it was their great delight to do battle by turns with the

boar of the forest and the sleety tempests of the Northern Ocean. Sometimes driven by hunger, and sometimes by the lust of plunder, and not unfrequently impelled by the spirit of adventure—the “love of noble game,”—they would put to sea in the depth of winter; and at the moment when the season of the year and the boisterous weather gave a double sense of security, their unsuspecting neighbours would be horrified when, all of a sudden, they discovered the “White Horse”^{*} careering over watery hills, or plunging ashore through the shallows. It was seldom that any effectual resistance could be offered, and too frequently there was not even time to escape. The fugitives only returned to find their homesteads in flames, and to watch, as they disappeared in the eastern horizon, the ships freighted with their goods, and which were carrying off their children to slavery.

Before the end of the sixth century, these bold pirates from Jutland and Friesland had complete possession of South Britain. Cornwall and Wales continued independent; the Lowlands, however, were not only thoroughly conquered, but, as the result of successive slaughter and oppression, the natives seem nearly to have disappeared.† And along with them vanished Christianity. In Bangor, and other sacred retreats which were still beyond the reach of the idolater, the believing Briton found a congenial asylum; but throughout the conquered territory the Gospel had yielded to the adoration of the Sun and Moon, of Odin, Thor, and Freya—mingled, in some instances, with a revival of the aboriginal Druidism. So that, before the year 597, the fair country which we now call England, from the Severn to the sea, may be regarded as once more entirely pagan.

It was in that year that missionaries from a far country arrived on our heathen shores. It would seem that, one day,

^{*} The Saxon Standard.

† Hallam's Middle Ages (10th ed.), vol. ii., pp. 274, 369.

a kind-hearted ecclesiastic was passing through the slave-market at Rome, when his attention was arrested by three youths whom a trader was offering for sale. Their bright hair and beautiful complexion, unless they had been in dreams, were new to Gregory, and their flowing locks betokened noble birth. "What youths are these?" was the exclamation of the astonished ecclesiastic. "Angles," replied the merchant. "Not Angles, but Angels!" was the rejoinder of the monk, according to the punning fashion popular in his day and amongst his order. "Are they Christians?" "No; they are heathens." "Alas, alas! that such beauty should belong to the Prince of Darkness, and that in forms so fair should dwell souls which the Spirit of God has never visited. What do you call the province from which they come?" "Deira." "And from the *ire* of God they must be brought over into the grace of Christ. And their king, how call ye him?" "Ælla." "Surely! for Alleluias must be chanted in his realm."* And could the warm-hearted churchman have got his way, he would have proceeded at once to Britain. In this purpose he was hindered; but when he found himself Bishop of Rome he remembered the "angelic"

* An incident which the dexterous muse of Wordsworth has woven into graceful numbers:—

“A bright-haired company of youthful slaves,
 Beautiful strangers, stand within the pale
 Of a sad market, ranged for public sale,
 Where Tiber’s stream the immortal city laves:
Angli by name; and not an *Angel* waves
 His wing who could seem lovelier to man’s eye
 Than they appear to holy Gregory,
 Who, having learnt that name, salvation craves
 For them and for their land. The earnest sire,
 His questions urging, feels, in slender ties
 Of chiming sound, commanding sympathies;
De-irians,—he would save them from God’s *ire*;
 Subjects of Saxon *Ælla*,—they shall sing
 Glad *Halle-lujahs* to the eternal King.”

Ecclesiastical Sonnets.

pagans, and sent Augustine,* a brother of St Andrew's Monastery, to preach the Gospel to their countrymen.

It was with much the same anxiety as attended the first landing of the missionaries in New Zealand and Tahiti that Augustine and his companions stepped ashore at Richborough, in the Isle of Thanet. But although there was too much truth in the tales which they had heard as to the bloody rites and reckless spirit of the wild Germans who had conquered Britain, the Most High had wonderfully pioneered their way. Ethelbert, the king of Kent, had married a Christian princess, Bertha, the daughter of the king of Paris, and she was allowed to retain a minister of her own religion, and to keep up Christian worship in the little church of St Martin, near Canterbury; and as, in the overruling providence of God, frequently occurs, it would seem as if, even before the Gospel arrived, the hearts of both priests and people were beginning to be weaned from their old Teutonic idols. Accordingly, Ethelbert received his visitors first with candour, and soon with marked kindness; and before the end of that year Augustine was able to report the baptism of Ethelbert and ten thousand of his subjects. The see of Canterbury was founded; and the close of the seventh century saw England nominally Christian.

Proclaiming, as he did, the unity and spirituality of God, the Saviour's atoning sacrifice, and the pure and holy rules of Christian conduct, Austin so far brought a true faith to England, and a great boon to its people. But the Roman envoy brought a great deal more, and from his budget he soon produced many things which, if included in Gregory's instructions, were certainly not contained in the Great Master's commission.

* For the sake of our younger readers, it may be well to state that the Augustine, or Austin, who came to Kent in 597, and who was the first Archbishop of Canterbury, is a very different person from Augustine, the Bishop of Hippo, who died in 430, and whose works are the most valuable contributions to Christian literature which have come down from the "Fathers" of the church.

Such were the celibacy of the clergy, the supremacy of Peter's successor, the reservation of the Scriptures in an unknown tongue, and many superstitious additions to the sacraments of baptism and the Lord's supper. There was, however, from the very first, in Teutonic, and more especially in Anglo-Saxon mind, something adverse to these Romish errors. Bold, vigorous, and independent, there was no intenser feeling in that mind than the sense of individual accountability and the love of personal freedom. The maxim which afterwards became a proverb, "Every Englishman's house is his castle," might from the outset have been applied to the Englishman himself; and whether it were into his own conscience, or into the affairs of his country, that a foreign priest claimed admission, the door was all along opened sulkily, and at last it was closed indignantly. In the same way, his home, with its strict domestic virtue, so different from the licentiousness of southern Europe, prevented the Anglo-Saxon from perceiving the peculiar sanctity of a state of celibacy, and down to the Norman Conquest married clergymen were held in no less reverence than their bachelor brothers. And to crown the whole, from its earliest days Anglo-Saxon nature was pervaded by a strong infusion of that principle which is Rome's worst antagonist,—common sense. Even when anxious to go through and through with his creed, the poor Angle found it hard to get rid of his reason. No "hocus-pocus"* could convince him that a biscuit or a crumb of bread was convertible into a man or a Deity. No priestly spell could manufacture for him a water capable of washing stains of sin from the soul. And if his heavenly Father had sent him a letter, his understanding at once suggested that the Sender meant him to read it, and his love of his rights insisted on seeing it. To the

* In the Romish mass, by saying "Hoc est corpus meum," the priest converted the wafer into a living person, and a Divinity. Hence the words (mispronounced "hocus-pocus") came to be applied to any magical process or leger-de-main.

practical and dutiful disposition of the Anglo-Saxon there was something self-commending in the ethics of Christianity, and to his wakened conscience nothing could be more joyful tidings than the great salvation of the Gospel ; whilst his poetical and musical propensities found boundless gratification in the beautiful narratives of Scripture, and in the magnificent chants and antiphonies which Gregory had lately perfected, and which so far surpassed the highest strains of his native minstrelsy. But from transubstantiation and kindred dogmas his sober judgment revolted ; to a foreign priesthood and a vicarious ministry, his sturdy independence and his love of straightforward dealing could never bow in hearty homage ; and against monkish austerities in the outset, as well as against clerical excesses in the long-run, his pure and exemplary home was a continual, although often silent and unconscious, protest.*

Perhaps there is no nation on which Christianity exerted a more directly humanising and civilising influence than on our Anglo-Saxon ancestors. Frank, chaste, and courageous as they had all along been, they were withal a coarse-mannered, fierce-spirited people ; and their piratical habits were fatal to all the gentler affections and to every form of refinement. But the "Gospel"—the endearing name into which they translated the Greek "evangel"—softened their hearts, and polished their manners. It instantly forbade the immolation of captives to the god of battles ; it mitigated the hardships of serfdom or slavery ; it sought, and we would hope not unsuccessfully, to restrain the gluttony and deep-drinking which "young Germany" had imported from its fatherland ; and in specimens

* The distinction between Roman and Teutonic Christianity has been most ably developed in the masterly and philosophical work of Dean Milman, "The History of Latin Christianity." The most charming sketch of Anglo-Saxon history is a little volume in "The Family Library," from the pen of Sir Francis Palgrave. And for popular purposes, there is no better account of early Christianity in South Britain, than Soames's "Anglo-Saxon Church," or "The Church History of England," by the Rev. J. A. Baxter, 1849.

of architecture and painting, it planted the germs of the fine arts. Above all, seizing a noble and ancient dialect—the hereditary speech of freemen, patriots, and heroes—Christianity enriched it with sublime and spiritual elements; and besides creating a new literature at the moment when a Saracen caliph was burning the Alexandrian library, it laid the foundation of that wonderful and wide-spreading language which now girds the globe, and transmits to the ends of the earth the promise of “good things not seen as yet.”

So charming to our simple fathers was song—verse married to the music of the lyre—that we are told, when Aldhelm, the Bishop of Sherborne, could not get his hearers to attend to his sermons, he disguised himself as a minstrel, and, taking his station on the bridge of the Ivel, he began to play. A willing congregation quickly gathered round the unknown bard, to whom he descanted on the deeds of heroes, till, having effectually enchained his audience, he passed to loftier themes, and sang the Saviour’s love and the story of redemption.

But all the poets of the Heptarchy yielded the palm to one who in later days would have been called a Yorkshire peasant. Attached to the abbey of Whitby,* about the year 680, was a cowherd of the name of Cædmon. Of course he was no scholar. He could not read, and his memory was badly furnished with the metrical lore which among his countrymen supplied the place of books. At the same time, he was so sensitive, that when at a banquet the guests began to regale one another with a song, rather than betray his ignorance, he used to get up and slink away. One evening, amidst a festive party, the dreaded harp was introduced, and, as soon as it drew near his corner, the cowherd as usual rose, and in vexation sought the stable. Here, after foddering the cattle, he threw himself down on what was probably his ordinary couch, a heap of straw, and fell asleep. But the fatal harp haunted

* Then called Streoneschall.

his dreams. He thought that a stranger accosted him, and asked him to sing. He said, "I cannot, and that is the reason why I have just quitted my friend's table." "But you can," replied the stranger. "What, then," asked the cowherd, "would you have me to sing?" "The origin of all things," returned the speaker; and immediately in his dream Cædmon found himself composing and singing a poem on Creation. When he awoke he remembered his verses, and the affair soon came to the knowledge of the monks. They were so struck with Cædmon's performance, that they invited him to assume the religious habit, and thenceforward it was the business of his life to render into verse passages of Scripture or doctrines of divinity which the brethren taught him in plain prose, and then took down from his tuneful lips. This metrical Bible and these hymns soon floated off in larger or smaller fragments throughout the Heptarchy, and thus our Northumbrian cowherd may be deemed not only the precursor of Watts and Charles Wesley, but, as the first who sang scriptural themes in a European vernacular, he leads the van in that great procession which brings up the names of Dante, Milton, Klopstock, Bilderdijk, and Schiller.

Of these sacred songs by Cædmon and others, many have, by the diligence of antiquarians, been recovered and given to the light; but such is the change which a thousand years have wrought upon the language, that, without some special study, few could sing "with understanding" such a hymn as the following effusion of an unknown author:—

" Se this world gescop,
 Godes gæst-sunu,
 And us giefe sealde
 Uppe mid englum
 Ece stathelas.
 And eac monigfealde
 Modes suyttru

Seow and sette
Geond sefan monna,"* &c.

Yet it is a noble ode on the distribution of gifts and aptitudes among the sons of men,—perhaps more strikingly exemplified in the Anglo-Saxon's versatile and ubiquitous descendants than in any other branch of the great Adamic family. A good idea of it may be gathered from Professor Conybeare's free but spirited paraphrase :—

The Great Giver and His Gifts.

“Thrice holy He,
The Spirit Son of Deity!
He call'd from nothing into birth
Each fair production of the teeming earth;
He bids the faithful and the just aspire
To join in endless bliss heaven's angel choir.
His love bestows on human kind
Each varied excellence of mind.
To some his Spirit-gift affords
The power and mastery of words:
So may the wiser sons of earth proclaim,
In speech and measured song, the glories of his name.
Some the tuneful hand may ply,
And loud, before the list'ning throng,
Wake the glad harp to harmony,
Or bid the trump of joy its swelling note prolong.
To these He gave heaven's righteous laws to scan,
Or trace the courses of the starry host;
To these the writer's learned toil to plan;
To these the battle's pride and victor's boast,

* Literally :—

“He this world created,
God's Spirit-Son,
And to us gifts sealed
Up with angels
Everlasting abodes.
And moreover a manifold
Mind's ingenuity
He sowed and set (implanted)
In understandings of men,” &c.

Where in the well-fought field the war-troop pour
Full on the wall of shields the arrow's flickering shower.

Some can speed the dart afar,
Some forge the steely blade of war,
Some o'er ocean's stormy tide
The swift-winged ship can fearless guide,
Some in sweet and solemn lays
The full-toned voice of melody can raise.

So heaven's high Lord each gift of strength or sense
Vouchsafes to man, impartial to dispense :
And of the power that from His Spirit flows
On each a share, on none the whole bestows ;
Lest favour'd thus beyond their mortal state,
Their pride involve them in the sinner's fate."

Cædmon was just beginning to improvise his hymns and spiritual songs at Whitby, when a sedate little boy, seven years of age, was received into the abbey of Jarrow, near the mouth of the Tyne.* The young scholar shewed a wonderful talent for learning, and his bookish tastes, as he grew up, were abundantly gratified in the best library which England then contained. He read with voracity, and in his retentive memory treasured up a store of knowledge which in those days seemed absolutely stupendous. Music, metre, grammar, natural phenomena, the history of the world, theology,—all came welcome ; and on every subject which he studied, he in his turn composed a treatise, till he became the author of at least a hundred separate books. Of these, the labour of his love was a "Church History of the English Nation," the materials for which he collected by extensive correspondence, and by cunning expiscations in musty cartularies, and in the memories of ancient monks and nuns—a work which displays too credulous a confidence in his informants, but which is invaluable for the light it throws on the Christianisation of the British Isles. Another of his undertakings is still more entitled to be held in everlasting remembrance. Already,

* Bede was born in 673, and died May 26, 735.

Cædmon had given his countrymen a poetical Bible ; but not content with this, Bede laboured to render portions at least of the Word of Life into Anglo-Saxon prose, and was thus engaged on the very day when he entered into the joy of his Lord.

Of the last hours of Bede we have a full account preserved by an affectionate pupil. The “venerable” scholar had passed his sixtieth year, and was worn with incessant devotion and study. A fortnight before Easter he began to suffer from shortness of breath, and his extremities swelled. He felt that his time was short, and therefore he seized every moment of respite to urge forward his unfinished undertakings, one of which was a translation of the Gospel of John. His apartment was all day full of his attached scholars, whom he persevered in instructing, although tears at the sight of his rapid decay often saddened the lesson. Looking forward to eternity, his views were deeply solemn, and he repeated the words of the apostle, “It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God ;” as also some stanzas of an Anglo-Saxon hymn :—

“ Ere the pilgrim soul go forth
 On its journey far and lone,
 Who is he that yet on earth
 All his needful part hath done?

Who foreweighs the joy or seath
 That his parted ghost shall know,
 Endless when the day of death
 Seals his doom for weal or woe.”*

One day during Ascension-week, and in which week he died, singing with his pupils the antiphon, “O King of Glory, who didst this day ascend triumphant above all heavens, leave us not orphans, but send us the Spirit, the promise of the Father. Alleluia”—when he came to the words, “Leave us not orphans,” both master and pupils wept bitterly ; but every

* Churton.

hour he repeated it again, and his watchful nights were chiefly spent in praise. Shortly before his death he said to Cuthbert, "There are a few articles in my cabinet—that is, a little pepper, and incense, and some handkerchiefs. Run, and bring the presbyters of our convent, that I may distribute among them my little keepsakes. The rich leave gold and silver; but with much love and cheerfulness do I give my brethren such things as God has given me." The presbyters came, and wept much when they heard him say that they should see his face in this world no more. But he added, "It is time for me to return to Him who made me. I have lived long; and the Most High has provided kindly for me. The time of my departure is come, and I long to be dissolved, and to be with Christ." A youth whom he had urged to speed the translation of John's Gospel, and who had that day been busy with the last chapter, now announced that it was all done except the last sentence. "Then write it quickly," he instantly replied. In a little the youth added, "And now it is finished." "Yes," rejoined the dying man, "you say truly: it is finished. Take my head in your hands, and let me kneel towards that place where I used to pray." And thus supported, he knelt on the floor of his chamber, and repeating, "Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost," with these last words of the doxology his spirit departed.

The following extract may give some idea of the style of his "History."* The reader will be pleased with the speech of the noble; but he would probably prefer that the high-priest's conversion had not been quite so sudden, nor followed up by such a vehement demonstration.

* Of "Bede's Works," a beautiful edition has lately been published by Dr Giles, in 12 vols. 8vo. They contain, besides the History, extensive commentaries on Scripture, and various philosophical treatises. Considering the period when Bede flourished, there is something remarkable in the freedom and good sense of his observations on natural phenomena.

The Conversion of Northumbria.

“The king answered that he was now ready to adopt the faith which Paulinus taught ; but he added that he would like to confer beforehand with his chiefs and councillors, so that, if they took the same view with himself, they might be all together dedicated to Christ in the fountain of life. Paulinus assented, and the king did as he had said. Calling his wise men together, he asked of them one by one what they deemed of this new doctrine and worship. The first who made answer was the chief priest Coifi : ‘ You know, O king ! what it is which is now preached to us ; but, for my part, I may frankly declare that the religion which we have hitherto maintained is utterly valueless. Not one of your subjects has been more devoted to the worship of our gods than myself ; but, nevertheless, there are many who receive from you larger favours and higher dignities, and who are more prospered in all which they desire to do or to attain. But if the gods can do anything, they ought to befriend me, who have served them so zealously. Therefore if, on examination, you have found the new religion which is preached to us better and more efficient, let us without any delay make haste to adopt it.’ To his wise words and exhortation one of the nobles assented, and added : ‘ To me, O king ! it seems as if the present life of man on earth were exceeding short compared with that tract of time which lies beyond our ken. In winter, when you are seated at supper with your nobles and servants, a fire is kindled in the midst, and the hall is warm, though the rain or the snow-storm is raging without ; and a poor sparrow darts through the hall, in at one door and out at the other. During the brief space that it is within, it is unscathed by the tempest ; but, its moment of comfort ended, from winter back to winter, it has vanished from your view. Such a moment appears to me the life of

man ; but what follows or precedes that life is to us utterly unknown. Wherefore, if this new doctrine can give us any certainty, it seems to me well worthy of our suffrage.' Under a divine influence, the other elders and councillors followed to the same effect ; but Coifi added that he would like to hear Paulinus discourse more fully concerning the God whom he preached. At the king's command, Paulinus explained at length ; and when the sermon was ended, the priest exclaimed : 'I have long perceived that what we worship is nothing ; for the more earnestly I have sought the truth in that system, the less I have found it. But now I openly profess that in this doctrine to which we have listened is contained the truth which can confer on us the gifts of life and everlasting blessedness. Therefore I propose, O king ! that we should instantly devote to the flames those temples and altars which we have so uselessly consecrated.' In short, the king publicly declared his assent to the teaching of Paulinus, and, renouncing idolatry, confessed the faith of Christ. Then, inquiring of the aforesaid priest who should be the first to profane the shrines of the idols with their enclosures, Coifi answered, 'Myself. For now that I am wiser, who else is so fit to destroy the things which I worshipped in my folly ?' So, begging of the king a horse and armour, he girt a sword to his side, and took a spear in his hand, and proceeded towards the idols. The people thought he had gone distracted ; but as soon as he reached the temple, he profaned it by hurling into it the spear which he held in his hand ; and, exulting in the acknowledgment of the true God's worship, he bade his companions pull down and set on fire the temple and its precincts. That place of the old idols is pointed out not far from York, to the eastward, and is now called Godmundingham."

Of the preaching of those days we are not without some curious specimens. There still exists an extensive collection of homilies, which Ælfrie, Archbishop of York, prepared for

the use of his Saxon countrymen.* To a large extent they are translations from the Fathers, and they abound in ecclesiastical legends, and in the mediæval allegorising of Scripture. For instance, on the text, "Of the remainder were filled seven baskets :"—"A basket, as ye yourselves know, is platted of rushes, or of palm twigs. The rush grows usually in watery places, and the palm is the sign of victory ; and it is befitting God's chosen that they place the root of their hearts in the well of life, which is God, lest they become seared up from his eternal love ; and they should, with victory in the spiritual fight, return again to him, who had before sent them to that fight." But often the exposition is marked by an admirable vein of quaint sense and homely vigour, as in the following account of Job's afflictions :—"The old devil did this to exasperate the good man, and he always left one alive to announce to him the loss of his possessions, that his mind might be turned away from God, when he had been informed of those misfortunes. The fire came from above that burned up the sheep, but it came not from heaven, though it was so feigned ; for the devil was never in heaven after he, through pride, fell thence with his companions. In like manner Antichrist will do when he comes. He will send fire from above, as from heaven, to deceive the miserable mankind among which he is. But be it known to every one that he can send no fire from heaven, who may not himself enter into heaven. 'In all these things Job sinned not with his lips.' In two ways men sin with their lips—that is, if they speak contrary to right, or silently withhold the right ; but Job sinned not with his lips, because he spake not foolishly against God, nor also did he silently withhold God's praise. He manifested that he had had so great possessions without covetousness, when he so easily without sorrow quitted them."†

* He died A.D. 1052.

† "The Homilies of Ælfric," edited by B. Thorpe, Esq., 1846.

The first of the following extracts shews how an Anglo-Saxon viewed the text on which Rome chiefly founds Peter's claim to supremacy; the second, on the Eucharist, if uttered five hundred years later, would have brought its author to Smithfield.

A Sermon on St Peter's Day.

“When the Lord drew near unto the ship they were afraid, thinking that it was an apparition. The Lord said unto them, ‘Have trust; it is I; be ye not afraid. I am not a phantom as ye ween: know ye him whom ye see?’ Peter answered him, ‘Lord, if it be thou, bid me come unto thee on the water.’ Peter was foremost in the company, and readiest in love of Christ. He would frequently answer for them all, as he did when Christ questioned them how men spake concerning him, and afterwards asked them, ‘What say ye of me?’ Then said Peter, ‘Thou art Christ, the Son of the living God.’ One answered for many, because unity was in the many. Christ said to him among other words, ‘I say unto thee, thou art Peter, and over this stone I will build my church.’ Augustinus tractavit, quod Petrus in figura significat ecclesiam, quia Christus petra, Petrus populus Christianus.* Before that time his name was Simon, but the Lord appointed him this name, Petrus, that is, *of stone* (stænen), to the end, that he might be typical of Christ's Church. Christ is called ‘Petra,’ that is, stone (stán), and from that name the whole Christian people is called ‘Petrus.’ Christ said, ‘Thou art of stone, and over this stone,’ that is, over the belief which thou now professest, ‘I will build my church.’ Over (or upon) myself I will build my church, over me I will build thee, not me over thee. ‘I am the firmness that shall hold thee, and all the

* “Augustine holds that Peter typifies the Church, because Christ is the Rock, Peter the Christian people.”

structure of the Christian Church.' Peter now bears the semblance or type of the holy church, in which he, under Christ, is chief, and by his walking (on the water) betokened both the strong and the weak among God's people. The Church of Christ has in it both firm and feeble. It cannot be without strong, and without weak. When Peter quickly stepped on the sea waves, he then betokened the strong. Afterwards, when he doubted, and to a certain degree sank, then he betokened the weak. Who are the strong, who are the weak? They are strong and firm, who, through belief and good deserts, are well thriving. They are weak who are slow to good works. Of them said Paul the Apostle, 'We strong should bear the burthen of the weak.'"

A Sermon on Easter-Sunday.

"Now certain men have often inquired, and yet frequently inquire, How the bread which is prepared from corn and baked by the heat of fire can be changed to Christ's body? or the wine, which is wrung from many berries, can by any blessing be changed to the Lord's blood? Now, we say to such men, that some things are said of Christ typically, some literally. It is a true and certain thing that Christ was born of a maiden, and of His own will suffered death, and on this day [Easter] arose from death. He is called Bread typically, and Lamb, and Lion, and whatever else. He is called Bread, because He is the Life of us and of angels; He is called a Lamb for His innocence—a Lion for the strength wherewith He overcame the strong devil. But yet, according to true nature, Christ is neither bread, nor a lamb, nor a lion. Why, then, is the holy housel* called Christ's body, or His blood, if it is not truly that which it is called? But the bread and the wine, which

* Anglo-Saxon, *husel*: the sacrament. German, *hostie*: Latin, *hostia*,—whence the English word *host*.

are hallowed through the mass of the priests, appear one thing to human understandings without, and cry another thing to believing minds within. Without, they appear bread and wine, both in aspect and in taste ; but they are truly, after the hallowing, Christ's body and his blood, through a ghostly [spiritual] mystery. . . . Great is the difference between the invisible might of the holy housel and the visible appearance of its own nature. By nature it is corruptible bread and corruptible wine, and is, by power of the Divine word, truly Christ's body and His blood—not, however, bodily, but spiritually. Great is the difference between the body in which Christ suffered and the body which is hallowed for housel. The body verily in which Christ suffered was born of Mary's flesh, with blood and with bones, with skin and with sinews, with human limbs, quickened by a rational soul ; and His ghostly body, which we call housel, is gathered of many corns, without blood and bone, limbless and soulless ; and there is, therefore, nothing therein to be understood bodily, but all is to be understood spiritually. . . .

“ Paul the apostle said of the old people of Israel, thus writing in his epistle to believing men : ‘ All our forefathers were baptized in the cloud and in the sea, and they all ate the same ghostly meat, and they all drank the same ghostly drink. Verily, they drank from the stone that followed after them, and this stone was Christ.’ The stone from which the water then flowed was not Christ bodily, but it betokened Christ, who thus cried to all believing men, ‘ Whosoever is thirsty, let him come to me and drink, and from his inside shall flow living water.’ This he said of the Holy Ghost, whom they received who believed in Him. The apostle Paul said that the people of Israel ate the same ghostly meat, and drank the ghostly drink, because the heavenly meat which fed them forty years, and the water which flowed from the stone, were a type of Christ's body and His blood, which are now offered

daily in God's Church. They were the same which we now offer—not bodily, but spiritually.

“We have said to you a little before, that Christ hallowed bread and wine, before his passion, for housel, and said, ‘This is my body and my blood.’ He had not yet suffered, but, nevertheless, he changed, through invisible might, the bread to his own body, and the wine to his blood, as he had before done in the wilderness, before he was born as man, when he changed the heavenly meat [manna] to his flesh, and the flowing water from the stone to his own blood. Many men ate of the heavenly meat in the wilderness, and drank the ghostly drink, and, nevertheless, became dead, as Christ said. Christ meant not the death which no man may avoid, but he meant the eternal death, which some of the people had merited for their unbelief. Moses and Aaron, and many others of the people who were pleasing to God, ate the heavenly bread; but they died not the eternal death, although they departed by the common death. They saw that the heavenly meat was visible and corruptible, but they understood spiritually concerning this visible thing, and partook of it spiritually. Jesus said, ‘He who eateth my flesh, and drinketh my blood, shall have everlasting life.’ He did not command the body with which he was invested to be eaten, nor the blood to be drunk which he shed for us; but he meant by that speech the holy housel, which is spiritually his body and his blood: and he who tastes that with believing heart shall have everlasting life.

“In the old law, believing men offered to God divers gifts, which had a foretokening of Christ's body, which he himself, for our sins, afterwards offered to his heavenly Father as a sacrifice. Verily this housel, which is now hallowed at God's altar, is a remembrance of Christ's body, which he offered for us, and of his blood which he shed for us, as he himself commanded, ‘Do this in remembrance of me.’”

It would hardly be a fair specimen of the pulpit eloquence

of those times, if we did not give a legend. The following may be quoted as one of the least extravagant, and as telling a story to which many of us are accustomed to hear allusions without knowing the exact details :—

The Seven Sleepers.

“We will also shortly inform you, that now in two days is the memory of the Seven Sleepers, whose names are Maximianus, Malchus, Martinianus, Dionysius, Johannes, Seraphion, Constantinus. These seven believing soldiers of God were, in the days of the Emperor Decius, dwelling in the city of Ephesus. They were of noble birth before the world, and were accused to the heathen slayer for their Christianity. He would not slay them immediately, but granted them time, on account of their noble birth, that they might bethink themselves, and bow to his idol, when he came again ; or their bodies should be tortured with divers torments. Decius then went to other cities to torment the Christians ; and the seven servants of God sold their possessions for money, and secretly distributed it to the poor, and went from the city into a great cave under a mountain, and there continued in prayer day and night.

“When Decius again came, he commanded them to be sent for. It was then said to him that they were hidden in the cave, and he, then enraged, commanded the mouth of the cave to be closed with immense hewn stones. But the merciful God had, a little before, put them to sleep within the cave, and they so lay sleeping three hundred and seventy-two years, until Christianity spread over all the world. Subsequently, after this time, in the days of the Emperor Theodosius, who fervently believed in Christ, it happened that some workmen found the stone at the cave’s mouth, and rolled it away. Whereupon, the Almighty Creator gave to the seven saints that lay in the cave life and resurrection, after so long a sleep ;

and they were then announced to the citizens. This miracle was then made known to the Christian Emperor Theodosius, and he, with joyful mind, journeyed thither with all the citizens, and bishops, and head men.

“The holy martyrs then went out from the cave towards the emperor, and their countenances shone like the sun. Then the Emperor Theodosius fell before them, and kissed each of them separately, greatly rejoicing, and said, ‘I so see you as if I saw Jesus Christ, when he raised Lazarus from the sepulchre.’ Then said the eldest, Maximianus, to the emperor, ‘Believe us: for thy sake the Almighty God hath raised us from earth before the great day, that thou, without doubt, mayest believe that there will be a resurrection of dead men. We have now arisen from death, and we live. May thy kingdom stand in peace and in true belief, and may Christ shield it against temptations of the devil!’ After this, they all again fell before the emperor, as God had commanded, and gave up their ghosts. Then would the emperor make for them all golden shrines; but they appeared to him on the same night, and said, ‘From earth we arose, let us rest in earth, until God again raise us.’ Then the emperor and his bishops raised a great church over their bodies, to the praise of Almighty God, who liveth and reigneth ever to eternity. Amen.”

A desire to visit Palestine was early enkindled among the Anglo-Saxon Christians, and at last became that passion which culminated in the Crusades. The earliest of these pilgrimages from our own island, of which the account survives, was performed by Willibald, a native of Wessex. A journey from Hampshire to the Holy Land, at the commencement of the eighth century, was an arduous undertaking. Willibald's father died by the way, and he himself and his companions were for some time detained prisoners at Emessa in Syria; but, after five or six years' wandering, the young "palmer" got

safely back to Europe, and died, at a good old age, bishop of Eichstadt, in Germany. The following extract records all that Willibald observed at Jerusalem:—

“On their arrival at Jerusalem, they first visited the spot where the holy cross was found, where there is now a church which is called the Place of Calvary, and which was formerly outside of Jerusalem; but, when St Helena found the cross, the place was taken into the circuit of the city. Three wooden crosses stand in this place, on the outside of the wall of the church, in memory of our Lord’s cross, and of those of the other persons crucified at the same time. They are without the church, but under a roof. And near at hand is the garden in which was the sepulchre of our Saviour, which was cut in the rock. That rock is now above ground, square at the bottom, but tapering above, with a cross on the summit. And over it there is now built a wonderful edifice. And on the east side of the rock of the sepulchre there is a door by which men enter the sepulchre to pray. And there is a bed within, on which our Lord’s body lay; and on the bed stand fifteen golden cups with oil burning day and night. The bed on which our Lord’s body rested stands within the rock of the sepulchre on the north side, to the right of a man entering the sepulchre. And before the door of the sepulchre lies a great square stone, in the likeness of the former stone which the angel rolled from the mouth of the monument. Our bishop arrived here on the feast of St Martin (Nov. 11, 722), and was suddenly seized with sickness, and lay sick until the week before the Nativity of our Lord. And then, being a little recovered, he rose and went to the church called St Sion, which is in the middle of Jerusalem; and, after performing his devotions, he went to the porch of Solomon, where is the pool where the infirm wait for the motion of the water, when the angel comes to move it, and then he who first enters it is healed. Here our Lord said to the paralytic, ‘Rise, take up

thy bed, and walk.' St Mary expired in the middle of Jerusalem, in the place called St Sion; and as the twelve apostles were carrying her body, the angels came and took her from their hands, and carried her to paradise."

The opening of the twelfth century found Jerusalem in the hands of the Christians; but perils of many kinds still surrounded the pilgrimage, of some of which we have a vivid description in the "Travels of Scœwulf," a merchant from Worcester. As he says himself, "owing to my sins, or to the badness of the ship, being unable to proceed direct by the open sea," he had a weariful coasting voyage; but at last, on Sunday, October 12, 1102, "with great rejoicing and thanksgivings, we put into the port of Joppa."

The Storm at Joppa.

"And now, my dear friends, all join with me in thanking God for His mercy shewn to me through this long voyage; blessed be His name now and evermore! Listen now to a new instance of His mercy shewn to me, although the lowest of His servants, and to my companions. The very day we came in sight of the port, one said to me (I believe by Divine inspiration), 'Sir, go on shore to-day, lest a storm come on in the night, which will render it impossible to land to-morrow.' When I heard this, I was suddenly seized with a great desire of landing, and, having hired a boat, went into it with all my companions; but before I had reached the shore the sea was troubled, and became continually more tempestuous. We landed, however, with God's grace, without hurt; and entering the city weary and hungry, we secured a lodging, and reposed ourselves that night. But next morning, as we were returning from church, we heard the roaring of the sea and the shouts of the people, and saw that everybody was in confusion and astonishment. We were also dragged along with the crowd to

the shore, where we saw the waves swelling higher than mountains, and innumerable bodies of drowned persons of both sexes scattered over the beach, while the fragments of ships were floating on every side. Nothing was to be heard but the roaring of the sea and the dashing together of the ships, which drowned entirely the shouts and clamour of the people. Our own ship, which was a very large and strong one, and many others laden with corn and merchandise, as well as with pilgrims coming and returning, still held by their anchors; but how they were tossed by the waves! how their crews were filled with terror! how they cast overboard their merchandise! what eye of those who were looking on could be so hard and stormy as to refrain from tears? We had not looked at them long before the ships were driven from their anchors by the violence of the waves, which threw them now up aloft, and now down, until they were run aground or upon the rocks, and there they were beaten backwards and forwards until they were crushed to pieces; for the violence of the wind would not allow them to put out to sea, and the character of the coast would not allow them to put into shore with safety. Of the sailors and pilgrims who had lost all hope of escape, some remained on the ships, others laid hold of the masts or beams of wood; many remained in a state of stupor, and were drowned in that condition without any attempt to save themselves; some (although it may appear incredible) had, in my sight, their heads knocked off by the very timbers of the ships to which they had attached themselves for safety; others were carried out to sea on the beams, instead of being brought to land; even those who knew how to swim had not strength to struggle with the waves; and very few, thus trusting to their own strength, reached the shore alive. Thus, out of thirty large ships, all laden with palmers and with merchandise, scarcely seven remained safe when we left the shore. Of persons of both sexes, more than a thousand perished that day. Indeed,

no eye ever beheld a greater misfortune in the space of a single day, from all which God snatched us by His grace ; to whom be honour and glory for ever. Amen.”

Nor did danger cease on landing.

“ We went up from Joppa to the city of Jerusalem, a journey of two days, by a mountainous road, very rough, and dangerous on account of the Saracens, who lie in wait in the caves of the mountains to surprise the Christians, watching both day and night to surprise those less capable of resisting by the smallness of their company, or the weary who may chance to lag behind their companions. At one moment, you see them on every side ; at another, they are altogether invisible, as may be witnessed by anybody travelling there. Numbers of human bodies lie scattered in the way, torn to pieces by wild beasts. Some may, perhaps, wonder that the bodies of Christians are allowed to remain unburied ; but it is not surprising when we consider that there is not much earth on the hard rock to dig a grave ; and if earth were not wanting, who would be so simple as to leave his company and go alone to dig a grave for a companion ? Indeed, if he did so, he would rather be digging a grave for himself than for the dead man. For on that road, not only the poor and weak, but the rich and strong, are surrounded with perils ; many are cut off by the Saracens, but more by heat and thirst ; many perish by the want of drink, but more by too much drinking. We, however, with all our company, reached the end of our journey in safety. Blessed be the Lord, who did not turn away my prayer, and hath not turned His mercy from me. Amen.”*

* “ Early Travels in Palestine,” edited by T. Wright, Esq. 1848.

PRÆ-REFORMATION PERIOD.

HERE we must take leave of Anglo-Saxon Christianity. A few years after the death of Ælfric, whose homilies these pages have quoted, England became the realm of William the Conqueror. Three dark centuries followed, in which the yoke of foreign feudal lords pressed heavy on the persons of the people; the yoke of a superstition at once foreign and despotic pressed heavier on their souls. But as regarded the former, a happy amalgamation was in progress; in the providence of God, as regarded the latter, a glorious emancipation was at hand. Gradually the Norman and Saxon blended, and that English race arose which to Saxon vigour and Saxon sense added not a little of Norman quickness, and more of Norman chivalry; and enriched by Latin and Scandinavian terms, the old Teutonic tongue grew equal to all the requirements of thought and feeling, and in Wycliffe, the father of English prose, and in Chaucer, the father of English poesy, spoke out, at once most masculine, most musical. At the same juncture, obedient to signs of the time, and still more to the Spirit of God, a tide began to set in which was rapidly drifting Anglo-Norman mind away from Roman tyranny and its infallible absurdities. "Piers Ploughman," and every popular writer, with the utmost devotion to mother-church, were unconscious Protestants; and as soon as a voice was found to articulate the truth, England felt that the reformer was only speaking forth the grievances under which, in a dumb, brute-like fashion, it had all along groaned and travailed.

During the sombre centuries from the Conquest to Wycliffe, it is hard to find faith in our land. Those were the days of Becket, and Dunstan, and similar worthies; and although we would fain hope that even then many entered the kingdom, it

was through a gateway dark as the grave, and too often guarded by ruffian janitors. In the depths of the cloister a wistful spirit was occasionally found groping its way to a precarious hope of heaven; and He who "knoweth them that are His," doubtless had his hidden ones in the realm of England. Gross darkness covered the people; and although, enriched with the hush-money of dying miscreants, cathedrals and abbeys rose higher and higher, the true Church grew always less and less visible. Throughout all the long interval there is only one name which we care to cite as worthy to rank among the Christian Classics of England; and even him England can only claim in virtue of her being the land of his adoption.

In the year 1093, an Italian monk was summoned from the convent of Bee, in Normandy, to ascend the metropolitan throne of Canterbury. To Anselm, it was irksome work to battle for the Church's rights with princes so fierce as Rufus, and so crafty as Henry I. A student and a devotee, he knew no spots on earth so delightful as the narrow cell, where he mused on problems which exercised his masculine intellect, without disturbing his child-like faith, and the dim Norman chapel, where he wept, and prayed, and held communion with his Father in heaven. The translation of Anselm to Canterbury brought to England the theologian who may be considered the harbinger of all the schoolmen, and who was among the first to start many of those questions in metaphysical divinity which have strained the acumen of Aquinas, Descartes, Leibnitz, and Jonathan Edwards. To quote from his more philosophical treatises, would be alien to our plan, and it would be wrong to conceal that in his writings there is too much of monkery and Mary-worship; but it is equally true that these writings contain much which is the revival of Augustine of Hippo, and not a little which is the anticipation of Calvin.* A passage

* See Sir J. Mackintosh's "Dissertations on the Progress of Ethical Philosophy," section 3; "Milman's Latin Christianity," vol. iii. 357.

like the following—and passages like it are of constant recurrence—one might fancy a prophetic quotation from Luther:—“The mercy of God, for which there appeared no place, when we were considering the justice of God and the sin of man, we find to be so great, and so harmonious with justice, that nothing can be conceived more righteous than that mercy. For what can be imagined more merciful than when, to the sinner doomed to eternal punishment, and unable to redeem himself, God the Father says, ‘Take my only begotten Son, and give Him for thee;’ and the Son says, ‘Take me, and redeem thyself.’”^{*} Could “the blessed exchange” be more forcibly described, even when the German reformer wrote, “O, Saviour, thou art my righteousness, and I am thy sin!”

From the little known works of this once famous divine we shall give two specimens. The first is a devout meditation, conceived in a spirit truly evangelical. The second is extracted from a book of “Similitudes,” as far as we know, one of the earliest collections of those brief allegories which, under the name of “Emblems,” and illustrated by engravings, afterwards became so popular.

The Interceding Brother.

“Holy Father, look down from the height of thy sanctuary, and behold this mighty sacrifice which our great High Priest, thy Holy Child Jesus, offers for the sins of his brethren, and have mercy on the multitude of our transgressions. Behold, the voice of our brother Jesus crieth to thee from the cross.

^{*} *Misericordiam Dei, quæ tibi perire videbatur, cum justitiam Dei et peccatum hominis considerabamus, tam magnam tamque concordem justitiæ invenimus, ut nec major nec justior cogitari possit. Nempe quid misericordius intelligi valet, quam cum peccatori tormentis æternis damnato, et unde se redimet non habenti, Deus Pater dicit: Accipe Unigenitum meum et da pro te; et ipse Filius: Tolle me et redime te!—S. Anselmi “Cur Deus Homo,” lib. ii. c. 20.*

See, O Father, this is the coat of thy Son, the true Joseph: an evil beast hath devoured him. The monster hath in his fury mangled the beautiful garment, and steeped it in blood; and, lo! he hath left in it five lamentable wounds. But now, O Father, we know that thy Son liveth, and he ruleth throughout all the land of Egypt, nay, throughout all places of thy dominion. Raised from the prison of death, and having exchanged the prison-garment of the flesh for the robe of immortality, thou hast received him on high. And now, crowned with glory and honour, at the right hand of thy Majesty he appears in thy presence for us. For he is our own flesh and our brother.

“Look, O Lord, on the countenance of thy Christ, who became obedient to thee, even unto death; nor let the prints of his wounds ever recede from thy sight, that thou mayest remember what a satisfaction for our sins thou hast from him received. Nay, even let those sins of ours by which we have merited thy wrath be weighed in a balance, and over against them weigh the sorrows suffered on our behalf by thy innocent Son. Assuredly these sorrows will prevail, so that for their sake thou wilt rather let forth thy compassion upon us, than for our sins in wrath shut up thy tender mercies. Thanks, O Father, for thy abounding love which did not spare the only Son of thy bosom, but did deliver him up to the death for us, that we might have with thee an Advocate so mighty and so faithful.

“And to thee, Lord Jesus, what thanks shall I repay, a worthless thing of dust and ashes? What couldst thou have done for my salvation which thou hast not done? To snatch me from the gulf of perdition, thou didst plunge into the sea of thy passion, and the waters entered in even to thy soul. For, to restore my lost soul to me, thou didst deliver up thy own soul to death. And by a double debt hast thou bound me to thee. For what thou didst give, and for what thou didst lose

on my behalf am I thy debtor; and for my life twice given, in creation first, in redemption next, what can I render? For, were mine the heaven and earth and all their glory, to render these were not to repay thee what I owe. And even that which I ought to render, it is of thy gift if I do give it. To love thee with all my heart and soul, and to follow in the steps of him who died for me, how can I do even this except through thee? Let my soul cleave fast to thee, for on thee all its strength depends."

The Mill.

"Our heart is like a mill, ever grinding, which a certain lord gave in charge to his servant, enjoining that he should only grind in it his master's grain, whether wheat, barley, or oats, and telling him that he must subsist on the produce. But that servant has an enemy who is always playing tricks on the mill. If any moment he finds it unwatched, he throws in gravel to keep the stones from acting, or pitch to clog them, or dirt and chaff to mix with the meal. If the servant is careful in tending his mill, there flows forth a beautiful flour, which is at once a service to his master and a subsistence to himself; but if he plays the truant, and allows his enemy to tamper with the machinery, the bad outcome tells the tale, his lord is angry, and he himself is starved. This mill ever grinding is the heart ever thinking. God has given one to each man to guard and tend, and bids him grind in it only those thoughts which He Himself supplies. Some of these thoughts are fine wheat—meditations concerning God Himself. Others are like barley—for instance, when the soul strives to ascend from one virtue to another; and others still are like oats—desires, for example, to break off bad habits, which desires are good thoughts, although not of the highest order. These thoughts God would have us keep continually revolving in our minds; but the devil is man's adversary, and, if at any moment he

finds the heart empty of good thoughts, he instantly throws in some bad ones. Some of these bad thoughts—such as wrath and envy—dissipate the mind ; others—such as sensuality and luxury—clog its action ; and others—such as vain imaginations—fill up the place of better thoughts. But if a man carefully watch over his heart, and keep holy thoughts revolving in it, then through the aperture of the mill—the mouth—come wholesome and profitable words, and his very seeing, hearing, smelling, and tasting, take the complexion of his inward thoughts, and become pure and holy also.* By such meditations he fulfils the will of God, and builds up his own everlasting life. But if he allows the devil to tamper with his heart, and corrupt it, the vicious produce of his evil thoughts comes forth to view ; and whilst the Most High is exceedingly displeased, the fruit to the man himself is not life but death.”

With such exceptions as Anselm, whose Latin works after all were confined to the priesthood, the Anglo-Norman Church produced no “Christian classics ;” and for the three centuries which followed the Conquest “the days were dark and dreary.” As we have said, Becket and Dunstan were the types of the clergy, and the barons were of the school described in “Ivanhoe.” “‘Holy mother,’ said the monk, as he addressed the assembled knights, ‘I am at last safe and in Christian keeping.’ ‘Safe thou art,’ replied De Bracy, ‘and for Christianity, here is the stout Baron Reginald Front de Bœuf, whose utter abomination is a Jew ; and the good knight-templar, Brian de Bois Guilbert, whose trade it is to slay Saracens. If these are not good marks of Christianity, I know no others which they bear about them.’” And whilst the clergy were busy contriving lying wonders, and hovering round the beds of expiring nobles and royal debauchees, driving hard bargains on behalf of the custodiers of purgatory ; and whilst the knights and

* Matt. xv. 18-20 ; xii. 34, 35.

barons drank, fought, and blustered, the serfs and yeomen were left in a state of sottish ignorance.

Sometimes in February, or early in March, there comes through all the land a prophecy of spring. The atmosphere is strangely mild, primroses peep through, and the redbreast grows very bold and warbles a regular roundelay. But the wind shifts, the snow returns, and the whole precocious summer, buds, blossoms, music, and all, are buried in the frosty sepulchre. Such an anticipatory flush of spiritual life passed over Europe towards the close of the fourteenth century. Tauler in Germany, Conrad of Waldhausen, and Matthias of Janow, and a little later Huss and Jerome of Prague, Marsilius of Padua, our own William Occam, the University of Paris, all spoke out against Papal usurpation, or gave utterance to sentiments so free, so scriptural, so spirit-rousing, that it seemed as if the Heavenly Bridegroom were saying to His Church, "Rise up and come away: for, lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone; the flowers appear on the earth, the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land." And doubtless the Spirit of God was in the movement. It was "a little reviving" towards the close of the long mediæval winter; but the Council of Constance followed, with the burning of heretics, and of the Book which had made them heretics, and another century was to pass before that general resurrection of buried truth, and that grand outburst of life and freedom, which we call the Reformation.

Of this glorious summer the harbinger in our own country was John Wycliffe—"The Morning Star of the English Reformation," as he has been fondly and happily designated. In some degree pioneered by Roger Bacon, and other emancipators of the human mind, Providence raised up this valiant man at an opportune conjuncture. Backed by his Parliament and his people, the hero of Cressy was resisting the pretensions of the Roman pontiff to the suzerainty of his realm; but,

at that period, before any churchman would take the field against Peter's successor, he needed to possess a chivalry equal to Edward's own. Such chivalry was found in the Oxford scholar, whose tracts and disputations, as well as his racy, rousing sermons, soon shook the whole of England for twenty years together; and when he died on the last day of 1384, the cords were very feeble which continued to hold England and Rome together.

“Wycliffe, though the object of the bitterest hatred, even in his own day, awed his most violent antagonists into something approaching to admiration. His austere exemplary life has defied even calumny; his vigorous, incessant efforts to reduce the whole clergy to primitive poverty, have provoked no retort as to his own pride, self-interest, indulgence, inconsistent with his earnest severity. His industry, even in those laborious days, was astonishing. The number of his books, mostly, indeed, brief tracts, baffles calculation. Two hundred are said to have been burned in Bohemia. . . . He was acknowledged to be a consummate master in the dialectics of the schools: he was the pride, as well as the terror, of Oxford. ‘He was second to none,’—so writes a monk,—‘in philosophy; in the discipline of the schools incomparable.’ In this, indeed, appear at once his strength, and the source of the apparent contradictions in the style and manner of his writings. Wycliffe was a subtile schoolman, and a popular pamphleteer. He addressed the students of the university in the language and in the logic of their schools; he addressed the vulgar, (which included, no doubt, the whole laity, and a vast number of the parochial clergy,) in the simplest and most homely vernacular phrase. Hence he is, as it were, two writers: his Latin is dry, argumentative, syllogistic, abstruse, obscure: his English, rude, coarse, but clear, emphatic, brief, vehement; with short, stinging sentences, and perpetual hard antithesis.”*

* Milman, vol. vi., pp. 134, 135.

As his contemporary, Chaucer, claims precedence as the father of English poetry, so Wycliffe may fairly be styled the father of English prose. Many of his writings, such as his "Poor Caitiff," a book "for teaching simple men and women the way to heaven;" and his "Exposition of the Decalogue," circulated very widely, and of his translation of the Bible, a hundred and seventy manuscripts, containing portions or the whole, are still known to be extant.* His Bible excepted, we have little acquaintance with his English writings. A short specimen from the Sermon on the Mount, under all the disguise of the primitive spelling, will shew how nearly our language had approached to the English of the present day in the times of Wycliffe:—

"Biholde ye the foulis of the eir, for thei sowen not nether repen, nether gaderen in to bernes: and your Fadir of heuene fedith hem. wher ye ben not more worthi thanne thei? but who of you thenking, mai putte to hys stature o cubit? and of clothinge what ben ye bisie? biholde ye the lilies of the feld hou thei wexen, thei trauelen not, nether spynnen, and I seye to you, that Salomon in al his glorie, was not keuerid as oone of thes. and if God clothith thus the heye of the feeld, that to dai is and to morewe is cast in to an ouene, hou myche more you of litil feith?"

For the following modernised specimen of Wycliffe's preaching we are indebted to Dr Vaughan. It was preached to the Reformer's own congregation on a Christmas-day in the beautiful parish church of Lutterworth, in Leicestershire, and the text is, "Unto us a child is born."

Christmas-day at Lutterworth.

"On this day we may affirm that a child is born to us, since Jesus, according to our belief, was this day born. Both

* "John de Wycliffe, D.D. A Monograph. By R. Vaughan, D.D.," a fine union of profound research, with manly, noble-hearted narrative.

in figure and in letter, God spake of old to this intent, that to us a child should be born in whom we should have joy. From this speech of Isaiah, three short lessons are to be delivered, that men may rejoice in the after-services of this child. First, we hold it as a part of our faith, that as our first parents had sinned, there must be atonement made for it, according to the righteousness of God. For as God is merciful, so He is full of righteousness. But except He keep His righteousness on this point, how may He judge all the world? There is no sin done but what is against God, but this sin was done directly against the Lord Almighty and Allrightful. The greater also the Lord is, against whom any sin is done, the greater always is the sin—just as to do against the king's bidding is deemed the greatest of offences. But the sin which is done against God's bidding is greater without measure. God then, according to our belief, bid Adam that he should not eat of the apple. Yet he broke God's command. Nor was he excused therein by his own weakness, by Eve, nor by the serpent. Hence, according to the righteousness of God, this sin must always be punished. It is to speak lightly, to say that God might, of His mere power, forgive the sin, without the atonement which was made for it, since the justice of God would not suffer this, which requires that every trespass be punished, either in earth or in hell. God may not accept a person, to forgive him his sin without an atonement, else he must give free licence to sin, both in angels and men, and then sin were no sin, and our God were no God!

“Such is the first lesson we take as a part of our faith. The second is, that the person who may make atonement for the sin of our first father must needs be God and man. For as man's nature trespassed, so must man's nature render atonement. An angel, therefore, would attempt in vain to make atonement for man, for he has not the power to do it, nor was his the nature that here sinned. But since all men form one person, if any member of this person maketh atonement, the whole person

maketh it. But we may see that if God made a man of nought, or strictly anew, after the manner of Adam, yet he were bound to God to the extent of his power for himself, having nothing wherewith to make atonement for his own or for Adam's sin. Since, then, atonement must be made for the sin of Adam, as we have shewn, the person to make the atonement must be God and man; for then the worthiness of this person's deeds, were even with the unworthiness of the sin."

Although another gloomy century followed, the effect of Wycliffe's ministry never completely died away; and within that century the art of printing made every "heretical" book a hydra-headed monster, which even the Roman Briareus was unable to subdue. Within the bosom of the Church arose some earnest men who, even before the Reformation, shunned not to declare the counsel of God as far as they knew it; one of whom, Dean Colet, the friend and benefactor of Erasmus, and the founder of St Paul's School, deserves to be held in lasting remembrance for his sound sense and his love of the plain and the practical both in philosophy and religion. Of the latter we give a short specimen:—

Daily Directions.

"First and principally, honour God as thy Maker; love Him as thy Redeemer; fear Him as thy Judge. Secondly, Thy neighbour which is thy superior obey; have concord and peace with them which be even with thee in degree; and have mercy and pity on thine inferiors. Thirdly, Provide thee to have a clean heart and a good custody of thy tongue. Pray and take labour, by grace, to have wisdom and cunning to do thy duty to God and to thy neighbour. And in all thy words and deeds have ever in mind that God and his angels heareth and seeth everything, and that nothing is so privily done but it shall be made open. And in especial, have in mind that thou shalt die shortly, and how Christ died for thee; the subtilty and false-

ness of this temporal world, the joys of heaven, and the pains of hell. And every morning, among other thy meditations and prayers, pray unto thy Lord God that the day following thou (according to the degree which He, of His infinite goodness and mercy, hath called thee unto) mayest use this temporal, wretched world in thy thoughts, words, and deeds, that, by them and the mercy of Christ's passion, thou mayest eschew the pains of hell, and come to the joy everlasting. And in executing thereof, keep truth in words and deeds. Defend no man nor no matter against the truth. In all things think and trust in God, and He shall direct thy ways. Trust not to thine own wit, but fear God, and He will keep thee from evil. If thou trust more in thine own wit than in the grace of God, thy policy shall be soon subverted. Be content to hear good counsel, though it be contrary to thy will : for he is a very fool that will hear nothing gladly but that is according to his mind. . . . If thou be married, and hast a good wife, thank the Lord therefore, for she is of his sending ; and if thou have an evil wife, take patience, and thank God, for all is for the best, well taken : howbeit thou art bound to do and pray for her amendment, lest she go to the devil, from whom she came.

“Keep a mannerly mean. Be not too strait. Forgive not too soon. Keep a convenient measure in all thy works. Go not to meat as a beast, but as a reasonable man ; say thy grace, and then remember that more be sick and die by superfluities of meats than otherwise. Wherefore, eat with measure to live in health. At thy meat have none other but honest communication, and such as is according to thy cunning. Backbite no man. Be merry in honesty : for sorrow and care hath killed many, and no profit therein. . . . Have little or none affection and love to these earthly and temporal things : for blessed is the rich man that trusteth not in his money and treasure. Remember, as a man loveth, so is he : for the lover is in the thing loved more properly than in himself. Where-

fore, if a man love earthly things, he may be called an earthly man ; and if he love principally heavenly things, or God, he may be called a heavenly or godly man." *

Of the English ecclesiastics who witnessed the commencement of the Reformation and remained attached to the Church of Rome, no one commands our respect like Thomas Fisher, Bishop of Rochester.† The first Lady Margaret's Professor of Divinity at Cambridge, and, in carrying out the will of his royal patroness, the Countess of Richmond, practically the founder of Christ's College and St John's, few in their day have rendered greater services to the cause of letters and theological education, and few have displayed a more fearless and disinterested spirit. No preferment could tempt him to forsake his "little old wife," the poor see of Rochester, and no intimidation or danger could move him to acknowledge the king's ecclesiastical supremacy, or declare his marriage with Catherine unlawful. And when at last entrapped by one of Henry's creatures into what the terrible tyranny of the times construed into treason, the old man of seventy-seven was roused from his slumber in the Tower of London early on a morning of June and told that he must die that day,—the reason assigned might be a political offence, but, as far as the conscience of the venerable churchman was concerned, it was a religious martyrdom.

With his majestic figure, his engaging expression, and the renown of his learning and virtues, and, above all, with that weight which accompanies the words of elevated understandings and earnest spirits, Fisher was a popular preacher; and

* "A Right Fruitfull Admonition concerning the Order of a Good Christian Man's Life. Made by the famous Doctour Colete, sometime Deane of Paules." A Tract of twelve pages, in black letter, "imprinted" at London for Gabriell Cawood, 1577.

† Born 1459, died 1535.

had the Church of Rome been graced and its pulpits filled by many men like him, a reformation of doctrine might have been none the less needful, but the work of the reformers would have been rendered less easy.

From a black-letter volume "enprynted in the fletestrete, by Wynkyn de Worde, prynter unto the moost excellent prynesse my lady the kynges graundame. In the yere of our Lorde God M.CCCC.IX. the xij. daye of the moneth of Juyn," we may extract a few sentences illustrative of the style of a court-chaplain three hundred and fifty years ago. The sermons are on the seven penitential psalms, and were printed by command of the Countess of Richmond, "moder to our souerayne lorde kinge Henry the vij." In the first extract we shall preserve the original spelling.

The Unfelt Burden.

Peraventure some synner wlll saye, I perceybe nor feyle any weyght in myself, do I neuer so many synnes. To whome we answere that yf a dogge hauynge a grete stone bounde aboute his necke be cast downe from an hygh toure, he feleth no weyght of that stone as longe as he is fallynge downe, but whan he is ones fallen to the grounde he is brasten all to peces by the reason of that weyght. Soo the synner goynge downe towarde the pyt of hell feleth not the grete burden of synne, but whan he shall come in to the depnes of helle he shall fele more payne than he wolde. Also ebery creature which is aboute to put away the yoke of synne feleth the grete and greuous weyght of it.

Guileful Enemies.

“ *Et dolos totâ die meditabantur.* If they may not take us by those vanities, then they lay in our way other subtile and crafty baits. Either they be about to bring a man to a higher perfection of life, to the end they may overthrow him again; else they persuade and propose to a man's mind a more profitable place to get virtue in—because why? they may lightly or sooner put him down and make him forsake it: like as fishers do when they are about to cause fish to come into their nets; they trouble the waters, to make them avoid and flee from their wonted places. Sometimes they persuade a man to change the manner of his life into a more straight way of living than peradventure any man may bear, that then he that is grieved afterward give over and forsake it: like as men say apes be taken of the hunters by doing on shoes. For the property of an ape is to do as he seeth a man do. The hunter, therefore, will lay a pair of shoes in his way, and when he perceiveth the hunter doing on his shoes, he will do the same; and so, after that, it is too hard for him to leap and climb from tree to tree as he was wont, but anon he falleth down and is taken. Or else, at some time they lay before a man venom privily hid, under the colour of appearing virtue. They set his mind on getting and laying up worldly riches for the exercising of the works of mercy; or they move a man to chastise his body above his power, to subdue fleshly appetite.”

CONFESSORS AND MARTYRS.

We are now come to that great "cloud of witnesses" into which the new-born Church of England was "baptized." Most of the theologians in the reigns of Henry VIII., Edward VI., and Queen Mary, were martyrs; and to modern readers, their holy lives and glorious deaths are more edifying and impressive than their writings. Of these last, the style is usually prolix and ponderous, and, except as an archaic curiosity, few care for English authorship before the Elizabethan era. When we come to that era, in quoting from John Foxe, we shall have opportunity to do some justice to the noble deeds of the Reformation worthies; in the meanwhile, we must content ourselves with a few specimens, to which attaches an incidental interest.

Anne Askew was a lady of rank and beauty, belonging to the court of Queen Catherine Parr, and was burned at Smithfield, in 1546, for holding that, in the communion, after consecration, the bread continues still to be bread. At the stake she was offered the king's pardon if she would recant; but she replied, "I came not here to deny my Lord and Master," and suffered with affecting constancy, "being compassed with flames of fire, as a blessed sacrifice unto God." The following "Ballad, which she made and sang when she was in Newgate," has affixed to it the text, "God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound things which are mighty; yea, and things of no reputation for to bring to nought things of reputation; that no flesh should presume in his sight."

THE BALLAD WHICH ANNE ASKEW MADE AND SANG WHEN SHE WAS IN NEWGATE.

" Like as the armed knight	With this world will I fight,
Appointed to the field,	And faith shall be my shield.

Faith is that weapon strong
Which will not fail at need ;
My foes therefore among
Therewith will I proceed.

As it is had in strength
And force of Christ his way,
It will prevail at length,
Though all the devils say, nay.

Faith in the fathers old
Obtained righteousness,
Which makes me very bold
To fear no world's distress.

I now rejoice in heart,
And hope bids me do so,
That Christ will take my part,
And ease me of my woe.

Thou say'st, Lord, whoso knock,
To them thou wilt attend ;
Undo, therefore, the lock,
And thy strong power send.

More enemies now I have,
Than hairs upon my head,
Let them not me deprave,
But fight thou in my stead.

On thee my care I cast,
For all their cruel spite,
I set not by their haste,
For thou art my delight.

I am not she that list
My anchor to let fall
For every drizzling mist ;
My ship's substantial.

Not oft use I to write,
In prose, nor yet in rhyme,
Yet will I shew one sight
That I saw in my time.

I saw a royal throne,
Where justice should have sit,
But in her stead was one
Of moody, cruel wit.

Absorpt was righteousness,
As of the raging flood ;
Satan in fierce excess
Sucked up the guiltless blood.

Then thought I, Jesus, Lord,
When thou shalt judge us all,
Hard is it to record
On these men what will fall.

Yet Lord, I thee desire,
For that they do to me,
Let them not taste the hire
Of their iniquity."

To these times of terror we are disposed to refer the following Christmas carol, although it was not published till the reign of Elizabeth. In king Henry there was too much that reminded his subjects of Herod :—

Christmas Carol.

“ My sweet little baby, what meanest thou to cry ?
 Be still, my blessed babe, though cause thou hast to mourn,
 Whose blood, most innocent, the cruel king hath sworn ;
 And lo ! alas ! behold ! what slaughter he doth make,
 Shedding the blood of infants all, sweet Saviour, for thy sake.
 A King is born, they say, which King this king would kill ;
 Oh ! woe, and woful heavy day, when wretches have their will.

Three kings, this King of kings to see, are come from far,
 To each unknown, with offerings great, by guiding of a star ;
 As shepherds heard the song, which angels bright did sing,
 Giving all glory unto God for coming of this King,
 Which must be made away—king Herod would him kill.
 Oh ! woe, and woeful heavy day, when wretches have their will !

Lo ! my little babe, be still, lament no more ;
 From fury thou shalt step aside, help have we still in store—
 We heavenly warning have some other soil to seek ;
 From death must fly the Lord of life, as lamb both mild and meek .
 Thus must my babe obey the king that would him kill.
 Oh ! woe, and woeful heavy day, when wretches have their will !

But thou shalt live and reign, as David hath foresaid,
 And prophets prophesied.

Whom caitives none can 'tray, whom tyrants none can kill.
 Oh ! joy, and joyful happy day, when wretches want their will !”

To many the following letter is already well known. It is from the learned, beautiful, and unfortunate Lady Jane Grey to her sister, and was written at the end of her Greek Testament, and sent “ the night before she suffered.”

Lady Jane Grey to her Sister.

“ I have here sent you, good sister Catharine, a book, which, although it be not outwardly rimmed with gold, yet inwardly it is more worth than precious stones. It is the

book, dear sister, of the laws of the Lord : it is his testament and last will, which he bequeathed unto us wretches, which shall lead you to the path of eternal joy ; and if you with a good mind read it, and with an earnest desire to follow it, shall bring you to an immortal and everlasting life. It will teach you to live, and learn you to die ; it shall win you more than you should have gained by the possession of your woful father's lands. For as if God has prospered him, you should have inherited his lands ; so if you apply diligently to this book, trying to direct your life after it, you shall be an inheritor of such riches, as neither the covetous shall withdraw from you, neither thief shall steal, neither yet the moth corrupt.

“ Desire with David, good sister, to understand the law of the Lord God. Live still to die, that you, by death, may purchase eternal life, or after your death enjoy the life purchased you by Christ's death. And trust not that the tenderness of your age shall lengthen your life ; for as soon, if God call, the young goeth as the old. Labour always to learn to die. Deny the world, defy the devil, and despise the flesh, and delight yourself only in the world. Be penitent for your sins, and yet despair not ; be steady in faith, and yet presume not ; and desire, with St Paul, to be dissolved, and to be with Christ, with whom, even in death, there is life. Be like the good servant, and even at midnight be waking, lest, when death cometh, and stealeth upon you like a thief in the night, you, with the evil servant, be found sleeping, and lest, for lack of oil, you be found like the five foolish women, and like him that had not on the wedding garment, and then ye be cast out from the marriage.

“ Resist, as I trust you do ; and, seeing you have the name of a Christian, and as near as you can, follow the steps of your Master Christ, and take up your cross, lay your sins on his back, and always embrace him. And as touching my death,

rejoice as I do, good sister, that I shall be delivered of this corruption, and put on incorruption. For I am assured that I shall, for losing of a mortal life, find an immortal felicity, the which I pray God grant you, and enable you of his grace to live in his fear, and to die in the true Christian faith, from the which, in God's name, I exhort you that you never swerve, neither for hope of life, nor for fear of death ; for if you will deny His truth for to lengthen your life, God will deny you and shorten your days. And if you will cleave unto Him, he will prolong your days to your comfort and His glory ; to the which glory God bring me now, and you hereafter, when it pleases Him to call you. Fare you well, good sister, and put your only trust in God, who only must help you."

But this period we cannot leave without some specimens of its most popular preacher. The son of a Leicestershire farmer, neither Oxford with its learning, nor the Court of Greenwich with its pageantry, ever made Hugh Latimer less one of the people ; but to the last he retained his true English heart, open, brave, and kindly, a yeoman in canonicals, a citizen in the pulpit. We love the dear old man, so loyal to his Master, so faithful to himself, so frank and unflinching towards all around him ; and if the reader should think his style occasionally too playful and some of his anecdotes too trivial, he must remember the audiences which Latimer addressed, and must furthermore remember his wonderful success in proclaiming the gospel. This vivacity was compatible with the utmost earnestness. The last of his pithy sayings was spoken to a fellow-martyr with a lighted fagot at his feet : "Be of good comfort, Master Ridley, and play the man ; we shall this day light such a candle, by God's grace in England, as I trust shall never be put out."

Our Father.

“This word ‘Father’ signifieth that we are Christ’s brothers, and that God is our Father. He is the eldest Son, He is the Son of God by nature, we are his sons by adoption through His goodness ; therefore He bids us call him our Father, who is to be had in fresh memory and great reputation. For here we are admonished that we are ‘reconciled unto God ; we, which before-times were his enemies, are made now the children of God, and inheritors of everlasting life.’ This we are admonished by this word Father. So that it is a word of much importance and great reputation ; for it confirms our faith when we call him Father. Therefore our Saviour, when he teaches us to call God Father, teaches us to understand the fatherly affection which God bears towards us ; which makes us bold and hearty to call upon him, knowing that he bears a good-will towards us, and that he will surely hear our prayers.”

The Fulfiller of the Law.

“Christ kept the law to deliver us from the condemnation of it ; for if he had not kept the law, the law had such power that it would have condemned us all ; for so it is written, ‘Cursed be he that abideth not by all that which is written in the law.’ So that the least cogitation which we have against the law of God brings this curse upon our heads ; so that there never was a man, nor shall be one, that could remedy himself by this law, for it is spiritual, it may not be fulfilled but by the Spirit. It requires us to be clean from all spot of sin, from all ill thoughts, words, and deeds ; but we are carnal, and, as St Paul saith, ‘sold under sin and wickedness.’ Therefore he concludeth thus : ‘And by the works of the law no man can be justified.’ For you must consider the works of the law how they ought to be done, and again, how we do them. As

Christ did them they merit, for He did them perfectly, as they ought to be done; but as we do them they condemn, and yet the lack is not in the law, but in us.

“The law of itself is holy and good, but we are not able to keep it, and, therefore, we must seek our righteousness, not in the law, but in Christ, who hath fulfilled the same, and given us freely his fulfilling.

“And this is the chief cause wherefore Christ would fulfil the law. But all the Papists think themselves to be saved by the law, and I myself have been of that dangerous, perilous, and damnable opinion, till I was thirty years of age: so long I walked in darkness, and in the shadow of death. And, no doubt, he that departeth out of this world in that opinion shall never come to heaven. For when we consider the works of the law, which the law requires, and again how we do them, we shall find that we may not be justified by our doings; for the flesh reigneth in us, it beareth rule and hindereth the Spirit, and so we never fulfil the law. Certain it is that those who believe in Christ have the Holy Ghost, who ruleth and governeth them; yet for all that there are a great many lacks in them, so that if they would go about to be saved by their works, they would come too short, for their works are not able to answer the requests of the law. And so Christ should be but a Judge, who should give to every one according to his merits, and should not deserve for us. If we had no other help but that, then we should all go to the devil; but the everlasting God be praised! we have a remedy and a sure helper. Christ, the Son of the living God, hath fulfilled the law for us, to deliver us from sin. Such is the office of Christ, to deliver us from the law, and the wrath of it. The law requires a perfect righteousness and holiness; now all those who believe in Christ are holy and righteous, for he hath fulfilled the law for us which believe in him: we are reputed just through faith in Christ. What does the law require of

us? Truly, righteousness and holiness. This we have—we are righteous, but how? not by our works, for our works are not able to make us just [righteous], and deliver us from our sins; but we are just by this, that our sins are pardoned unto us, through the faith which we have in Christ our Saviour; for he, through his fulfilling of the law, took away the curse of the law from our heads. ‘He took away the power of the sin.’ Sin is made no sin.

“I desire you in the reverence of God to bear away this one sentence which I will now speak unto you, for it shall be a good stay for you against the temptations of the devil. The sentence is this, ‘That which the law could not do,’ (for it was hindered by the flesh.) But what can the law do when it hath no hinderance? It can justify—that is to say, ‘by the infirmity of our flesh’ man was not able to do it, the lack was in us; for we are wicked, and the law is holy and good. Now that which we lacked, that same has God fulfilled and supplied; for he hath sent his Son to supply that which man’s works could not do, and with his fulfilling of the law, and painful death, he merited that as many as believe in him, though they had done all the sins of the world, yet should they not be damned, but they are righteous before the face of God, believing in Christ; so that remission of sins and everlasting life may be sought nowhere else but only in Christ. ‘He that spared not his only Son, but gave him for us, why should he not with him give us all things also?’”

The Friend in Need.

“Christ dying for us, as all the scripture, both of the New and Old Testament, witnesseth; ‘He hath taken away our sorrows.’ Like as when I owe unto a man a hundred pounds; the day is expired, he will have his money; I have it not, and for lack of it I am laid in prison. In such distress comes a

good friend, and saith, Sir, be of good cheer, I will pay thy debts; and forthwith payeth the whole sum, and setteth me at liberty. Such a friend is our Saviour; he has paid our debts, and set us at liberty; else we should have been damned world without end, in everlasting prison and darkness. Therefore, though our sins condemn us, yet when we allege Christ and believe in him, our sins shall not hurt us. For St John saith, 'We have an Advocate with God the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous.'

Freedom from Trial no Mercy.

"The prophet David saith. 'Lord, prove me, and tempt [try] me' (Ps. cxxxix.) This prophet knew that to be tempted of God is a good thing; for temptations minister to us occasion to run to God, and to beg His help. Therefore David was desirous to have something whereby he might exercise his faith. For there is nothing so dangerous in the world as to be without trouble, without temptation; for look! when we are best at ease, when all things go with us according to our will and pleasure, then we are commonly furthest off from God. For our nature is so feeble, that we cannot bear tranquillity, we soon forget God; therefore we should say, 'Lord, prove me, and tempt me.'

"I have read once a story of a good bishop, who rode by the way, and was weary; being far off from any town, and seeing a fair house, a great man's house, he went thither, and was very well and honourably received: there were great preparations made for him and a great banquet, all things were in plenty. Then the man of the house set out his prosperity, and told the bishop what riches he had, in what honour and dignities he was, how many fair children he had, what a virtuous wife God had provided for him; so that he had no lack of any manner of thing; he had no trouble or vexations, neither inward nor outward. Now this holy bishop, hearing the good

estate of that man, called one of his servants, and commanded him to make ready the horses ; for the bishop thought that God was not in that house, because there was no temptation there ; he took his leave, and went his way. When he was two or three miles off, he remembered his book which he had left behind him : he sent his man back again to fetch that book ; and when the servant came again, the house was sunk and all that was in it.

“Here it appears that it is a good thing to have temptation. This man thought himself a jolly fellow, because all things went well with him : but he knew not St James’s lesson, ‘Blessed is he that endureth temptation.’ Let us therefore learn here, not to be irksome [angry] when God lays his cross upon us.

The following extract will give an idea of the courage with which the Bishop of Worcester attacked prevailing abuses, and will shew how formidable were the weapons which he plied against the “non-preaching prelates.” It is taken from the famous sermon “Of the Plough,” preached under the awning, —“in the shrouds,”—at St Paul’s, January 1548.

The Busy Bishop.

“And now I would ask a strange question, Who is the most diligent bishop and prelate in all England, that passes all the rest in doing his office ? I can tell, for I know who it is ; I know him well. But now I think I see you listening and hearkening that I should name him. There is one that passes all the other, and is the most diligent prelate and preacher in all England. And will ye know who it is ? I will tell you— it is the Devil. He is the most diligent preacher of all others ; he is never out of his diocese ; he is never from his cure : you shall never find him unoccupied ; he is ever in his parish ; he keeps residence at all times ; you shall never find him out of

the way ; call for him when you will, he is ever at home. He is the most diligent preacher in all the realm ; he is ever at his plough : no lording nor loitering can hinder him ; he is ever applying his business ; you shall never find him idle I warrant you. And his office is to hinder religion, to maintain superstition, to set up idolatry, to teach all kinds of Popery. He is ready as can be wished for to set forth his plough ; to devise as many ways as can be to deface and obscure God's glory. Where the devil is resident, and has his plough going, there away with books, and up with candles ; away with Bibles, and up with beads ; away with the light of the gospel, and up with the light of candles, yea, at noonday. Where the devil is resident, that he may prevail, up with all superstition and idolatry ; censing, painting of images, candles, palms, ashes, holy water, and new service of men's inventing ; as though man could invent a better way to honour God with, than God himself hath appointed. Down with Christ's cross, up with purgatory pickpurse ; up with him, the popish Purgatory, I mean. Away with clothing the naked, the poor and impotent, up with decking of images, and gay garnishing of stocks and stones : up with man's traditions and his laws, down with God's traditions and his most holy word. Down with the old honour due to God, and up with the new god's honour. Let all things be done in Latin : there must be nothing but Latin, not so much as 'Remember man that thou art ashes, and into ashes shalt thou return : ' which are the words that the minister speaketh unto the ignorant people, when he gives them ashes upon Ash-Wednesday, but it must be spoken in Latin. God's Word may in no wise be translated into English.

“ Oh that our prelates would be as diligent to sow the corn of good doctrine, as Satan is to sow cockle and darnel ! And this is the devilish ploughing, which worketh to have things in Latin, and hinders the fruitful edification. But here some

man will say to me, What, sir, are you so privy to the devil's counsel that you know all this to be true?—Truly I know him too well, and have obeyed him a little too much in condescending to some follies; and I know him as other men do, yea that he is ever occupied, and ever busy in following his plough. I know by St Peter, who saith of him, 'He goeth about like a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour.' I would have this text well viewed and examined, every word of it: 'He goeth about,' in every corner of his diocese; he goeth on visitation daily, he leaves no place of his cure unvisited: he walks round about from place to place, and ceases not. 'As a lion,' that is, strongly, boldly, and proudly; stately and fiercely, with haughty looks, with his proud countenances, with his stately braggings. 'Roaring;' for he lets not any occasion slip, to speak or to roar out when he seeth his time. 'He goeth about seeking,' and not sleeping, as our bishops do; but he seeketh diligently, he searcheth diligently all corners, where he may have his prey. He roveh abroad in every place of his diocese; he standeth not still, he is never at rest, but ever in hand with his plough, that it may go forward. But there was never such a preacher in England as he is. Who is able to tell his diligent preaching, which every day, and every hour, labours to sow cockle and darnel, that he may bring out of form, and out of estimation and renown, the institution of the Lord's Supper and Christ's cross? For there he lost his right; for Christ said, 'Now is the judgment of this world, and the prince of this world shall be cast out. And as Moses did lift up the serpent in the wilderness, so must the Son of man be lift up (John iii.) And when I shall be lift up from the earth, I will draw all things unto myself.'—For the devil was disappointed of his purpose; for he thought all to be his own: and when he had once brought Christ to the cross, he thought all was sure.

“But there lost he all reigning,” &c.

The next is an anecdote, which Latimer introduces as an example of what logicians call the sophism of “non causa pro causâ.”

Tenterden Steeple.

“It is we preachers that trouble England. Here was preaching against covetousness all last year in Lent, and the next summer followed rebellion; *ergo*, preaching against covetousness was the cause of the rebellion! A goodly argument!

“Here now I remember an anecdote of Master More’s* which he bringeth in a book that he made against Bilney: and here by the way I will tell you a pleasant tale. Master More was once sent in commission into Kent, to find out, if it might be, what was the cause of Goodwin Sands, and the shelf that stopped up Sandwich haven. Thither came Master More, and called the country before him, such as were thought to be men of experience, and men that could most likely best certify him concerning the stopping of Sandwich haven. Among others came before him an old man, with a white head, one that was thought to be little less than a hundred years old. When Master More saw this aged man, he thought it expedient to hear him say his mind in this matter; for, being so old a man, it was likely that he knew most of any man in that company. So Master More called this old aged man unto him, and said, ‘Father, tell me, if you can, what is the cause of this great rising of the sands and shelves here about this haven, which stop it up so that no ships can arrive here? You are the oldest man that I can espy in all this company, so that if any man can tell any cause of it, you it is likely can say most in it, or at least more than any other man here assembled.’ ‘Yea, forsooth, good master,’ quoth this old man, ‘for I am well-nigh a hundred years old, and no man here in this company is anything near unto mine age.’ ‘Well, then,’ quoth

* Lord-Chancellor Sir Thomas More.

Master More, 'how say you in this matter? What think you are the causes of these shelves and flats that stop up Sandwich haven?' 'Forsooth, sir,' quoth he, 'I am an old man; I think that Tenterden steeple is the cause of Goodwin Sands. For I am an old man, sir,' quoth he, 'and I may remember the building of Tenterden steeple, and I may remember when there was no steeple at all there. And before that Tenterden steeple was building, there was no speaking of any flats or sands that stopped the haven, and therefore I think that Tenterden steeple is the cause of the destroying and decay of Sandwich haven.' Thus this old man: and even so to my purpose is preaching of God's Word the cause of rebellion, as Tenterden steeple was the cause that Sandwich haven is decayed!"

Hot Coals.

"When I was in Cambridge, Master George Stafford read a lecture there. I heard him; and, in expounding the Epistle to the Romans, coming to that place where St Paul saith that 'we shall overcome our enemy with well-doing, and so heap up hot coals upon his head;' now, in expounding that place, he brought in an example, saying, that he knew in London a great rich merchant who had a very poor neighbour, yet for all his poverty he loved him very well, and lent him money at his need, and let him come to his table whensoever he would. It was at the time when Dr Colet was in trouble, and would have been burnt, if God had not turned the king's heart to the contrary. Now, the rich man began to be a Scripture man, he began to perceive the gospel; the poor man was a papist still. It chanced on a time, when the rich man talked of the gospel, sitting at his table, where he reprov'd Popery and such kind of things, the poor man being then present, took a great displeasure against the rich man, insomuch that he would come no more to his house, he would borrow no more money of

him, as he was wont to do beforetimes; yea, and he conceived such hatred and malice against him, that he went and accused him before the bishops. Now, the rich man, not knowing any such displeasure, offered many times to talk with him, and to set him at quiet; but it would not be, the poor man had such a stomach, that he would not vouchsafe to speak with him: if he met the rich man in the street, he would go out of his way. One time it happened that he met him in so narrow a street that he could not avoid, but must come near him; yet for all that this poor man had such a stomach against the rich man, I say, that he was minded to go forward, and not to speak with him. The rich man, perceiving that, caught him by the hand, and asked him, saying, ‘Neighbour, what is come into your heart, to take such displeasure with me? what have I done against you? tell me, and I will be ready at all times to make you amends.’

“Finally, he spake so gently, so charitably, so lovingly, and friendly, that it wrought in the poor man’s heart, so that by and by he fell down upon his knees and asked him forgiveness. The rich man forgave him, and took him again to his favour, and they loved as well as ever they did before. Many a one would have said, Set him in the stocks, let him have bread of affliction, and water of tribulation; but this man did not so. And here you see an example of the practice of God’s words, so that the poor man, bearing great hatred and malice against the rich man, was brought, through the lenity and meekness of the rich man, from his error and wickedness to the knowledge of God’s Word. I would that you would consider this example well, and follow it.”

The homely minuteness to which Father Latimer sometimes descended in his counsels from the pulpit, will be seen in the following

Advice to Masters and Mistresses.

“Further, we pray here in this [fourth] petition for good servants—that God will send unto us good, faithful, and trusty servants, for they are necessary for this bodily life, that our business may be done; and those who live in single life have more need of good, trusty servants than those who are married. Those who are married can better oversee their servants. For when the man is from home, at least the wife oversees them, and keeps them in good order.

“There was once a fellow who asked a philosopher a question, saying, ‘How is a horse made fat?’ The philosopher answered, saying, ‘With his master’s eye:’ not meaning that the horse should be fed with his master’s eye, but that the master should oversee the horse, and take heed to the horse-keeper, that the horse might be well fed. For when a man rides by the way, and comes to his inn, and gives unto the hostler his horse to walk, and he himself sits at the table and makes good cheer, and forgets his horse, the hostler cometh and saith, ‘Sir, how much bread shall I give unto your horse?’ He saith, ‘Give him twopenny worth;’ I warrant you this horse will never be fat. Therefore a man should not say to the hostler, ‘Go, give him,’ but he should see himself that the horse have it. In like manner, those that have servants must not only command them what they shall do, but they must see that it is done. One other man asked that same philosopher this question, saying, ‘What manure is it that makes a man’s land most fruitful in bringing forth much corn?’ ‘Marry,’ said he, ‘The owner’s footsteps.’ Not meaning that the master should come and walk up and down, and tread the ground; but that he would have him come and oversee the servants tilling the ground, commanding them to do it diligently, and so to look himself upon their work: this shall be the best manure, saith the philosopher. Therefore never trust servants,

except you are assured of their diligence ; for I tell you truly, I can come nowhere but I hear masters complaining of their servants. I think verily they fear not God, they consider not their duties. Well, I will burden them with this one text of Scripture, and then go forward in my matters. The prophet Jeremy saith, ‘Cursed be he that doth the work of the Lord negligently,’ or, as another translation has it, ‘fraudulently ;’ take which you will.”

Latimer and Ridley suffered martyrdom together at Oxford, October 16, 1555. During the period which intervened between his condemnation and his execution, Ridley wrote a “Last Farewell to all his true and faithful friends in God,” which was afterwards published, and which is one of the most affecting compositions which have come down to us from the days of “bloody Mary.”

Ridley's Farewell.

“As a man, minding to take a far journey, and to depart from his familiar friends, commonly and naturally has a desire to bid his friends farewell before his departure: so likewise I, now looking daily when I should be called to depart hence from you, oh! all ye, my dearly beloved brethren and sisters in our Saviour Christ, that dwell here in this world; and having a like mind towards you all, and also, blessed be God for this, such time and leisure (whereof right heartily I thank his heavenly goodness): I bid you all, my dear brethren and sisters in Christ, that dwell upon the earth, after such manner as I can, farewell.

“Farewell, my dear brother George Shipline: whom I have ever found faithful, trusty, and loving in all states and conditions, and now in the time of my cross, above all others, to me most friendly and steadfast; and also, which pleases me best, above all other things, ever hearty in God's cause.

“Farewell, my dear sister Alice, his wife. I am glad to hear of you, that you take Christ’s cross, which now is laid (blessed be God) both on your back and mine, in good part. Thank God, who has given you a godly and loving husband. See that you honour him, and obey him according to God’s law. Honour your mother-in-law, his mother, and love all those that pertain unto him, being ready to do them good, as it shall lie in your power. As for your children, I doubt not of your husband, but that He, who hath given him a heart to love and fear God, and in God them that pertain unto him, will also make him friendly and beneficial unto thy children, even as if they had been his own.

“Farewell, my well-beloved brother John Ridley, of the Waltown, and you, my gentle and loving sister Elizabeth: whom, besides the natural league of amity, your tender love, which you were said ever to bear towards me above the rest of your brethren, binds me to love. My mind was to have acknowledged this your loving affection, and to have acquitted it with deeds, and not with words alone. Your daughter Elizabeth I bid farewell, whom I love for the meek and gentle spirit that God has given her, which is a precious thing in the sight of God.

“Farewell, my well-beloved and worshipful cousins, Master Nicholas Ridley of Wyllimountswick, and your wife; and I thank you for all your kindness shewed both to me, and also to all your own kinsfolk and mine. Good cousin, as God has set you in our stock and kindred, not for any respect of your person, but of his abundant grace and goodness, to be, as it were, the leader, to order and conduct the rest, and has also endued you with his manifold gifts of grace, both heavenly and worldly, above others; so I pray you, good cousin (as my trust and hope is in you), continue and increase in the maintenance of truth, honesty, righteousness, and all true godliness; and, to the uttermost of your power, withstand false-

hood, untruth, unrighteousness, and all ungodliness, which is forbidden and condemned by the word and laws of God.

“Farewell, all my kindred and countrymen, farewell in Christ altogether. The Lord, who is the searcher of secrets, knoweth that according to my heart’s desire, my hope was of late, that I should have come among you, and have brought with me abundance of Christ’s blessed gospel, according to the duty of that office and ministry whereunto I was chosen, named, and appointed among you, by the mouth of our late peerless prince King Edward, and also openly declared in his court by his privy council.

“I warn you all, my well-beloved kinsfolk and countrymen, that you be not amazed or astonished at the kind of my departure or dissolution ; for I assure you I think it the greatest honour that ever I was called unto in all my life. And therefore I thank my Lord God heartily for it, that it hath pleased him to call me of his great mercy unto this high honour, to suffer death willingly for his sake and in his cause : unto which honour he called the holy prophets, and his dearly beloved apostles, and his blessed chosen martyrs. For you know that I no more doubt, but that the causes wherefore I am put to death are God’s causes and the causes of the truth, than I doubt that the gospel which John wrote is the gospel of Christ, or that Paul’s epistles are the very word of God.

“And to have a heart willing to abide and stand in God’s cause and in Christ’s quarrel even unto death, I ensure thee, O man, it is an inestimable and an honourable gift of God, given only to the true elect and dearly beloved children of God, and inheritors of the kingdom of heaven ! For the holy apostle and martyr in Christ’s cause, St Peter, saith, ‘If ye suffer rebuke in the name of Christ (that is, in Christ’s cause and for his truth’s sake), then ye are happy and blessed : for the glory of the Spirit of God resteth upon you.’ If for rebuke suffered in Christ’s name, a man is pronounced blessed

and happy by the mouth of that holy apostle, how much more happy and blessed is he that hath the grace to suffer death also? Wherefore, all you that are my true lovers and friends, rejoice, and rejoice with me again, and render with me hearty thanks to God our heavenly Father, that for his Son's sake, my Saviour and Redeemer Christ, he hath vouchsafed to call me, being else, without his gracious goodness, in myself but a sinful and vile wretch—to call me, I say, unto this high dignity of his true prophets, of his faithful apostles, and of his holy elect and chosen martyrs; that is, to die and to spend this temporal life in the defence and maintenance of his eternal and everlasting truth.

“ You who are my countrymen dwelling upon the borders, where, alas! the true man often suffers much wrong at the thieves' hand—you know that if a man who went out with his neighbour to help him to rescue his goods again is slain by a thief, as often happens there, you know that the more cruelly he was slain, and the more steadfastly he stuck by his neighbour in the fight against the face of the thief, the more favour and friendship shall all his posterity have for the slain man's sake, from all them that are true, as long as the memory of this fact and his posterity shall endure. Even so, you that are my kinsfolk and countrymen, know that howsoever the blind, ignorant, and wicked world hereafter shall rail upon my death, which they cannot do worse than their fathers did of the death of Christ our Saviour, of his holy prophets, apostles, and martyrs—know ye, I say, that both before God, and all them that are godly, and that truly know and follow the laws of God, ye have, and shall have, by God's grace, cause ever to rejoice, and to thank God highly, and to think good of it, and in God to rejoice of me, your flesh and blood, whom God of his gracious goodness hath vouchsafed to associate unto the blessed company of his holy martyrs in heaven.

“ Now also know ye, all my true lovers in God, my kins-

folk and countrymen, that the cause wherefore I am put to death is after the same sort and condition, but it more nearly touches God's cause, and in more weighty matters. For, to speak generally, both are in God's cause, both in the maintenance of right, both for the commonwealth, and both for the weal also of the Christian brother ; although there is in these two no small difference, both concerning the enemies, the goods stolen, and the manner of the fight.

“ For you all know, that when the poor true man is robbed by the thief of his own truly-gotten goods, whereupon he and his household should live, he is greatly wronged ; and the thief, in stealing and robbing with violence the poor man's goods, offends God, transgresses his laws, and is injurious both to the poor man and to the commonwealth. So, I say, you all know, that even here, in the cause of my death, it is with the Church of England—I mean the congregation of the true chosen children of God in this realm of England, which I acknowledge not only to be my neighbours, but rather the congregation of my spiritual brethren and sisters in Christ ; yea, members of one body, wherein by God's grace I am, and have been grafted in Christ.

“ This Church of England had of late, of the infinite goodness and abundant grace of Almighty God, great substance, great riches of heavenly treasure, great plenty of God's true and sincere word, the true and wholesome administration of Christ's holy sacraments, the whole profession of Christ's religion, truly and plainly set forth in baptism, the plain declaration and understanding of the same, taught in the holy catechism, to be learned of all true Christians.

“ This Church had also a true and sincere form and manner of the Lord's Supper, wherein, according to Jesus Christ's own ordinance and holy institution, Christ's commandments were executed and done. For upon the bread and wine set upon the Lord's table, thanks were given ; the commemora-

tion of the Lord's death was had; the bread was broken in the remembrance of Christ's body torn upon the cross; and the cup was distributed in the remembrance of Christ's blood shed; and both were communicated unto all that were present, and would receive them, and they were exhorted by the minister so to do.

“All was done openly in the vulgar tongue, so that everything might be both easily heard and plainly understood by all the people, to God's high glory, and the edification of the whole Church.

“This Church had of late the whole Divine service, all common and public prayers ordained to be said and heard in the common congregation, not only framed and fashioned to the true vein of holy Scripture, but also all things were set forth, according to the commandment of the Lord and St Paul's doctrine, for the people's edification, in their vulgar tongue.

“It had also holy and wholesome homilies in commendation of the principal virtues which are commended in Scripture, and likewise other homilies against the most pernicious and capital vices, which, alas! reign in this realm of England.

“This Church had, in matters of controversy, articles so penned and framed after the holy Scripture, and grounded upon the true understanding of God's Word, that, in short time, if they had been universally received, they should have been able to have set in Christ's Church much concord and unity in Christ's true religion, and have expelled many false errors and heresies, wherewith this Church, alas! was almost overgrown.

“But, alas! of late, into this spiritual possession of the heavenly treasure of these godly riches, thieves are entered in, who have robbed and spoiled all this heavenly treasure away. I may well complain of these thieves, and cry out upon them with the prophet, saying (Psalm lxxix), ‘O Lord God, the gentiles, heathen nations, are come into thy heritage,

they have defiled the holy temple, and made Jerusalem an heap of stones :’ that is, they have broken and beat down to the ground thy holy city. This heathenish generation, these thieves of Samaria, these Sabæans and Chaldeans, these robbers, have rushed out of their dens, and have robbed the Church of England of all the aforesaid holy treasure of God. They have carried it away, and overthrown it, and in the stead of God’s holy Word, the true and right administration of Christ’s holy sacraments, as of baptism and others, they mixed their ministry with men’s foolish fantasies, and many wicked and ungodly traditions.”

Of the glorious army of the English martyrs, including, as it did, Tindal, Bradford, Cranmer, Latimer, Ridley, Philpot, and Hooper, we know not that we can better take leave than by quoting the following letters written from prison by the Rev. Lawrence Saunders. They are all the more remarkable when it is remembered that the writer was not distinguished for his natural courage; but, as in many similar instances, his want of self-reliance made him cast himself the more entirely on help from on high. That help was abundantly vouchsafed. “The power of Christ” rested on him, and through a fifteen months’ imprisonment, ending in a fiery immolation, his faith never faltered. He was rector of All-Hallows, Bread Street, London; but he was burned at Coventry, the neighbourhood of his earlier administrations. When he reached the stake, he clasped it in his arms and kissed it, exclaiming, “Welcome the cross of Christ: welcome everlasting life!”

Saunders’ Letters.

“Wife, you shall do best not to come often unto the grating where the porter may see you. Put not yourself in danger where it needs not; you shall, I think, shortly come far enough into danger by keeping faith and a good conscience, which,

dear wife, I trust you do not slack to make reckoning and account upon, by exercising your inward man in meditation of God's most holy Word, being the sustenance of the soul, and also by giving yourself to humble prayer; for these two things are the very means how to be made members of our Christ, meet to inherit His kingdom.

“Do this, dear wife, in earnest, and not leaving off, and so we two shall, with our Christ and all His chosen children, enjoy the world of happiness in that everlasting immortality; whereas, here will nothing else be found but extreme misery, even of those who most greedily seek this worldly wealth, and so, if we two continue God's children, grafted in our Christ, the same God's blessing which we receive shall also settle upon our Samuel. Though we do shortly depart hence and leave the poor infant, to our seeming, at all adventures, yet shall he have our gracious God to be his God; for so He hath said, and He cannot lie. I will be thy God, said He, and the God of thy seed; yea, if you leave him in the wild wilderness destitute of all help, being called of God to do His will, either to die for the confession of Christ, or any work of obedience, that God who heard the cry of the poor infant of Hagar, Sarah's handmaiden, and did succour it, will do the like to the child of you or any other, fearing Him and putting your trust in Him.

“And if we lack faith, as we do indeed many times, let us call for it, and we shall have the increase both of it and also of any other good grace needful for us, and rejoice in God, in whom also I am very joyful. O Lord, what great cause of rejoicing have we to think upon that kingdom, which He vouchsafes for His Christ's sake freely to give us, forsaking ourselves and following Him. Dear wife, this is truly to follow Him, even to take up our cross and follow Him; and then, as we suffer with Him, so shall we reign with Him everlastingly. Amen. Shortly, shortly. Amen.

“My dear friends, Master Harrington and Master Hurland, pray, pray, and be joyful in God, and I beseech you as you may, let the good brethren abroad be put in mind of our dear tried brethren and sisters, who have, the Lord be praised, made known their constancy in confessing the truth, to the glory of God, and comfort, I doubt not, of His Church abroad. Thus have they sown spiritual things, confessing Christ. I trust they will not be forgetful that they may reap of those who are of ability and at liberty, their carnal things. Hereof I speak now, because of my tender desire towards these dear brethren here now in bonds, and in other places, and also that I doubt whether I may have wherewith to write hereafter. The keeper saith he must needs see that we write not at all. The devil roareth, but be of good cheer; he will shortly be trodden under foot, and the rather by the blood of martyrs. Salute, in my most hearty manner, good Mistress Harrington, and my good Lady F. I am theirs as long as I live, and pray for them. Desire them to do likewise for me, and for all us sheep appointed to the slaughter.

“A prisoner in the Lord, LAWRENCE SAUNDERS.”



TO HIS WIFE, AND OTHERS OF THE FAITHFUL, AFTER HIS CON-
DEMNATION TO THE FIRE.

“Grace in Christ, with the consolation of the Holy Ghost, to the keeping of faith and a good conscience, confirm and keep you for ever vessels to God’s glory! Amen.

“Oh! what worthy thanks can be given to our gracious God, for his unmeasurable mercies plentifully poured upon us: And I, most unworthy wretch, cannot but pour forth at this present, even from the bottom of my heart, the bewailing of my great ingratitude and unkindness towards so gracious a God and loving a Lord. I beseech you all, as for my other many sins, so especially for that sin of my unthankfulness against

God, crave pardon for me in your earnest prayers, commending me to God's mercy in Christ.

“ To stand to number these mercies in particular, were to number the drops in the sea, the sands on the shore, the stars in the sky. O, my dear wife, and ye, the rest of my friends that love me in the Lord, rejoice with me; rejoice, I say, with thanksgiving, for this my present promotion, in that I am made worthy to magnify my God, not only in my life, by my slow mouth and uncircumcised lips bearing witness unto His truth, but also by my blood to seal the same, to the glory of God, and confirming of His church. And as yet I testify unto you, that comfort in my sweet Christ doth drive from my thoughts the fear of death.

“ But if my dear husband, Christ, do for my trial leave me alone unto myself, alas! I know in what case I shall be then; but if for my proof He do so, yet I am sure He will not be long or far from me. Though He stand behind the wall and hide Himself, as Solomon says in his mystical ballad (Cant. ii.), yet will He peep in by a cleft to see how I do. He is so tender-hearted a Joseph, that though He speak roughly to His brethren, and handle them hardly, yea, and threatens grievous bondage to His best beloved brother, Benjamin, yet He cannot contain Himself from weeping with us, and upon us, with falling on our necks and sweetly kissing us. Such, such a brother, is our Christ unto us all; wherefore hasten to go unto Him, as Jacob did, with his sons and family, leaving their own country and acquaintance. Yea, this our Joseph hath obtained for us His brethren, that Pharaoh the infidel shall minister unto us chariots wherein at ease we may be carried to come unto Him; as we have had experience how our very adversaries do help us unto our everlasting bliss by their speedy despatch; yea, and how all things have been helpings unto us, blessed be our God! Be not afraid of fray-bugs which lie by the way: fear rather the everlasting fire;

fear the serpent which hath a sting, and that is worse than this bodily death, and one which they shall be brought to taste who are not grafted in Christ, wanting faith and a good conscience, and so are not acquainted with Christ the killer of death.

“But oh! my dear wife and friends, we, we whom God hath delivered from the power of darkness, and hath translated into the kingdom of His dear Son, by putting off the old man, and by faith putting on the new, even our Lord Jesus Christ, His wisdom, holiness, righteousness, and redemption—we, I say, have to triumph against the terrible, spiteful serpent the devil, sin, hell, death, and damnation. For Christ our brazen serpent hath pulled away the sting of this serpent, so that now we may boldly, in beholding the serpent, this bodily death spoiled of this sting, triumph, and with our Christ and all His elect say, ‘O death, where is thy sting? O hell, where is thy victory? Thanks be to God, who hath given us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.’ (1 Cor. xv.)

“Wherefore be joyful, my dear wife, and all my dear fellow-heirs of the everlasting kingdom. Always remember the Lord; rejoice in hope; be patient in tribulation; continue in prayer, and pray for us now appointed to the slaughter, that we may be unto our heavenly Father a fat offering and an acceptable sacrifice. I may hardly write to you, wherefore let these few words be a witness of commendation to you, and all those who love us in the faith; and namely unto my flock, among whom I am now resident by God’s providence, but as a prisoner.

“And although I am not so among them as I have been, to preach to them out of a pulpit, yet doth God now preach unto them by me, by this my imprisonment and captivity, which now I suffer among them for Christ’s gospel’s sake, bidding them to beware of the Romish antichristian religion and kingdom, requiring and charging them to abide in the truth of Christ, which is shortly to be sealed with the blood of their

pastor ; who though he be unworthy of such a ministry, yet Christ, their high Pastor, is to be regarded ; whose truth hath been taught them by me, is witnessed by my chains, and by his power shall be by my death also, through the power of that high Pastor. Be not careful, good wife ; cast your care upon the Lord, and commend me unto him in repentant prayer, as I do you, and our Samuel, whom even at the stake I will offer, as myself, unto God. Fare ye well all in Christ, in hope to be joined with you in joy everlasting. This hope is put up in my bosom. Amen, amen. Pray, pray."

TO ROBERT AND JOHN GLOVER, WRITTEN THE MORNING THAT
HE WAS BURNT.

"Grace and consolation in our sweet Saviour Christ. Oh ! my dear brethren, whom I love in the Lord, being loved of you also in the Lord, be merry and rejoice for me, now ready to go up to that mine inheritance ; which I myself indeed am most unworthy of, but my dear Christ is worthy, who hath purchased the same for me with so dear a price. Make haste, my dear brethren, to come unto me, that we may rejoice with that joy which no man shall take from us. Oh ! wretched sinner that I am, not thankful unto this my Father, who hath vouched me worthy to be a vessel unto his honour. But, O Lord, now accept my thanks, though they proceed out of a not-enough-circumcised heart.

"Salute my good sisters, your wives ; and, good sisters, fear the Lord. Salute all others that love us in the truth. God's blessing be with you always. Amen. Even now towards the offering of a burnt sacrifice, O my Christ, help, or else I perish.

"LAWRENCE SAUNDERS."

ELIZABETHAN ERA.

ELIZABETH ascended the throne of her sister in circumstances which, if they made a new sovereign welcome, rendered the task of that sovereign extremely arduous. Since the marriage of Mary to Philip, it almost seemed as if England were destined to become a mere dependence of Spain, unless, through the Scottish alliance, France should meanwhile succeed in making her ancient rival a province or a tributary. And whilst the national independence was seriously menaced, the national glory was mournfully tarnished. An impolitic war with Henry II. was squandering the resources of the realm, and, after two hundred years of English occupancy, the *fleur de lis* was once more floating from the towers of Calais. England was filled with rage and consternation. Not only was the heroic succession of ages fatally sundered, and the last trophy of Cressy and Poitiers torn from the grasp of unworthy descendants, but to excited imaginations it looked as if the keys of the Channel were lost; and who could tell but the next tidings might be that the Duke of Guise was marching by the Dover road to London? Nor was even this the largest element in the prevailing gloom. In that spiritual earthquake which had convulsed all Europe, England had been peculiarly agitated. From Romanism to Lutheranism, from Lutheranism to Henrican Popery, from the modified Popery of Henry's last years to the Calvinism of his son, and from Edward's Calvinism back to the original Romanism again, the nation had reeled and oscillated till every head was dizzy, and all the foundations were out of course. And now the fires of martyrdom were blazing far and near. From Suffolk to the Severn the land was clouded with the smoke of immolations, and resounded with wailings for its

holiest and dearest citizens. Unless it were Bishop Bonner gloating over the agonies of tortured heretics, it seemed as if there were hardly one happy being in all the wretched kingdom; and one of the least happy assuredly was the conscientious but dark-minded sovereign, who shared the horrible mistake of her husband, and, believing the Saviour of mankind to be a sort of Moloch, deemed it a religious duty to act as the Pope's executioner, and the tormentor of her own subjects. The exchequer was empty; the people were dispirited; France exulted; Scotland was awaiting its opportunity; Spain was exacting and ungrateful;—and, amidst the contempt of mankind, England had no consolation except the encomiums of the Roman pontiff welcoming the lost kingdom back to darkness and spiritual despotism. And although in these circumstances the mere death of Mary was a merciful relief to the afflicted realm, it needed no ordinary successor to retrieve the fortunes of England, and recover for the degraded kingdom her forfeited position among the powers of Europe. For such a purpose there was wanted a head as wise and wary as Alfred's to wear the crown—a hand as firm and unfaltering as that of the boldest Plantagenet to sway the sceptre. Even in that century, so rich in vigorous statesmanship and monarchical talent, it might be questioned if a ruler existed equal to such an emergency, unless it were that old and abdicated emperor who then lay dying in the cloisters of St Juste. But the crisis was met, and the glory of England was restored by a wonderful woman.

How, youthful, beautiful, and endeared by adversities, Elizabeth mounted the throne amidst the shouts of the nation; how she avowed it as her object to govern for the good of her people; how she soon made it palpable that the new sovereign was neither the partner of one foreign potentate, nor the hireling of another, nor the spiritual thrall of a third, but England's own queen; how she enforced on her judges tenderness and humanity, till the two thousand yearly executions which

ensanguined the reign of her father were reduced to a fifth of the number ; how she reformed her exchequer, and, whilst paying off the debts of her brother and sister, and indulging in many acts of popular munificence, how she was not only able to remit taxes voted by Parliament, and leave them uncollected, but could aid with effective largesses the Protestants of Scotland, the Huguenots of France, the emancipators of the Netherlands ; how under her peaceful sway trade and manufactures flourished ; how expeditions were fitted out to penetrate the Polar Seas and circumnavigate the globe ; how the first year of her reign was inaugurated by a relaxation of the navigation laws, and how every subsequent year saw the harbours filled with ever-augmenting fleets of her own merchantmen ; how in the Royal Exchange a commercial palace rose in the heart of London, whose precincts were destined to be the theatre of a diplomacy as deep and delicate as that which whispered mysteriously in the privy chambers of Windsor and Greenwich, but unspeakably more momentous ; how new branches of industry, like the whale fishery, sprang into existence, and how England fell instant heir to the trade and commerce which Spain with suicidal hand had scared away from the ruins of Antwerp ; how in corporations like the Turkey Company, and “the Company of London Merchants trading into the East Indies,” were planted the germs of an empire which should render an English navy as needful in the Mediterranean and Indian Seas as in the German Ocean ; and how, when danger menaced her own industrious and thriving isle, the Minerva of the peaceful arts started forth a Bellona ready for the battle ;—how all this took place, is one of the best known and most romantic pages in British history. And England can never efface from her proud and grateful recollection the glories of that reign when Cecil and Walsingham were the ministers, when Coke and Bacon were the lawyers, when Spenser was the poet, and Sidney was the soul of

chivalry ; when navigators like Frobisher and Davis, sailing past the palace windows of an applauding sovereign to unknown seas, and great captains like Drake and Howard, returning from the destruction of Spanish fleets to that sovereign's smile, laid the foundations of our country's naval greatness ; and when defeated armadas around, and a peaceful policy at home, prepared the way for that union of crowns which, blessed by the Most High, has consolidated into the island empire.

During the forty-five years of her reign, Elizabeth was not only the sovereign of the realm, but the temporal head of the Church of England. In that capacity also she rendered services which every temperate and fair-minded Protestant, whether a churchman or not, will cheerfully acknowledge. To the outset of her reign we are indebted for those Thirty-Nine Articles, which, for three centuries, have maintained their scriptural and evangelical testimony, unequivocal and unchanging, amidst many an inundation of opposing error ; and to the same early origin must be ascribed that rich and copious Liturgy, in which the prayers and thanksgivings of millions in either hemisphere, as well as the worship of a thousand floating sanctuaries on the seas between, find language every Sabbath-day. Nor was it a small kindness which the Most High conferred on this nation, nor is it a slight reason for cherishing the memory of Elizabeth, that she was induced to declare herself a Protestant at all ; and thus not only was the wholesale slaughter of God's faithful servants throughout the land at once arrested, but this country's connexion with the soul-destroying corruptions and abominable idolatries of the Papal Antichrist was finally rent in sunder.

Here, however, eulogy must cease, if Truth is to hold the pen. To make her a "nursing mother" to the Church, there was an essential qualification in which Elizabeth was almost entirely lacking : that qualification was personal piety. In early youth, and whilst living within occasional sight of the

scaffold, her mind was not unfamiliar with serious thoughts, and her exclamation, as she sank on her knees at the announcement of her own accession, "It is the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes," may surely be accepted as the language of genuine devotion. But amidst prosperity and flattery, Elizabeth's piety did not deepen. Every year saw her increasingly vain, arrogant, and worldly-minded; more and more childishly absorbed in pomps and pageants, stage-plays and bear-dances, low intrigues and court-scandal; and whilst less careful of her own reputation, more regardless of the conscientious convictions of others. And to specify nothing else, her disgraceful habit of profane swearing was as inconsistent with womanly decorum, as it was outrageous to all religious feeling.

Nevertheless, Elizabeth was the head of the Church, and to the management of ecclesiastical matters she brought the same business talent, the same imperious determination, and the same adroitness in bending individuals to her purposes, which in civil affairs had rendered her the paragon of king-craft. Owing mainly, however, to the want already indicated, her ecclesiastical administration was a source of frequent vexation to herself, and sowed the seeds of evils which it may still require ages to exhaust.

Elizabeth's day-dream was uniformity, and had she been content with uniformity of creed and of worship, her favourite vision might have been almost realised; for there was little in the Articles or the prayers of the Liturgy to which any of her Protestant subjects would have demurred at the commencement of her reign. But, unfortunately, a doctrinal and devotional harmony was not the agreement on which Elizabeth's mind was chiefly bent. To her habits of thought, outward uniformity was more important than any mere spiritual or sentimental identity, and, like military dress and manœuvres, she laid infinite stress on clerical costume and ecclesiastical ceremonies, and felt that the Church would never be rightly organised till every private

member kept step, and every officer wore his appropriate insignia. A separate congregation was an enormity to which she could give place, no, not for a moment; and an angel from heaven might preach very good doctrine, but if his cap were not square, or his tippet were not *en règle*, he need not expect any favour from Elizabeth. Questions of the toilette fell under her special domain. Part of the goodly heritage to which her Scotch kinsman succeeded was the eighty wigs and the ten thousand gowns in which her royal fancy had displayed its fertility; and just as one of her chief solitudes was to array her imperial person in goodly attire, so she was anxious to clothe the various grades of her clergy in apparel worthy of a splendid hierarchy, and one over which a sumptuous monarch need not be ashamed of presiding.

But the point to which the sovereign attached such importance was one which many of her clergy could not regard as trivial. At Frankfort and Geneva, the refugees from the Marian persecution had acquired a taste for simple observances, and had learned to regard as "rags of the Beast," and "Babylonish garments," the ceremonies and vestments in which the sovereign sought to array the national religion. In the lower house of Convocation, a proposition to abolish saints' days, the use of the cope, the cross in baptism, and organs, and to leave kneeling at the communion optional, was lost by a majority of only fifty-nine to fifty-eight; but although so large a body of the clergy, the best of the bishops, the sovereign's civil advisers, and the populace were opposed to what they deemed relics of Romanism, the queen was resolute, and the edict went forth permitting none to worship outside of the Established Church, and allowing none to minister at that Church's altars except in the cope and corner cap.

In this way the golden opportunity was lost; and instead of founding a Church truly comprehensive and rational, by flying in the face of her best advisers, lay and spiritual, Elizabeth's

wilfulness entailed on England a hundred years of rancorous controversy, and, by narrowing the basis of the new institution, occasioned its overthrow amidst the assaults of the following century. To use the language of a wise and temperate historian of the Anglican Church, "If, when the Convocation of 1562 revealed the extent of an unreasonable yet wholesome jealousy of Popish corruptions, she had had the penetration to discern in that jealousy the strength of her throne—if copes, which no one now ever sees, had been discarded, and the surplice, the cross in baptism, and the posture at communion left, for a time at least, optional—if a presbytery, co-extensive with rural deaneries, had been empowered to administer a gentle parochial discipline under Episcopal control—if the able and excellent men, whom her discernment raised to high stations in the Church, had been allowed to exercise their own judgments unfettered by her interference—if the rights of conscience had been respected, and the idea of casting all minds in one mould abandoned as soon as its impracticability was ascertained—and if, instead of enforcing, under heavy penalties, the attendance of her subjects at their parish church, all her efforts had been directed to render that Church increasingly worthy of her people's affection—a far closer approximation to unity might have been attained than has ever yet been accomplished; the lingering Popery of Oxford and the Puritanism of Cambridge would have blended in that happy union of evangelical truth with apostolical order, by which the writings and life of a Hooker were so eminently distinguished; and the cause of religion, consolidated at home, might have drawn continental Protestantism into its alliance, and made head against the Roman Antichrist. But foresight is not more characteristic of sovereigns than of individuals. He who ordereth all things wisely, though inscrutably, saw fit to allow the enemy a partial triumph; nor can we reflect upon the contentions in which good men have been permitted to engage, without feeling

that perfect harmony is reserved for the regions of perfect purity."*

Doubtless the Queen did not anticipate the resistance which her edicts of uniformity were destined to arouse. In the days of her Romish sister she had acted on conformist principles herself, and, rather than oppose the sovereign, had attended mass, and in all outward observances had symbolized with the Church of Rome; and the amazing facility with which the whole body of the clergy had swung round from one Church to the other the instant that the Crown declared on the Protestant side,† may very naturally have led Elizabeth to expect a prompt compliance with her commands in matters so subordinate. But there were elements which did not enter into her calculation; and more especially she forgot the hundreds of *consciences* which had taken refuge from Mary's fury in Germany and Switzerland, and which now returned with the conviction deepened, that, in God's services, whatever is not scriptural is sinful. By these PURITANS Elizabeth's vestments were refused, and her ceremonies resisted, and, in retaliation, pains and penalties were inflicted on the recusants, till a new and dismal persecution succeeded to the Marian martyrdoms, and the most learned and fervent of their fellow-churchmen were condemned to fines, imprisonment, and exile by a Protestant princess and her prelates.

Painful as it is to dwell on these details, some notice of them is essential in a sketch of our country's Christian literature. The points originally at issue were soon almost forgotten in new subjects of controversy; but successive years only widened the chasm between the Court party and the obnoxious Puritans.

* Rev. J. A. Baxter's "Church History of England," p. 545.

† Of 9000 beneficed clergy, less than 200 refused the oath of supremacy. Of these, no doubt, many continued Papists at heart, and some were afterwards deprived. Still, this wholesale trimming is one of the most melancholy facts recorded in history, and gives a deplorable view of the ministry at the time of Elizabeth's accession.

As these latter enjoyed the reputation of superior sanctity, it became loyal and fashionable to eschew righteousness overmuch; and as it was not easy to find fervent preachers except among those who "scrupled the vestments," the ordinance of preaching was itself treated with contempt. During the reign of Elizabeth there was no dissent, and in nearly half the parishes the incumbents either could not compose a sermon, or were never permitted to try. "Preaching was discountenanced; it fell into decay. The Puritans assiduously cultivated an art which their enemies despised. They seized the rusty weapon, and with it smote their opponents. Both parties suffered; for the existence of coldness in the one produced an artificial fervour in the other, and the sermon, undervalued in the cathedral, was doated upon in the meeting-house. But inasmuch as the error arising from excess was less injurious than that arising from the contempt of a Divine ordinance, the Church party suffered most. The dictum of Queen Elizabeth that one or two preachers were sufficient for a country, obtained a mischievous currency, and received an almost literal interpretation. Her successor on the throne repeated it in substance, and discouraged preaching to the utmost of his power. We became an unpreaching Church. Eloquence, powerful at the senate and the bar, was banished from the pulpit. Then followed the drowsy audience and the deserted pew, and at length the professed spiritual lethargy of the eighteenth century. There were great divines, and there were writers of sermons of high and deserved repute, but preaching as an art—as the noblest and most legitimate exercise of eloquence—had departed from amongst us, and an alienation of the hearts of the common people took place, from which we have never yet recovered."*

Truth conceded is a cure begun. To a Christian patriot, one of the most cheering signs of the times is the growing

* Marsden's "Early Puritans," p. 124.

attention given to the ordinance of preaching within the Church of England. The community whose pulpits are filled by such masters of sacred eloquence as Melville and Macneile, Alford and Stowell, Dale and Croly, and the Bishops of Oxford, Carlisle, and Ripon, is stronger in elements of popular attraction and public usefulness than if every bishop on the bench had edited a classic or transfixed anew the Gnostic heresy.

Elizabeth was no bigot. In torturing Protestants, her predecessor Mary, and her contemporary Philip II., thought that they were doing God service; but in enforcing the act of uniformity, the daughter of Anne Boleyn was under no such delusion. Her law was her own arbitrary will—her motive was self-aggrandisement, and the exaltation of the royal prerogative. For these she hanged the Popish priests and burned the Anabaptists; for these she drove into exile and reduced to beggary many of her best and most peaceable subjects, and allowed others to rot slow years in prison; and for these she insulted and punished the most venerable of her prelates, and left without religious instruction the half of her realm till the day of her death. These are the great blot on a reign otherwise unequalled in glory, and the foil which brings out in bright contrast the memory of her young but pious brother. For the promotion of the real interests of the Christian Church, the least in the kingdom can do better than the wisest and mightiest outside.

We now come to our more agreeable task, and shall try to indicate a few of those lights which were found in the ecclesiastical firmament when the fog of the Marian persecution had cleared away.

No circumstance has done more to distinguish the reign of Elizabeth, and nothing shewed more strikingly her admirable talent for governing, than the skill with which she selected occupants for posts of influence throughout the realm. She was hardly less fortunate in her first prelates than in her great

commanders and privy councillors. PARKER of Canterbury, if, according to our view, too rigid in enforcing observances to which, personally, he attached little importance, was a man of learning, and zealous for its interests. Many of the manuscripts which were dispersed in the breaking up of conventual libraries were redeemed from destruction by his alertness and liberality; and in the publication of the Chronicles of Matthew Paris, and Ælfric's Homily on Transubstantiation, he shewed the value of antiquarian erudition for polemical purposes. But a still greater boon was bestowed on his contemporaries, in the shape of that amended English translation of the Scriptures, on the basis of Cranmer's, executed under his auspices, and published in 1568, and which, amongst members of the Church of England, was the standard Bible till superseded by the present authorised version in 1611. GRINDAL of London, who eventually succeeded Parker in the primacy, through his piety and meekness of spirit was so far biassed in favour of the Puritans that he incurred the royal displeasure; his see was put under sequestration, and at last, when old and blind, he was deprived of his episcopate, and died in retirement. But the two theologians of that epoch whose names now outshine their coevals, are JEWEL of Salisbury, and SANDYS, first Bishop of Worcester, and finally Archbishop of York. Jewel, raised to the bench early in life, combined the fervour of the popular preacher with the solid judgment and accurate erudition of the ripe divine; and a sermon which he preached at Paul's Cross in 1559, and afterwards repeated at court, produced an immense sensation. In this sermon he specified twenty-seven points of doctrine held by the Church of Rome, and offered to become a Papist if any one could produce sufficient evidence that any one of these was held in the primitive Church for the first six hundred years after Christ. This challenge was followed by an able and elaborate "Apology for the Church of England," which was so highly esteemed, that

in 1562 it received the high sanction of Convocation, and was recommended to ministers and members of the Church as a sufficient exposition and defence of its principles. A few sentences from the close of the celebrated "Challenge" will shew the spirit with which the most learned prelate in England could declaim to the crowd of horsemen and footmen who pressed round the stone pulpit at the heart of old London. The text is 1 Cor. xi. 30, and the subject is

The Lord's Supper and the Mass.

"O that St Paul were now alive and saw the behaviour and order of the priest at their mass! Think ye that he would take it and account it for the Lord's Supper? When he had espied but one fault in the holy communion amongst the Corinthians, straightway he rebuked them, and called them back to Christ's institution. 'This,' saith he, 'I received of the Lord, and the same I gave over unto you.'

"But if he saw the disorder that we have seen, would he not be moved as much against us now, as he was sometime against the Corinthians? Would he not pull us back to the institution of Christ, as he did them? Would he not say unto us, Did I ever teach you to minister the holy communion in a strange language? Did I ever teach you to receive the communion privately to yourselves alone, and so to disdain and despise your brethren? Did I ever teach you to minister the communion to the people in one kind? Did I ever teach you to say mass, or to receive the sacrament for the people? Did I ever teach you the idle follies of your canon? Did I ever teach you to offer up the Son of God unto his Father? Did I ever teach you any other propitiatory sacrifice for sin, than that Christ once offered upon the cross? Did I ever teach you to minister the Lord's Supper wherein the people should do nothing else but look upon and behold your doings, without any kind

of knowledge or comfort? Did I ever teach you to lift the sacrament over your head? Did I ever teach the people to fall down thereunto, and to worship they knew not what? Be these the things that I delivered unto you? Be these the things that I received of the Lord?

“And if there be any here that have had or yet have any good opinion of the mass, I beseech you, for God's sake, even as you tender your own salvation, suffer not yourselves wilfully to be led away, run not blindly to your own confusion. Think with yourselves, it was not for nought that so many of your brethren rather suffered themselves to die, and to abide all manner of extremity and cruelty, than they would be partakers of that thing that you reckon to be so holy. Let their death, let their ashes, let their blood, that was so abundantly shed before your eyes, somewhat prevail with you, and move you. Be not ruled by your wilful affections. Ye have a good zeal and mind towards God; have it according unto the knowledge of God. The Jews had a zeal of God, and yet they crucified the Son of God. Search the Scriptures; there shall ye find everlasting life. There shall ye learn to judge yourselves and your own doings, that ye be not judged of the Lord. If ever it happen you to be present again at the mass, think but thus with yourselves—What make I here? What profit have I of my doings? I hear nothing. I understand nothing: I am taught nothing: I receive nothing. Christ bade me eat; I eat nothing: Christ bade me drink; I drink nothing. Is this the institution of Christ? Is this the Lord's Supper? Is this the right use of the holy mysteries? Is this it that Paul delivered unto me? Is this it that Paul received of the Lord? Let us say but thus unto ourselves, and, no doubt, God of his mercy will open our hearts; we shall see our errors, and content ourselves to be ordered by the wisdom of God: to do that God will have us to do: to believe that God will have us to believe: to worship that God will have us to worship.

So shall we have comfort of the holy mysteries : so shall we receive the fruits of Christ's death : so shall we be partakers of Christ's body and blood : so shall Christ truly dwell in us, and we in him : so shall all error be taken from us : so shall we join all together in God's truth : so shall we all be able with one heart and one spirit to know and to glorify the only, the true, and the living God, and his only begotten Son, Jesus Christ ; to whom both, with the Holy Ghost, be all honour and glory, for ever and ever. Amen."

Sandys has neither the polemical prowess nor the declamatory force and fervour of the great apologist ; but his discourses have some of the best merits which sermons can possess. They are plain, direct, and practical ; and they are extremely interesting. Sandys " excels all his contemporaries in the transparency of his diction. His stream of thought may not be broad or deep, but the eye can always look down into the channel, and ascertain the quality and value of the deposit. Marmontel's eulogy of Massillon may be transferred to Sandys. Few sentences require a second perusal. His periods rarely wind into what have been called the semicolon paragraphs of Taylor ; and never jingle with those chimes of metre which Atterbury so earnestly admonished his son to avoid. . . . His sermons teach all that he intended, and in the manner he preferred. They abound in practical admonitions ; their interpretation of holy truth is plain ; and their polemical tone, though often sharp, is unembittered by the venom of his antagonists." *

Be Sober.

" Be sober in diet. Nature is contented with a little ; but where sobriety wanteth, nothing is enough. The body must have sufficient, lest it faint in the midst of necessary duties ;

* Willmott's " Jeremy Taylor," p. 44.

but beware of gluttony and drunkenness. And Christ saith, 'Take ye heed, overload not your hearts with these burthens of excess.' Be not drunken with wine. These lessons are fit for England, where ancient sobriety hath given place to superfluity—where many such rich men are as fare daintily day by day. God grant their end be not like his, who, riotously wasting here the creatures of God, wanted afterwards a drop of water when he would gladly have had it! John Baptist was content with a simple diet—Christ with very slender fare; but there are of us, I fear me, whose god is their belly, and whose felicity is meat and drink. Our excess this way is intolerable and abominable; we strive to equal almost Vitellius, who had served unto him at one feast two thousand fishes and seven thousand birds; and Heliogabalus, that monster of the world, who at one supper was served with six hundred ostriches. There is no bird that flieth, no fish that swimmeth, no beast that moveth, which is not buried in our bellies. This excess is an enemy both to wealth and health: it hath cut off much housekeeping, and brought many men to extreme beggary; and as many great diseases are cured by abstinence, so fulness hath been the cause of sundry strange and unwonted sicknesses. Aurelian the emperor did never send for physician in time of his sickness, but cured himself only by thin diet. And as immoderate feeding doth much hurt to the body, so it is more noisome to the mind. For as the ground, if it receive too much rain, is not watered, but drowned, and turneth into mire, which is neither fit for tillage nor for yielding of fruit, so our flesh, over-watered with wine, is not fit to admit the spiritual plough, or to bring forth the celestial fruits of righteousness. The herbs that grow about it will be loathsome and stinking weeds, as brawling, chiding, blasphemy, slander, perjury, hatred, manslaughter, and such like bad works of drunkenness and darkness. Are not these unsavoury fruits enough to make us abhor the tree? A drunken body is not a man, but a

swine, fit for devils to enter into. For these sins are against nature, which, being moderately refreshed, is satisfied; being stuffed, is hurt, violated, and deformed. God hath given us His creatures soberly to use, and not so shamefully to abuse; we should, if we did well, feed the body, to serve and not to rule, to obey, and not to lead, the spirit. 'I chasten my body,' saith St Paul, 'and bring it into servitude.' Is it not perilous, trow you, to pamper and make strong our adversary? or have we a greater or stronger enemy than our rebellious flesh? . . . The Israelites lusted after quails, but to their own confusion. Esau, for his belly sake, sold his birthright and inheritance. Beware their examples. Lucullus, a Roman, had a servant always at his elbow, to pull him by the sleeve at such times as he poured in too fast. But we have the blessed apostle of Christ, the servant of God, to put us in mind of sobriety." ["The end of all things is at hand. Be ye therefore sober."]

The Cloak and the Veil.

"It is not our charity that can cover our sins from the sight of God. Christ is the propitiation for our sins. 'It is I that blot out your iniquities,' saith the Lord. But, as God's love to usward covereth our sins, so ours towards our brethren doth cover theirs. If God love us, his mercy is as a cloak that hideth all our shame; He seeth no blemish or deformity in us. If we love our brethren, our charity is as a veil before our eyes; we behold not their faults. Although they be great, we do not weigh them; although many, we reckon them not. For 'charity covereth even the multitude of sins.' The eye of the charitable man is always viewing his own wounds; as for the scars of other men, he seeth them not. His hand is always occupied, not in picking out motes from other men's eyes, but in drawing out beams from his own. St Augustine, to shew the great dislike he had of such as uncharitably delighted to unfold other men's faults, wrote these verses over his table:—

‘ Quisquis amat dietis absentem rodere vitam,
Hanc mensam vetitam noverit esse sibi.’

‘ Whoso loveth to gnaw upon men in their absence,
Let him know that this table doth not like his presence.’ ”

FOXES.

“ The enemies of God’s vineyard are, therefore, chiefly called foxes, whom they singularly resemble in four peculiar propensities. The fox is ravenous, greedy on his prey. And these cubs, enemies to the cross of Christ, have, under pretence of long prayer, devoured widows’ houses, spared no estate or condition of men, beguiled princes of their possessions, gotten to themselves the riches and wealth of the whole world with false merchandise, selling that for bread which is no bread, making their gain of masses, merits, pardons, and such like stuff. Unsatiabie dogs they are, ever barking and never satisfied. The old grey fox is become the lord of the whole earth, the king of kings ; his cardinals, abbots, and bishops, great princes and lords of whole countries ; the little foxes, as monks, friars, and massing priests, what with singing, and what with begging, have raked no small heaps together.

“ As they lively resemble foxes in greediness and cruelty, so in wiliness also they are like unto them ; crafty they are and subtle, as false as a fox. The fox will not worry near his bele [covert], but rangeth far abroad, lest he be espied. So these subtle deceivers go far off ; they compass sea and land to make a proselyte of their own profession ; they shut themselves up in their beles in the day-time ; they dare not abide the light, but seek lurking-holes and corners, disguising themselves in strange apparel, lest their wonted attire should betray them ; wily foxes, deep dissemblers, double-hearted, double-tongued, double-faced ; speaking them full fair whom they hate full deadly ; promising and not performing ; shifting off and seeking time ; now humble as sheep, but when time serveth as fierce

as lions. By subtle sleights and breach of faith they brought John Huss to the Council of Constance, and there cruelly murdered him ; they promised him a safe-conduct to come and to go ; but those holy fathers agreed upon a new point of religion, that ‘ Promise is not to be kept with heretics,’ and so cruelly and treacherously consumed with fire the saint of God. These faith-breakers be no more to be trusted than foxes.” . . .

Contemporary with Archbishop Sandys, and in the neighbouring diocese of Durham, lived and laboured the Apostle of the North, BERNARD GILPIN.* The parish of Houghton-le-Spring, when he came to it, and the district around, were in a state semi-pagan, semi-popish, and more than semi-barbarous. So remote from the executive, it was only a distant rumour of public changes which invaded the solitude, and a very faint ripple of legislation which even disturbed the repose of the inhabitants. For example : the change of religion in the reign of King Edward made no change to these dwellers along the Wear, whose magistrates and ministers did not think it worth while to publish the edicts against idolatry, and were never called to account for their omission. As soon as Gilpin was appointed incumbent, he set to work, and built a parsonage, where in palatial style he exercised the popular virtue of hospitality,—at his own board mollifying the hearts of neighbour squires and parsons, and in the kitchen conciliating to the new regime the humbler classes of his parishioners. The schools he founded and endowed, the feuds he healed, the distress which he befriended and relieved, the bishopric of Carlisle which he refused, and the lordly oppressors whom he rebuked in the poor man’s behalf, procured him boundless popularity ; and in days when the border swarmed with thieves and ruffians, this heroic man moved about on his Heavenly Master’s errand, and none was dastard enough

* Born 1517 ; died 1583.

to insult the white flag which he carried. On one occasion a robber made off with his horses, but it so resounded through the countryside that the echo of his crime reached the culprit; and when he found whose were the steeds he had stolen, he found no rest in his spirit till he had restored them to the rightful owner. Every Christmas it was his custom to sally forth into the "Debateable Land" on a preaching tour. At that season the people were idle; and in barns or churches he had no difficulty in getting congregations to hear him. But at that season the roads were worse than usual, and not unfrequently, before he could reach a friendly cottage, the preacher was benighted, and, after supping on a morsel of oaten bread, he and his servant had to bivouac as best they could in the rain or snow. But at the journey's end he was often requited with cheer such as angels might envy. Amidst such a population, however, it needed no ordinary courage to make full proof of his ministry. One Sunday morning, entering a church, he observed a glove suspended in a conspicuous place. He asked the sexton what it meant, and was told that it was meant as a challenge to any one who should take it down. "Hand it to me," said Mr Gilpin. The man, however, was afraid, and Mr Gilpin removed it himself. When the people assembled, Mr Gilpin began to preach on the wickedness of brawling and fighting, and rebuked them severely for the inhuman challenges which he understood were still practised amongst them. "I hear," he added, "that one among you hath hanged up a glove even in this sacred place, threatening to fight any one who taketh it down: see, I have taken it down," and at the same time pulling the gauntlet out of his bosom, he held it up to the congregation. Another day he was preaching at Rothbury, when two parties were in the neighbourhood who had a deadly quarrel. The one champion with his retainers was already in the church when the other entered. Swords instantly began to jangle, and pikes and spears were in

lively motion, and it was evident that a fray was just beginning, when Mr Gilpin stepped down from the pulpit, and so wrought upon the leaders by his remonstrances, that they agreed to suspend their feud as long as he continued in the neighbourhood. But perhaps his boldest feat was his sermon before Barns, the Bishop of Durham. This remiss and easy prelate left everything in the hands of his chancellor, and everything was administered accordingly. A money payment absolved from non-residence, incompetence, and immorality. On one occasion, when a number of clergy were assembled at Chester-le-street, Dr Barns insisted that the rector of Houghton should preach. Mr Gilpin made many excuses. He had no sermon; he was not prepared; he was under a sentence of suspension on account of his last journey into Tynedale. That last objection the bishop at once overruled by removing the sentence, and Mr Gilpin was forced to proceed. Towards the close of the sermon, he turned towards the bishop, and said, "My discourse now, reverend father, must be directed to you. God hath exalted you to be the bishop of this diocese, and requireth an account of your government thereof. A reformation of all those matters which are amiss in this church is expected at your hands. And now, lest perhaps, while it is apparent that so many enormities are committed everywhere, your lordship should make answer that you had no notice of them given you, and that these things never came to your knowledge, behold I bring them to your knowledge this day. Say not, then, that these crimes have been committed by the fault of others without your knowledge; for whatever either yourself shall do in person, or suffer through your connivance to be done by others, is wholly your own. Therefore, in the presence of God, his angels, and men, I pronounce you to be the author of all these evils; yea, and in that strict day of the general account I will be a witness to testify against you, that all these things have come to your knowledge by my means; and all these men

shall bear witness thereof, who have heard me speak unto you this day." Gilpin's enemies now thought that he had sealed his own condemnation, and his friends were in great distress at what they deemed the needless freedom of his discourse. But there was a spark of compunction in the breast of poor Dr Barns. That evening he accompanied the preacher to his own residence, and, seizing him by the hand, he exclaimed, "Father Gilpin, I acknowledge you are fitter to be the Bishop of Durham than I am to be parson of this church of yours. I ask forgiveness for past injuries. Forgive me, father. I know you have enemies, but while I live Bishop of Durham, be secure; none of them shall cause you any further trouble." No wonder that this Elijah had an ascendancy in the north unknown to prelate or prince palatine; and no wonder that, looking back from Rainton Hill on Houghton parsonage, Lord-Treasurer Burleigh exclaimed, "There, indeed, is the enjoyment of life! Who can blame that man for not accepting a bishopric? What doth he want to make him greater, or happier, or more useful to mankind?"

The only composition of Bernard Gilpin in print is a sermon preached in the days of King Edward. But we think our readers will be more interested with his latter will. It gives a glimpse of the ongoinings of a bountiful old parson, all of the olden time.

A Latter Will.

"First, I bequeath and commend my soul into the hands of Almighty God, my Creator; not trusting in mine own merits, which am of myself a most wretched sinner, but only in the mercy of God and in the merits of Jesus Christ, my Redeemer and my Saviour. My body I commit to be buried in the parish church, or churchyard, wheresoever it shall please God to call me to His mercy. For the disposition of my goods, first, I will that all my debts be truly paid with all speed,

which I shall gather, and set after this my last will. My debts once discharged, of what remaineth I give and bequeath . . . [here follow legacies to the poor of nine parishes]. Likewise I give to the poor of Houghton parish the great new ark for corn, to provide them groats in winter; and if none will make that provision, let it be sold, and the price dealt among them. Likewise I give to the Queen's College in Oxford all such books as shall have written upon the first leaf, Bernardus Gilpin, Reginensi Collegio, D.D., and all such books as shall have written upon the first leaf, Johannes Newton, Reginensi Collegio, D.D.; and likewise all the books that Mr Hugh Broughton hath of mine—viz., Eusebius, Greek, in two volumes; and Josephus, Greek, in one volume; and certain other books; I trust he will withhold none of them. Also I give to Keipier school, in Houghton, all such books as shall have the name of it in the first leaf. Also I give to my successor, and to his successors after him, first, the great new brewing-lead in the brewhouse, with the gile-fat and mash-fat; likewise, in the kiln, a large new steep-lead, which receives a chauldron of corn at once; likewise, in the larder-house, one great salting-tub, which will hold four oxen or more; likewise, in the great chamber over the parlour, one long table, and a shorter, standing upon joined frames; likewise, in the parlour, one long table upon a joined frame, with the form; likewise, in the hall, three tables (at which he used to entertain his parish) standing fast, with their forms to them; likewise, . . . [here follow a great many other pieces of furniture, materials for building, unwrought timber, lime, slate, &c.]

“And here I most earnestly desire my successor not only to let all dilapidations fall upon these considerations, and also in favour of the poor, upon whom chiefly my goods are bestowed in this testament, but also that he will be a continual defender and maintainer of Keipier school, in Houghton, both in seeing the statutes well kept, and the children brought

up in virtue and learning; which if he do, I doubt not but God shall prosper him the better in all things he taketh in hand. Moreover, I give to the poor of Houghton twenty pounds, and nine of my oxen; the other nine I bequeath to my three executors. Likewise I give to the Right Reverend Richard Lord Bishop of Durham, for a simple token of remembrance, three silver spoons with acorns, the 'History of Paulus Jovius,' and the works of Calvin. Also I give unto John Heath, Esq., for a like remembrance, other two silver spoons with acorns, of the same weight, and also the history of John Sleiden, in Latin; to Mrs Heath I give my English Chronicle of Fabian. Also I give to Richard Bellasis, Esq., for a like remembrance, other two silver spoons, with acorns of the same fashion, and also my history called 'Novus Orbis.' All the rest of my goods and chattels I will that they be divided into two equal parts, and the one of them to be given to the poor of Houghton, the other to scholars and students in Oxford whose names follow. . . . These I will be relieved as mine executors shall see needful, a year, two, or three, as the sum will arise. And for my three executors, forasmuch as I have been beneficial to them in my lifetime, so far as a good conscience would permit me, and sometime further (but God, I trust, hath forgiven me), I will, and I doubt not but they will agree to the same, that they be content with the nine oxen. And if any gains do arise from the sale of my goods, as I think I have prized them under the worth, I will they shall have that amongst them; only I earnestly request and desire them to be good to my poor neighbours of the parish, being desirous to buy such things as they stand most in need of."

By far the greatest preacher of the Elizabethan age was HENRY SMITH, a young minister belonging to a good family at Withecock, in Leicestershire. As Brook expresses it, "being

loath to make a rent either in the church or in his own conscience," he would not undertake any pastoral charge, but was glad to obtain the lectureship of St Clement Danes, Temple Bar. Here he was befriended by Lord-Treasurer Burleigh, who attended his ministry, and was one of the chief contributors to his maintenance; and here, for a few short years, vast throngs, including some of the noblest and greatest in the land, crowded the pews and filled the passages of his overflowing church. At last, however, he was silenced by Archbishop Whitgift, and soon after, falling into consumption, his closed lips were opened in a brighter and worthier sphere.*

Even from the very imperfect specimens preserved to us, we do not wonder at the popularity of one whom his contemporaries surnamed "the silver-tongued," and whom Mr Marsden regards as "probably the most eloquent preacher in Europe." His earnestness and his genius together raised him high above all pedantic affectations, and his lively imagination, his fervid feeling, and his richly poetical language, must have carried the audience completely along; whilst it is delightful to find, that the great themes of his discourse were not the ephemeral and vexatious matters on which much of the strength of the pulpit then wasted itself, but the "things that accompany salvation." In his weighty reasonings and pathetic remonstrances, there constantly flashed forth passages of such pictorial or dramatic vividness, as must have roused the dullest attention, and must have remained infixed in the frailest memory. For instance: "As an owl peeps at the sun out of a barn, but dares not come to it, so we peep at religion, and will not come near it, but stand aloof, pinking and winking, as though we were more afraid of God than the devil." Again: "Where are they who founded this goodly city? who possessed these fair houses,

* The date of neither his birth nor death is exactly known. A correspondent in "Notes and Queries," (vol. vi., 129), proves that he had ceased to be alive in August 1592. He became lecturer at St Clement's in 1587.

and walked these pleasant fields, who created these stately temples, who kneeled in these seats, who preached out of this place, but thirty years ago? Our fathers have summoned us, and we must summon our children to the grave. While we play our pageants upon this stage of short continuance, every man hath a part, some longer, and some shorter ; and while the actors are at it, suddenly Death steps upon the stage, like a hawk which separates one of the doves from the flight : he shoots his dart, where it lights there falls one of the actors dead before him, and makes all the rest stand aghast : they muse, and mourn, and bury him, and then to the sport again." But perhaps a better idea of his style may be gathered from the following somewhat condensed conclusion of a sermon on Eccles. xi. 9, "Rejoice : but—remember."

The Trumpet of the Soul Sounding to Judgment.

"Methinks I see a sword hang in the air by a twine thread, and all the sons of men labour to burst it in sunder. There is a place in hell where the covetous judge sitteth, the greedy lawyer, the griping landlord, the careless bishop, the lusty youth, the wanton dames, the thief, the robber of the commonwealth : they are ever punished, because in this life they ever sinned, as long as they could, while mercy was offered unto them ; because they would not be washed, they now shall be drowned. Now, put together 'Rejoice' and 'Remember.' Thou hast learned to be merry ; now learn to be wise. As Nathan cometh to David after Beelzebub, so cometh accusing conscience after sin. Though this day be like yesterday, and to-morrow like to-day, yet one day will come for all, and then woe, woe, woe, and nothing but darkness. Though God came not to Adam until the evening, yet he came : although the fire came not upon Sodom until evening, yet it came. And so comes the Judge, although he be not yet come. Though he

have leaden feet, he hath iron hands. The arrow flieth, and is not yet fallen ; the pit is digged, the fire kindled, and all things made ready and prepared against the day : only the final sentence is to come, which will not long tarry.

“ You may not think to be like the thief that stealeth and is not seen. The Judge followeth thee at the heels, and nothing can be hid from him ; and, therefore, whatsoever thou art, look about thee, and do nothing but that thou wouldest do openly, for all things are opened unto him. Sarah may not think to laugh, and not be seen. Gehazi may not think to lie, and not be known. They that will not come to the banquet must stand at the door.

“ What ? Do you think that God doth not remember our sins, which we do not regard ? For while we sin the score runs on, and the Judge setteth down all in the Table of Remembrance. *Item*, For lending to usury ; *Item*, For racking of rents ; *Item*, For deceiving thy brethren ; *Item*, For falsehood in wares ; *Item*, For starching thy ruffs ; *Item*, For curling thy hair ; *Item*, For painting thy face ; *Item*, For selling of benefices ; *Item*, For starving of souls ; *Item*, For playing at cards ; *Item*, For sleeping in the church ; *Item*, For profaning the Sabbath-day ; with a number more, for which God will call thee to account. For every one must answer for himself : the fornicator, for taking of filthy pleasure ; ‘ O son, remember, thou hast taken thy pleasure, take thy punishment : ’ the careless prelate, for murdering so many thousand souls : the landlord, for getting money from his poor tenants by racking of his rents. See the rest ! They shall all come like very sheep when the trumpet shall sound, and the heaven and earth shall come to judgment against them ; the rocks shall cleave asunder, and the mountains shake, and the foundations of the earth shall tremble, and they shall say to the mountains, Fall on us, and hide us from his wrath whom we have not cared for to offend. But they shall not be hid. They shall go the

black way, to the snakes and serpents, to be tormented of devils for ever. O pain unspeakable ! and yet the more I express it, the more horrible it is.

“ Imagine you see a sinner going to hell, and his summoner* gapes at him, his acquaintances look at him, the angels shout at him, the saints laugh at him, the devils rail at him, and many look him in the face ; and they that said they would live and die with him, forsake him, and leave him to pay all the score. Then Judas would gladly restore his bribes ; Achan would cast down his gold ; Gehazi would refuse his gifts ; Nebuchadnezzar would be humble ; Balaam would be faithful ; the prodigal would be tame.

“ Methinks I see Achan running about. ‘ Where shall I hide my gold that I have stolen, that it may not be seen, nor appear for a witness against me ?’ And Judas running to the high priests, saying, ‘ Hold ! Take again your money. I will none of it. I have betrayed the innocent blood.’ And Esau crying for the blessing when it is too late, having sold his birthright for a mess of pottage. ‘ Woe, woe, woe, that ever we were born !’ Then Herod shall wish that he were John Baptist ; Pharaoh would wish that he were Moses ; and Saul would wish that he had been David. Balaam shall wish he might die the death of the righteous. Then would he say, ‘ I will give more than Hezekiah, fast more than Moses, pray more than Daniel, suffer more stripes than Paul, weep more than Mary Magdalene, that if, instead of *Ite*, “ Go, ye cursed,” it might be, “ Come, ye blessed.” Yea, I would give all the goods in the world that I might escape this dreadful day of wrath and judgment, and that I might not stand among the “ Go.” Oh that I might live a beggar all my life, and a leper ! Oh that I might endure all plagues and sores from the top of the head to the sole of the foot, that I might escape this judgment !’

“ The guilty conscience cannot abide this day. It cannot

* Summoner, the apparitor of a court of justice.

abide to hear of it ; for when it hears of it, it knows that it hears of its own condemnation. I think if there were a general collection made through the world that there might be no judgment-day, then God would be so rich that the world would go a-begging and be a waste wilderness. Then the covetous judge would bring forth his bribes : then the crafty lawyer would fetch out his bags : the usurer would give his gain, and the idle servant would dig up his talent and make a double thereof. But all the money in the world will not serve for our sins : but the judge must answer for his bribes, he that hath money must answer how he came by it, and just condemnation must come upon every one of them. Then shall the sinner be ever dying and never dead ; like the salamander, that is ever in the fire and never consumed."

Of the preachers of that age, one of the most celebrated was WALTER TRAVERS, Hooker's colleague and frequent opponent in the church of the Temple. Having only Presbyterian ordination, he was silenced by Whitgift, but for some time occupied the important post of Provost of Trinity College, Dublin, in which capacity it was his distinction to have the illustrious James Ussher for his pupil. We cannot but regret that all traces have perished of an eloquence which often electrified his learned audience ; for a few polemical fragments can give little idea of his powers in the pulpit. In like manner, the leader of the Elizabethan Puritans, and the father of English Presbyterianism, THOMAS CARTWRIGHT, is now little more than "nominis umbra." His Latin commentaries on the Proverbs, Ecclesiastes, and the Gospels, are still prized by theologians ; but the great monument of his logical acumen and his industry sleeps unopened among other forgotten folios of our dusty libraries. It is a "Confutation of the Rhemists' Translation and Glosses on the New Testament." To this task he was urged as the most competent man in his

generation ; but after it was executed, the jealousy of the ruling powers prevented its appearance until after its author's death, when the interest had passed away, and "the mice" had done more than the monks could do in nibbling off the edge of his argument. His plan is the bold one of printing the text of his author, and then subjoining the antidote. Thus the second paragraph of the Rhemish preface runs,—“Which translation we do not for all that publish upon erroneous opinion of necessity that the Holy Scriptures should always be in our mother tongue, as that they ought or were ordained by God to be read indifferently of all, or could be easily understood of every one that readeth or heareth them in a known language : or that they were not often, through man's malice or infirmity, pernicious and much hurtful to many,” &c. To this Cartwright replies :—

Man's Right to Read the Word of God.

“It is absolutely necessary for all men to use all those aids whereby they should more perfectly know what is the will of God ; thereby to frame themselves to the obedience of the same. Therefore the law commandeth that every one should not only have the law sounding like a trumpet in his ears, but also that it should be as a ring upon his finger, as a bracelet upon his hand, as a frontlet before his eyes : that is to say, always in sight. For which cause he commandeth further, that the law should be written upon the frontiers of the land, upon the gates of the city and town, and upon the posts of every man's private house. Now, if it were then thought good to the wisdom of God, that the people should in passing by read the law graven or painted upon pillars, gates, and doors, where they could not consider of it so gravely and stayedly : how much more was it his good pleasure they should read the same sitting in their houses, where, having the book before them, they might more ripely and deliberately conceive the sense-

and receive the fruit thereof. Further, the apostle, commanding that the Word of Christ should dwell plentifully or richly amongst those that are of the church, doth thereby give commandment that they should use all lawful means of familiar acquaintance with it. Unless, therefore, it be denied (which cannot be of them that grant it 'sometimes expedient') that the reading of the Scriptures is a lawful exercise in the Word of God, for the obtaining of greater wealth in the same, it is manifest that it is commanded of the apostle (Col. iii. 16). If commanded, then also 'absolutely necessary.' Moreover, it is commanded to 'try the spirits, whether they be of God or no : ' but that cannot be without some further knowledge of the Word than we receive of [from] the 'spirits' themselves,—that is to say, the ministers speaking either in the spirit of error or truth : wherefore it followeth that the whole knowledge that a faithful man ought to have hangeth not of the mouth of the minister, but ought to have a supply of private reading and meditation of the law at home. Again : The king, who of all other, for the multitude and weight of his business in the affairs of the commonwealth, might seem to be freed from this exercise of private reading, and to content himself with the sermons in the temple, is commanded to read the book of the law diligently (Deut. xvii. 19 ; Josh. i.), wherefore other men that are neither so full of business, nor have so many whose welfare dependeth of them, cannot be exempted from this exercise of piety. And if it be necessary for the king to read in the Word, that he may rule well ; it is necessary that the subjects should do the same, that they may obey well. And if it be needful for him to read, that he command not through the pride of his heart things that are not lawful ; there is the same necessity for them, lest in too great baseness of mind they shall obey man rather than God. Last of all, reading of Scriptures publicly in the church being not only a laudable custom of the church under the law, but also commanded in the gospel (Acts xiii. 15, xv. 21 ; Col. iv.

16 ; 1 Cor. xi.), doth declare that that which was continually profitable unto the whole church together, cannot but edify every one apart in his house. As for their reason to prove it not necessary, for that ‘through man’s malice or infirmity, the Scriptures are pernicious and much hurtful to many,’ it is very childish. For by the same bolt they may shut out preaching as well as reading, considering that, through either infirmity or malice, many, and the most part oftentimes of those that hear, get a greater condemnation unto themselves. So also the sacraments shall be banished, which by many are received to judgment. Finally, so it should be dangerous for the people to meddle with Christ himself, as one that is set for the rising and fall of many.”

We have still, however, left unnoticed the two books of this period which possessed the greatest intrinsic importance at the time of their appearance, and which still retain the largest place in our literature,—the “Ecclesiastical Polity” of RICHARD HOOKER, and JOHN FOXE’S “Acts and Monuments.”

Hooker’s* first preferment was Drayton-Beauchamp, in Buckinghamshire, where we have him depicted to the life by the Præ-Raffaelite pen of Isaac Walton. His pupils, Edwin Sandys and George Cranmer, took a journey to see their tutor, and here “they found him with a book in his hand ; it was the Odes of Horace—he being then, like humble and innocent Abel, tending his small allotment of sheep in a common field, which he told his pupils he was forced to do then, for that his servant was gone home to dine, and assist his wife to do some necessary household business. But when his servant returned and released him, then his two pupils attended him unto his house, where their best entertainment was his quiet company, which was presently denied them, for Richard was called to rock the cradle ; and the rest of their welcome was so

* Born 1553 ; died 1600.

like this that they stayed but till next morning, which was time enough to discover and pity their tutor's condition ; and they having in that time rejoiced in the remembrance, and then paraphrased on many of the innocent recreations of their younger days, and other like diversions, and thereby given him as much present comfort as they were able, they were forced to leave him to the company of his wife Joan, and seek themselves a quieter lodging for next night. But, at their parting from him, Mr Cranmer said, ' Good tutor, I am sorry your lot is fallen in no better ground as to your parsonage, and more sorry that your wife proves not a more comfortable companion, after you have wearied yourself in your restless studies.' To whom the good man replied, ' My dear George, if saints have usually a double share in the miseries of this life, I, that am none, ought not to repine at what my wise Creator hath appointed for me, but labour, as indeed I do daily, to submit mine to His will, and possess my soul in patience and peace.' "

However, the representations of his visitors resulted in his transference to the Temple, of which he became Master in 1585—a preferment which placed him alongside of the formidable colleague already mentioned, and with whom he was as unequally yoked as with his wife Joan. Travers was a Presbyterian ; Hooker was an Episcopalian. Travers not only preferred the Geneva discipline, but carried the doctrinal views of Calvin their fullest length ; Hooker's statements occasionally fell short of what his colleague deemed sterling orthodoxy. The consequence was, that the afternoon lecture was frequently devoted to a refutation of the morning sermon ; and as in these pulpit combats the majority of the audience sided with the more fluent and eloquent speaker, his post grew extremely irksome to the recluse and sensitive student. He thankfully hailed the opportunity of rural retirement, and spent the remainder of his laborious days, first at Boscum, whence, in

1594, he issued the first four books of the "Polity," and afterwards at Bishop's Bourne, near Canterbury.

"In which parsonage of Bourne," says Isaac Walton, "Mr Hooker had not been twelve months, but his books, and the innocency of his life, became so remarkable that many turned out of the road, and others—scholars especially—went purposely to see the man whose life and learning were so much admired; and, alas! as our Saviour said of St John Baptist, What went they out to see? a man clothed in purple and fine linen? No, indeed; but an obscure, harmless man—a man in poor clothes, his loins usually girt in a coarse gown or canonical coat; of a mean stature, and stooping, and yet more lowly in the thoughts of his soul; his body worn out, not with age, but study and holy mortifications; his face full of heat-pimples, begot by his inactivity and sedentary life. And to this true character of his person, let me add this of his disposition and behaviour: God and Nature blessed him with so blessed a bashfulness, that as in his younger days his pupils might easily look him out of countenance, so neither then nor in his age did he ever willingly look any man in the face, and was of so mild and humble a nature, that his poor parish-clerk and he did never talk but with both their hats on, or both off, at the same time; and to this may be added, that though he was not purblind, yet he was short or weak-sighted; and where he fixed his eyes at the beginning of his sermon, there they continued till it was ended."

Hooker was "the earliest among the great writers of England, who, having drunk at the streams of ancient philosophy, has acquired from Plato and Tully somewhat of their redundancy and want of precision, with their comprehensiveness of observation and dignity of soul. The reasonings of Hooker, though he bore in the ensuing century the surname of judicious, are not always safe or satisfactory, nor, perhaps, can they be reckoned wholly clear or consistent; his learning,

though beyond that of most English writers in that age, is necessarily uncritical ; and his fundamental principle, the mutability of ecclesiastical government, has as little pleased those for whom he wrote as those whom he repelled by its means. But he stood out at a vast height above his predecessors and contemporaries in the English Church, and was, perhaps, the first of our writers who had any considerable acquaintance with the philosophers of Greece, not merely displayed in quotation, of which others may have sometimes set an example, but in a spirit of reflection and comprehensiveness which the study of antiquity alone could have infused.”*

One great charm of the “Ecclesiastical Polity” is the union of a truly philosophical elevation of sentiment, with a no less truly Christian meekness of spirit ; and another great charm is the magnificent language in which the mighty tide of thought flows along. It was this ocean-like amplitude which Edward Irving so admired in Hooker and the other great masters of old English, and which made his own abounding spirit so impatient of the limits imposed on preachers by the fidgetty congregations, and on authors by the finical octavos of our dwarfish and degenerate times. It remains only to add that in many of his views Hooker was in advance of his contemporaries. His theory of civil government is eminently liberal and popular, resting it as he does on the consent of the people. The figment of apostolical succession was either unknown to this the greatest of the champions of the Church of England, or his powerful understanding disdained to notice it.

The first of the following extracts is from the fifth book of the “Polity,” in which book the *rationale* of the Church services is expounded with wonderful ability and eloquence. The second extract is the conclusion of a celebrated sermon preached in the Temple Church, “on the certainty and perpetuity of faith in the elect.”

* Hallam’s “Literature of Europe” (1843), vol. ii., p. 23.

Church Music.

“ A thing which all Christian Churches in the world have received ; a thing which so many ages have held ; a thing which the most approved councils and laws have so often ratified ; a thing which was never found to have any inconvenience in it ; a thing which always heretofore the best men and wisest governors of God’s people did think they could never commend enough ; a thing which, as Basil was persuaded, did both strengthen the meditation of those holy words which were uttered in that sort, and served also to make attentive, and to raise up the hearts of men ; a thing whereunto God’s people of old did resort with hope and thirst, that thereby especially their souls might be edified ; a thing which filleth the mind with comfort and heavenly delight, stirreth up flagrant desires and affections correspondent unto that which the words contain, allayeth all kind of base and earthly cogitations, banisheth and driveth away those evil secret suggestions which our invisible enemy is always apt to minister, watereth the heart to the end it may fructify, maketh the virtuous in trouble full of magnanimity and courage, serveth as a most approved remedy against all doleful and heavy accidents which befall men in this present life ; to conclude, so fitly accordeth with the apostle’s own exhortation, ‘ Speak to yourselves in psalms, and hymns, and spiritual songs, making melody, and singing to the Lord in your hearts.’

“ Touching musical harmony, whether by instrument or by voice, it being but of high and low in sounds a due proportionable disposition, such notwithstanding is the force thereof, and so pleasing effects it hath in that very part of man which is most divine, that some have been thereby induced to think that the soul itself by nature is, or hath in it harmony ; a thing which delighteth all ages, and beseemeth all states ; a thing as seasonable in grief as in joy ; as decent being added

unto actions of greatest weight and solemnity, as being used when men most sequester themselves from action. The reason hereof is an admirable facility which music hath to express and represent to the mind, more inwardly than any other sensible mean, the very standing, rising, and falling, the very steps and inflections every way, the turns and varieties of all passions whereunto the mind is subject ; yea, so to imitate them, that, whether it resembles unto us the same state wherein our minds already are, or a clean contrary, we are not more contentedly by the one confirmed, than changed and led away by the other. In harmony the very image and character even of virtue and vice is perceived, the mind delighted with their resemblances, and brought by having them often iterated into a love of the things themselves. For which cause there is nothing more contagious and pestilent than some kinds of harmony ; than some nothing more strong and potent unto good. And that there is such a difference of one kind from another we need no proof but our own experience, inasmuch as we are at the hearing of some more inclined unto sorrow and heaviness, of some more mollified and softened in mind ; one kind apter to stay and settle us, another to move and stir our affections : there is that draweth to a marvellous grave and sober mediocrity ; there is also that carrieth as it were into ecstasies, filling the mind with an heavenly joy, and for the time in a manner severing it from the body : so that, although we lay altogether aside the consideration of ditty or matter, the very harmony of sounds being framed in due sort, and carried from the ear to the spiritual faculties of our souls, is by a native puissance and efficacy greatly available to bring to a perfect temper whatsoever is there troubled, apt as well to quicken the spirits as to allay that which is too eager, sovereign against melancholy and despair, forcible to draw forth tears of devotion, if the mind be such as can yield them, able both to move and to moderate all affections."

Perseverance and Preservation.

“Of us who is here which cannot very soberly advise his brother? Sir, you must learn to strengthen your faith by that experience which heretofore you have had of God’s great goodness towards you. *Per ea quæ agnoscas præstita, discas sperare promissa*,—By these things which you have known performed, learn to hope for those things which are promised. Do you acknowledge to have received much? Let that make you certain to receive more. *Habenti dabitur*,—To him that hath more shall be given. When you doubt what you shall have, search what you have had at God’s hands. Make this reckoning, that the benefits which He hath bestowed are bills obligatory, and sufficient sureties that He will bestow further. His present mercy is still a warrant of his future love, because ‘whom He loveth, He loveth unto the end.’ Is it not thus? Yet if we could reckon up as many evident, clear, undoubted signs of God’s reconciled love towards us, as there are years,—yea, days,—yea, hours, passed over our heads, all these set together have no such force to confirm our faith as the loss, and sometimes the only fear of losing, a little transitory good, credit, honour, or favour of men—a small calamity, a matter of nothing—to breed a conceit, and such a conceit as is not easily again removed, that we are clean cast out of God’s book, that He regards us not, that He looketh upon others, but passeth by us like a stranger to whom we are not known. Then we think, looking upon others, and comparing them with ourselves, Their tables are furnished day by day; earth and ashes are our bread: they sing to the lute, and they see their children dance before them; our hearts are heavy in our bodies as lead, our sighs beat as swift as a thick pulse, our tears do but wash the bed wherein we lie: the sun shineth fair upon their foreheads; we are hanged up like bottles in the smoke, cast into corners like the shreds of a broken pot: tell not us of the

promises of God's favour, tell such as do reap the fruit of them; they belong not to us, they are made to others. The Lord be merciful to our weakness, but thus it is. Well, let the frailty of our nature, the subtilty of Satan, the force of our deceivable imaginations be, as we cannot deny but they are, things that threaten every moment the subversion of our faith, —faith, notwithstanding, is not hazarded by these things. As many as have entered their names in the mystical book of life, they have taken upon them a laboursome, a toilsome, a painful profession; but no man's security is like to theirs. 'Simon, Simon, Satan hath desired to winnow thee as wheat;' here is our toil: 'But I have prayed for thee that thy faith fail not;' this is our safety. No man's condition so sure as ours. The prayer of Christ is more than sufficient to strengthen us, be we never so weak, and to overthrow all adversary power, be it never so strong and potent. His prayer must not exclude our labour: their thoughts are vain, who think that their watching can preserve the city which God himself is not willing to keep. And are not theirs as vain, who think that God will keep the city, for which they themselves are not careful to watch? The husbandman may not therefore leave his plough, nor the merchant forsake his trade, because God hath promised, 'I will not forsake thee.' And do the promises of God concerning our stability, think you, make it a matter indifferent for us to use or not to use the means whereby to attend or not to attend to reading? to pray or not to pray, that 'we fall not into temptations?' Surely, if we look to stand in the faith of the sons of God, we must hourly, continually be providing and setting ourselves to strive. It was not the meaning of our Lord and Saviour in saying, 'Father, keep them in my name,' that we should be careless to keep ourselves. To our own safety, our own sedulity is required. And then blessed for ever and ever be that mother's child whose faith hath made him the child of God. The

earth may shake, the pillars of the world may tremble under us, the countenance of the heaven may be appalled, the sun may lose his light, the moon her beauty, the stars their glory ; but concerning the man that trusted in God, if the fire have pronounced itself unable as much as to singe a hair of his head, if lions, beasts ravenous by nature, and keen with hunger, being set to devour, have as it were religiously adored the very flesh of the faithful man—what is there in the world that shall change his heart, overthrow his faith, alter his affection towards God, or the affection of God to him ? If I be of this note, who shall make a separation between me and my God ? Shall tribulation, or anguish, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or peril, or sword ? No ; I am persuaded that neither tribulation, nor anguish, nor persecution, nor famine, nor nakedness, nor peril, nor the sword, nor death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall ever prevail so far over me. I know in whom I have believed ; I am not ignorant whose precious blood hath been shed for me ; I have a Shepherd full of kindness, full of care, and full of power ; unto Him I commit myself ; His own finger hath engraven this sentence in the tables of my heart, ‘Satan hath desired to winnow thee as wheat, but I have prayed that thy faith fail not :’ therefore the assurance of my hope I will labour to keep, as a jewel, unto the end ; and by labour, through the gracious mediation of his prayer, I shall keep it.”

But above Jewel, Hooker, and all the apologists of the Reformation and of the Church of England, the palm of popularity and public usefulness must be awarded to FOXE the martyrologist.* Whilst an exile at Frankfort, in the days of

* Born at Boston, Lincolnshire, 1517 : died in London, April 18, 1587. To the lover of the olden time, there is no spot so inexhaustible as the old city of London. One bright evening of last summer,—it was a Friday even-

Queen Mary, he began to compile, from friends and eye-witnesses, all the particulars which they could recall regarding the lives and closing hours of the English martyrs; and by means of extensive correspondence, and by ransacking the public registers after his return to England, he brought together a prodigious mass of the most authentic information. The first volume of these "Acts and Monuments" appeared in 1563, and by order of Queen Elizabeth a copy was ordered to be placed in the common halls of bishops, deans, and heads of colleges, as well as in all churches and chapels throughout the kingdom. To what extent the order was carried out can scarcely now be ascertained; but the fact that the edition of 1684 is the ninth (in three volumes folio) is sufficient to prove that, considering its bulk and cost, its circulation had been prodigious. With its minute and affecting details, and with

ing, for our tour included three Hebrew synagogues,—a friend, whose fresh and catholic mind combines the love of olden worth with a hearty appreciation of our modern advantages, carried us the round of some favourite haunts—Sion College, the remaining bastions of London Wall, Barbers' Hall, with the wonderful picture by Hans Holbein, which its guardian assured us the late Sir Robert Peel used to visit almost every year. Knocking at the door of the sexton's house, beside St Giles's Church, Cripplegate, when it was already beginning to be dusk, we asked the old gentleman, "Can we see the church?" "No; you can't *see* it, for it is dark. But if you please you may come in." And through "the dim religious light" we found our way to the grave of Milton. After gazing a while at the bust erected over the spot by Mr Whitbread, we asked our conductor what else his church was famous for. "Well, at these altar-rails Oliver Cromwell was married, and Ben Jonson the player." "And have you the grave of any other great man besides Milton?" "Yes; that tablet near the altar is the monument of Speed the historian, and that other is Foxe the martyrologist." Many of our readers will also recollect that it was in Cripplegate Church—and the present edifice is one of the few old churches which escaped The Fire—that the famous series of morning lectures was delivered by the divines of the Commonwealth: "The Morning Exercise at Cripplegate;" and in the solemn "shut of day" it seemed easy to people the venerable fabric with the shades of Baxter and Matthew Mead, and the other great departed.

engravings which told the terrible tale still more vividly to young children and unlettered rustics, it did more than all other books to suffuse a halo around the martyr names, and perpetuate a wholesome dread of Popery. And what added unspeakably to its value was the affectionate diligence with which the faithful chronicler preserved the history of the humblest sufferers. It was not only the beheading of the Lady Jane, or the burning of Archbishop Cranmer, but the extent of the danger and the greatness of the deliverance came home to every craftsman's workshop and every cottage fire-side, when people listened to the martyrdom of John Noyes the shoemaker, or Matthew Plaise the weaver, or to the "tragical, lamentable, and pitiful history, full of most cruel and tyrannical murder, done by the pretended Catholics upon three women and an infant in the Isle of Guernsey." * With one or two of the shorter narratives contained in these painful but unimpeachable records, we close this portion of our survey.

The Burning of Dr Rowland Taylor.

"The night after he was degraded, his wife and son Thomas resorted unto him, and were, by the gentleness of the keepers, permitted to sup with him. For this difference was ever found between the keepers of the bishops' prisons and the keepers of the king's prisons, that the bishops' keepers were ever cruel, blasphemous, and tyrannous, like their masters; but the keepers of the king's prisons shewed, for the most part, as much favour as they possibly might. So came Dr Taylor's wife, his son, and

* A careful reprint of "The Acts and Monuments" appeared in 1839, in eight large octavos, carefully edited by the Rev. S. R. Cattley, M.A., and accompanied by a biographical dissertation from the pen of the late warm-hearted and truly learned Dr Townsend of Durham. It is said that Archbishop Laud ordered Foxe's Martyrology, along with Bishop Jewel's Reply to Harding, to be removed from the churches. See Brook's Puritans, vol. i., 333.

John Hull his servant, to sup with him ; and at their coming-in afore supper, they kneeled down and prayed, saying the Litany. After supper, walking up and down, he gave God thanks for his grace, that had so called him, and given him strength to abide by his holy word ; and turning to his son Thomas, he said—‘ My dear son, Almighty God bless thee, and give thee his Holy Spirit to be a true servant of Christ, to learn his word, and constantly to stand by His truth all thy life long. And, my son, see that thou fear God always. Flee from all sin and wicked living : be virtuous, serve God with daily prayer, and apply thy book. In any wise, see that thou be obedient to thy mother : love her and serve her : be ruled by her now in thy youth, and follow her good counsel in all things. Beware of lewd company,—of young men that fear not God, but follow their lewd lusts and vain appetites. Another day, when God shall bless thee, love and cherish the poor people, and count that thy chief riches is to be rich in alms. And when thy mother is waxed old, forsake her not, but provide for her to thy power, and see that she lack nothing ; for so will God bless thee, and give thee long life upon earth, and prosperity,—which I pray God to grant thee.’

“Then, turning to his wife, he said thus :—‘ My dear wife, continue steadfast in the fear and love of God ; keep yourself undefiled from their popish idolatries and superstitions. I have been unto you a faithful yoke-fellow, and so have you been unto me ; for the which I pray God to reward you ; and doubt not, dear wife, but God will reward it. Now the time is come that I shall be taken from you, and you discharged of the wedlock-bond towards me ; therefore I will give you my counsel what I think most expedient for you. You are yet young, and therefore it will be most convenient for you to marry. For doubtless you shall never be at a convenient stay for yourself and our poor children, nor out of trouble, till you be married. Therefore, as soon as God will provide it, marry with some

honest, faithful man, that feareth God. Doubt you not, God will provide an honest husband for you, and he will be a merciful Father to you and to my children; whom I pray you bring up in the fear of God, and in learning, to the uttermost of your power, and keep them from this Romish idolatry.'

"When he had thus said, they with weeping tears prayed together, and kissed one the other. And he gave to his wife a book of the church-service, set out by King Edward, which he, in the time of his imprisonment, daily used. And unto his son Thomas he gave a Latin book, containing the notable sayings of the old martyrs, gathered out of 'Ecclesiastica Historia;' and in the end of that book he wrote his testament and last 'vale,' as hereafter followeth:—

"'The last will and testament of Dr Rowland Taylor, parson of Hadley, written in the book which he gave to his son.

"'I say to my wife, and to my children, The Lord gave you unto me, and the Lord hath taken me from you, and you from me: blessed be the name of the Lord! I believe that they are blessed which die in the Lord. God careth for sparrows, and for the hairs of our heads. I have ever found Him more faithful and favourable than is any father or husband. Trust ye, therefore, in Him, by the means of our dear Saviour Christ's merits: believe, love, fear, and obey Him: pray to Him, for He hath promised to help. Count me not dead, for I shall certainly live and never die. I go before, and you shall follow after, to our long home. I go to the rest of my children, Susan, George, Ellen, Robert, and Zachary: I have bequeathed you to the only Omnipotent. I say to my dear friends of Hadley, and to all others which have heard me preach, that I depart hence with a quiet conscience as touching my doctrine, for the which I pray you thank God with me. For I have, after my little talent, declared to others those lessons that I gathered out of God's book, the blessed Bible. Therefore if I, or an angel from heaven, should preach to you any other gospel

than that ye have received, God's great curse upon that preacher!

“Beware, for God's sake, that ye deny not God, neither decline from the word of faith, lest God decline from you, and so do ye everlastingly perish. For God's sake, beware of Popery; for though it appear to have in it unity, yet the same is vanity and antichristianity, and not in Christ's faith and verity.

“Beware of the sin against the Holy Ghost, now after such a light opened so plainly and simply, truly, thoroughly, and generally, to all England.

“The Lord grant all men his good and holy Spirit, increase of His wisdom, contemning the wicked world, hearty desire to be with God and the heavenly company; through Jesus Christ, our only Mediator, Advocate, righteousness, life, sanctification, and hope. Amen, amen. Pray, pray.

“ROWLAND TAYLOR.

“Departing hence in sure hope, without all doubting of eternal salvation, I thank God my heavenly Father, through Jesus Christ my certain Saviour. Amen.

“The 5th February, anno 1555.

“The Lord is my light and my salvation: whom then shall I fear?”

“God is he that justifieth: who is he that can condemn?”

“In thee, O Lord, have I trusted: let me never be confounded.”

“On the next morrow after that Dr Taylor had supped with his wife in the compter, as is before expressed, which was the 5th day of February, the sheriff of London, with his officers, came to the compter, by two o'clock in the morning, and so brought forth Dr Taylor, and without any light led him to 'The Woolsack,' an inn without Aldgate. Dr Taylor's wife, suspecting that her husband should that night be carried away, watched all night in St Botolph's church-porch, beside Aldgate, having

with her two children, the one named Elisabeth, of thirteen years of age (whom, being left without father or mother, Dr Taylor had brought up of alms from three years old), the other named Mary, Dr Taylor's own daughter.

“Now, when the sheriff and his company came against St Botolph's Church, Elisabeth cried, saying, ‘O my dear father! mother, mother, here is my father led away!’ Then cried his wife, ‘Rowland, Rowland, where art thou?’ for it was a very dark morning, that the one could not see the other. Dr Taylor answered, ‘Dear wife, I am here;’ and staid. The sheriff's men would have led him forth, but the sheriff said, ‘Stay a little, masters, I pray you, and let him speak to his wife;’ and so they staid.

“Then came she to him, and he took his daughter Mary in his arms; and he, his wife, and Elisabeth kneeled down, and said the Lord's Prayer. At which sight the sheriff wept apace, and so did divers others of the company. After they had prayed, he rose up and kissed his wife, and shook her by the hand, and said, ‘Farewell, my dear wife; be of good comfort, for I am quiet in my conscience. God shall stir up a father for my children.’ And then he kissed his daughter Mary, and said, ‘God bless thee, and make thee His servant;’ and, kissing Elisabeth, he said, ‘God bless thee. I pray you all stand strong and steadfast unto Christ and his word, and keep you from idolatry.’ Then said his wife, ‘God be with thee, dear Rowland; I will, with God's grace, meet thee at Hadley.’

“And so was he led forth to the Woolsack, and his wife followed him. As soon as they came to the Woolsack, he was put into a chamber, wherein he was kept with four yeomen of the guard, and the sheriff's men. Dr Taylor, as soon as he was come into the chamber, fell down on his knees, and gave himself wholly to prayer. The sheriff then, seeing Dr Taylor's wife there, would in no case grant her to speak any more to

her husband, but gently desired her to go to his house, and take it as her own, and promised her she should lack nothing, and sent two officers to conduct her thither. Notwithstanding she desired to go to her mother's, whither the officers led her, and charged her mother to keep her there till they came again.

“ . . . After two days, the sheriff and his company led Dr Taylor towards Hadley ; and, coming within two miles of Hadley, he desired, for somewhat, to light off his horse ; which done, he leaped, and set a frisk or twain as men commonly do in dancing. ‘ Why, Master Doctor,’ quoth the sheriff, ‘ how do you now ?’ He answered, ‘ Well, God be praised, good Master Sheriff, never better ; for now I know I am almost at home. I lack not past two stiles to go over, and I am even at my Father’s house. But, Master Sheriff,’ said he, ‘ shall we not go through Hadley ?’ ‘ Yes,’ said the sheriff ; ‘ you shall go through Hadley ?’ Then said he, ‘ O good Lord ! I thank thee I shall yet once, ere I die, see my flock, whom thou, Lord, knowest I have most heartily loved and truly taught. Good Lord ! bless them, and keep them steadfast in thy Word and truth.’

“ When they were now come to Hadley, and came riding over the bridge, at the bridge-foot waited a poor man with five small children, who, when he saw Dr Taylor, he and his children fell down upon their knees, and held up their hands, and cried with a loud voice, and said, ‘ O dear father and good shepherd, Dr Taylor ! God help and succour thee, as thou hast many a time succoured me and my poor children.’ Such witness had the servant of God of his virtuous and charitable alms given in his lifetime ; for God would now the poor should testify of his good deeds to his singular comfort, to the example of others, and confusion of his persecutors and tyrannous adversaries. For the sheriff and others that led him to death were wonderfully astonied at this, and the sheriff sore rebuked the poor man for so crying. The streets of Hadley

were beset on both sides the way with men and women of the town and country who waited to see him, whom, when they beheld so led to death, with weeping eyes and lamentable voices they cried, saying one to another, 'Ah! good Lord! there goeth our good shepherd from us, that so faithfully hath taught us, so fatherly hath cared for us, and so godly hath governed us! O merciful God! what shall we poor scattered lambs do? what shall come of this most wicked world? Good Lord, strengthen him and comfort him;' with such other most lamentable and piteous voices. Wherefore the people were sore rebuked by the sheriff, and the catchpoles his men that led him. And Dr Taylor evermore said to the people, 'I have preached to you God's Word and truth, and am come this day to seal it with my blood.'

"Coming against the almshouses, which he well knew, he cast to the poor people money which remained of that good people had given him in time of his imprisonment. As for his living, they took it from him at his first going to prison, so that he was sustained all the time of his imprisonment by the charitable alms of good people that visited him. Therefore, the money that now remained he put in a glove ready for the same purpose, and (as is said) gave it to the poor almsmen standing at their doors to see him. And coming to the last of the almshouses, and not seeing the poor that there dwelt ready at their doors as the others were, he asked, 'Is the blind man and blind woman that dwelt here alive?' It was answered, 'Yea, they are there within.' Then threw he glove and all in at the window, and so rode forth.

"Thus this good father and provider for the poor now took his leave of those for whom all his life he had a singular care and study. For this was his custom, once in a fortnight at the least, to call upon Sir Anthony Doyle, and others, the rich clothmakers, to go with him to the almshouses, and there to see how the poor lived, what they lacked in meat, drink,

clothing, bedding, or any other necessaries. The like did he also to other poor men that had many children, or were sick. Then would he exhort and comfort them, and, where he found cause, rebuke the unruly; and what they lacked, that gave he after his power; and what he was not able, he caused the rich and wealthy men to minister unto them. Thus shewed he himself in all things an example to his flock worthy to be followed, and taught by his deed what a great treasure alms is to all such as cheerfully, for Christ's sake, do it.

“At the last, coming to Aldham common, the place assigned where he should suffer, and seeing a great multitude of people gathered thither, he asked, ‘What place is this, and what meaneth it that so much people are gathered thither?’ It was answered, ‘It is Aldham common, the place where you must suffer; and the people are come to look upon you.’ Then said he, ‘Thanked be God, I am even at home;’ and so he alighted from his horse, and with both his hands rent the hood from his head. Now was his head knotted evil-favourably, and clipped much like as a man would clip a fool's head; which cost the good Bishop Bonner had bestowed upon him, when he degraded him. But when the people saw his reverend and ancient face, with a long white beard, they burst out with weeping tears, and cried, saying, ‘God save thee, good Dr Taylor, Jesus Christ strengthen thee, and help thee; the Holy Ghost comfort thee:’ with such other like godly wishes. Then would he have spoken to the people, but the yeomen of the guard were so busy about him, that as soon as he opened his mouth, one or other thrust a tipstaff into his mouth, and would in no wise permit him to speak.

“Then desired he licence of the sheriff to speak; but the sheriff denied it to him, and bad him remember his promise to the Council. ‘Well,’ quoth Dr Taylor, ‘promise must be kept.’ What this promise was, it is unknown; but the common fame was, that after he and others were condemned, the

Council sent for them, and threatened them they would cut their tongues out of their heads, except they would promise that at their deaths they would keep silence, and not speak to the people. Wherefore, they, desirous to have the use of their tongues, to call upon God as long as they might live, promised silence. For the Papists feared much, lest this mutation of religion, from truth to lies, from Christ's ordinances to the Popish traditions, should not so quietly have been received as it was; especially this burning of the preachers; but they, measuring others' minds by their own, feared lest any tumult or uproar might have been stirred, the people having so just a cause not to be contented with their doings, or else (that they most feared) the people should more have been confirmed by their godly exhortations to stand steadfast against their vain Popish doctrine and idolatry. But thanks be to God, which gave to His witnesses faith and patience, with stout and manly hearts to despise all torments; neither was there so much as any one man that once shewed any sign of disobedience towards the magistrates. They shed their blood gladly in the defence of the truth, so leaving example unto all men of true and perfect obedience; which is, to obey God more than men; and, if need require it, to shed their own blood, rather than to depart from God's truth.

“Dr Taylor, perceiving that he could not be suffered to speak, sat down, and seeing one named Soyce, he called him, and said, ‘Soyce, I pray thee, come and pull off my boots, and take them for thy labour. Thou hast long looked for them, now take them.’ Then rose he up, and put off his clothes unto his shirt, and gave them away; which done, he said, with a loud voice, ‘Good people! I have taught you nothing but God's holy word, and those lessons that I have taken out of God's blessed book, the holy Bible; and I am come hither this day to seal it with my blood.’ With that word, Homes, yeoman of the guard aforesaid, who had used Dr Taylor very

cruelly all the way, gave him a great stroke upon the head with a waster, and said, 'Is that the keeping of thy promise, thou heretic?' Then he, seeing they would not permit him to speak, kneeled down and prayed, and a poor woman that was among the people stepped in and prayed with him; but her they thrust away, and threatened to tread her down with horses; notwithstanding she would not remove, but abode and prayed with him. When he had prayed, he went to the stake, and kissed it, and set himself into a pitch-barrel, which they had set for him to stand in, and so stood with his back upright against the stake, with his hands folded together, and his eyes toward heaven, and so he continually prayed.

"Then they bound him with chains, and the sheriff called one Richard Donningham, a butcher, and commanded him to set up fagots; but he refused to do it, and said, 'I am lame, sir; and not able to lift a fagot.' The sheriff threatened to send him to prison; notwithstanding he would not do it.

"Then appointed he one Mulleine, of Kersey, a man for his virtues fit to be a hangman, and Soyce, a very drunkard, and Warwick, who, in the commotion time in King Edward's days, lost one of his ears for his seditious talk; amongst whom also was one Robert King, a deviser of interludes, who albeit was there present, and had doing there with the gunpowder; what he meant and did therein (he himself saith he did it for the best, and for quick despatch) the Lord knoweth, which shall judge all; more of this I have not to say.

"These four were appointed to set up the fagots, and to make the fire, which they most diligently did; and this Warwick cruelly cast a fagot at him, which lit upon his head and brake his face, that the blood ran down his visage. Then said Dr Taylor, 'O friend, I have harm enough; what needed that?'

"Furthermore, Sir John Shelton, there standing by, as Dr Taylor was speaking, and saying the psalm 'Miserere' in

English, struck him on the lips. ‘Ye knave,’ said he, ‘speak Latin; I will make thee.’ At the last they set to fire; and Dr Taylor, holding up both his hands, called upon God, and said, ‘Merciful Father of heaven, for Jesus Christ my Saviour’s sake receive my soul into Thy hands!’ So stood he still, without either crying or moving, with his hands folded together, till Soyce, with a halbert, struck him on the head that the brains fell out, and the dead corpse fell down into the fire.

“Thus rendered the man of God his blessed soul into the hands of his merciful Father, and to his most dear and certain Saviour Jesus Christ, whom he most entirely loved, faithfully and earnestly preached, obediently following in living, and constantly glorified in death.”

Thomas Tomkins, Weaver, and Martyr.

“This Thomas Tomkins, a weaver by his occupation, dwelling in Shoreditch, and of the diocese of London, was of such conversation and disposition so godly, that if any woman had come to him with her web, as sometimes they did, three or four in a day, he would always begin with prayer; or if any other had come to talk of any matter, he would likewise first begin with prayer. And if any had sought unto him to borrow money, he would shew him such money as he had in his purse, and bid him take it.

“And when they came to repay it again, so far off was he from seeking any usury at their hand, or from strait exaction of his due, that he would bid them keep it longer, while [until] they were better able. . . .

“Dr Bonner, Bishop of London, kept the said Tomkins with him in prison half-a-year, during which time the said Bishop was so rigorous unto him, that he beat him bitterly about the face, whereby his face was swelled. Whereupon the

Bishop caused his beard to be shaven, and gave the barber twelve pence.

“Touching which shaving of Thomas Tomkin’s beard, this is more to be added : Bishop Bonner, having Tomkins with him prisoner at Fulham in the month of July, did set him with his other workfolks to make hay ; and seeing him to labour so well, the Bishop, setting him down, said, ‘ Well, I like thee well, for thou labourest well ; I trust thou wilt be a good Chatholic.’ ‘ My Lord,’ said he, ‘ St Paul saith, “ He that doth not labour is not worthy to eat.”’ Bonner said, ‘ Ah ! St Paul is a great man with thee !’ And so, after such other talk, the Bishop, inferring moreover, wished his beard off, saying that so he would look like a Catholic. ‘ My Lord,’ said Tomkins, ‘ before my beard grew I was, I trust, a good Christian, and so I trust to be, my beard being on.’ But Bonner, in fine, sent for the barber, and caused his beard to be shaven off. The very cause was, for that Bonner had plucked off a piece of his beard before.

“The rage of this Bishop was not so great against him, but the constancy of the party was much greater with patience to bear it ; who although he had not the learning as others have, yet he was so endued with God’s mighty Spirit, and so constantly planted in the perfect knowledge of God’s truth, that by no means he could be removed from the confession of truth to impiety and error. Whereupon Bonner, the Bishop, being greatly vexed against the poor man when he saw that by no persuasions he could prevail with him, devised another practice, not so strange as cruel, further to try his constancy ; to the intent that, seeing he could not otherwise convince him by doctrine of Scriptures, yet he might overthrow him by some forefeeling and terror of death. So, having with him Master Harpsfield, Master Pembleton, Dr Chedsey, Master Willerton, and others, standing by, he called for Thomas Tomkins, who coming before the Bishop, and standing as he was wont in

defence of his faith, the Bishop fell from beating to burning ; who, having there a taper or wax candle of three or four wicks standing upon the table, thought there to represent unto us, as it were, the old image of King Porsenna. For as he burned the hand of Scævola, so this Catholic Bishop took Tomkins by the fingers and held his hand directly over the flame, supposing that, by the smart and pain of the fire being terrified, he would leave off the defence of his doctrine which he had received.

“ Tomkins, thinking no otherwise but there presently to die, began to commend himself unto the Lord, saying, ‘ O Lord ! into thy hands I commend my spirit,’ &c. In the time that his hand was in burning, the same Tomkins afterward reported to one James Hinse, that his spirit was so rapt that he felt no pain. In the which burning he never shrank, till the veins shrank and the sinews burst, and the water did spirt in Master Harpsfield’s face, insomuch that the said Master Harpsfield, moved with pity, desired the Bishop to stay, saying that he had tried him enough. This burning was in the hall at Fulham.

“ And whereas the Bishop thought by that means to drive him from his opinions, it proved much otherwise ; for this Christian Scævola so valiantly did despise, abide, and endure that burning, that we have less cause hereafter to marvel at the manfulness of that Roman Scævola. I would to God the other had as well followed the example of that Etruscan tyrant ! For he, after the left hand of Scævola was half burned, either satisfied with his punishment, or overcome by his manhood, or driven away by fear, sent him home safe unto his people ; whereas Bonner, hitherto not contented with the burning of his hand, rested not until he had consumed his whole body into ashes at London in Smithfield.”

SACRED POETS.

As early as the reign of Henry VIII., his groom of the robes, THOMAS STERNHOLD, began to versify the Psalms of David; but he had only rendered thirty-seven when he died in 1549. The version which he began was continued by various hands, and first appeared complete in 1562, at the end of the Book of Common Prayer. Among its various authors, besides Sternhold the courtier, were Hopkins, a schoolmaster; Whittingham, the Presbyterian Dean of Durham; Wisdom, the Archdeacon of Ely; Pullain, Archdeacon of Colchester; and Norton, a barrister-at-law. As might be expected in a first attempt, the early editions contained some curious couplets. For example :—

“ For why, their hearts were wholly bent
To him nor to his trade;
Nor yet to keep nor to perform
The covenant that was made.”

“ Confound them that apply,
And seek to work my shame;
And at my harm do laugh, and cry,
So, so, there goeth the game!”

“ Why dost withdraw thy hand aback,
And hide it in thy lap?
O pluck it out, and be not slack
To give thy foes a rap!”

“ And brought them out into the bor-
ders of his holy land;
Even to the moment which he had pur-
chased with his right hand.”

Still the work was opportune, and it was warmly welcomed not only in England but in Scotland. In 1564 an edition was

printed at Edinburgh by Robert Lepreuik, accompanied by the Form of Prayers received by the Church of Scotland; and on the 26th December in that year, the General Assembly ordered "that every minister should have one of the Psalm Books lately printed, and should use the order contained in it." The Psalms were not only sung, but many of them soon engraved themselves on the popular memory; and it is recorded that when Mr Durie returned from exile, in 1582, he was accompanied by a triumphal procession of some thousand people, who sang along the streets, till they reached the High Church, the 124th Psalm. When the psalm was ended, the people cried out, "Now hath God delivered us from the devil, the Duke, and all his men;" and it is said that Lennox confessed that at the sight of that procession he was more afraid than at anything he had seen in Scotland. The Psalm is one of those rendered by Dean Whittingham:—

Psalm cxxiv.

" Now Israel	The raging streams
May say, and that truly,	Most proud and roaring noise
If that the Lord	Had long ago
Had not our cause maintain'd,	O'erwhelm'd us in the deep.
If that the Lord	Praised be God
Had not our right sustain'd,	Which doth us safely keep
When all the world	From bloody teeth,
Against us furiously	And their most cruel voice,
Made their uproars,	Which as a prey
And said we should all die :	To eat us would rejoice.
Then long ago	Even as a bird
They had devour'd us all,	From fowler's gin or pen
And swallow'd quick,	Escapes away,
For ought that we could deem ;	Right so it fares with us ;
Such was their rage,	Broke are the nets,
As we might well esteem :	And we escaped thus.
And as the floods	God that made heaven
With mighty force do fall,	And earth is our help then,
So had they now	His name hath saved
Our lives even brought to thrall.	Us from these wicked men."

Nor was it only in Scotland that the spirit of psalmody was enkindled by the genius of Sternhold and his coadjutors. In many parts of England psalm-singing became a favourite element in the worship of the great congregation; and as late as the siege of York, in 1644, we have an animated account of the fervour with which it was conducted, from the pen of a musical enthusiast, T. Mace. During the siege, he tells us, that every Sunday the great minster was "squeezing full." "Now here you must take notice that they had then a custom in that church, which I hear not in any other cathedral; which was, that always before the sermon, the whole congregation sang a psalm, together with the quire and the organ; and you must also know, that there was then a most excellent, large, plump, lusty, full-speaking organ, which cost, I am credibly informed, a thousand pounds. This organ, I say, when the psalm was set before sermon, being let out into all its fulness of stops, together with the quire, began the psalm. But when that vast concording unity of the whole congregational chorus came, as I may say, thundering in, even so as it made the very ground shake under us, oh! the unutterable ravishing soul's-delight, in the which I was so transported and wrapt up in high contemplations, that there was no room left in my whole man, viz., body, soul, and spirit, for anything below divine and heavenly raptures; nor could there possibly be anything to which that very singing might be truly compared, except that glorious and miraculous quire, recorded in the Scriptures at the dedication of the temple." Sometimes, however, "a cannon bullet has come in at the windows, and bounced about from pillar to pillar, even like some furious fiend or evil spirit," yet no one was ever hurt in the church.*

* See "The Psalmists of Britain," by John Holland, vol. i. p. 53,—a remarkably interesting and valuable work, in which specimens of the Psalms by one hundred and fifty English translators are given.

The best specimen of Sternhold is the passage so often quoted from

Psalm xliii.

“ The sly and subtil snares of hell
 Were round about me set ;
 And for my life there was prepared
 A deadly trapping net.
 I thus beset with pain and grief,
 Did pray to God for grace ;
 And He forthwith heard my complaint
 Out of His holy place.

Such is His power, that in His wrath
 He made the earth to quake,
 Yea, the foundation of the mount
 Of Basan for to shake.

And from his nostrils went a smoke,
 When kindled was his ire ;
 And from his mouth went burning coals
 Of hot consuming fire.

The Lord descended from above,
 And bow'd the heavens high ;
 And underneath His feet He cast
 The darkness of the sky :
 On Cherubs and on Cherubims,
 Full royally He rode,
 And on the wings of mighty winds
 Came flying all abroad.

And like a den most dark He made
 His hid and secret place ;
 With waters black and airy clouds
 Encompass'd He was.
 At His bright presence did thick clouds
 In haste away retire ;
 And in the stead thereof did come
 Hailstones and coals of fire.

The fiery darts and thunderbolts
 Disperse them here and there ;
 And with His frequent lightnings He
 Doth put them in great fear."

Nor can higher honour be claimed for HOPKINS than the authorship of that "Old Hundredth," with which our Palaces of Industry are opened, our temples are dedicated, and with which our sanctuaries resound Sabbath after Sabbath, till the roof-tree rings again.

The Old Hundredth.

" All people that on earth do dwell,
 Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice ;
 Him serve with fear, His praise forth tell,
 Come ye before Him and rejoice.
 The Lord, ye know, is God indeed,
 Without our aid He did us make ;
 We are His flock, He doth us feed,
 And for His sheep He doth us take.

O enter then His gates with praise,
 Approach with joy His courts unto ;
 Praise, laud, and bless His name always,
 For it is seemly so to do.
 For why? the Lord our God is good,
 His mercy is for ever sure ;
 His truth at all times firmly stood,
 And shall from age to age endure."

We also confess a great liking for the following version of

Psalm xlv.

" O daughter, take good heed,	Then shall the King desire
Incline and give good ear ;	Thy beauty more and more ;
Thou must forget thy kindred all,	He is the Lord thy God whom thou
Thy father's house most dear ;	Must worship and adore.

The daughters then of Tyre,
 With gifts full rich to see,
 And all the wealthy of the land
 Shall make their suit to thee.

The daughter of the King
 Is glorious to behold;
 Within her closet she doth sit
 All deck'd in beaten gold.

In robes with needle wrought,
 And every pleasant thing,
 With virgins fair on her to wait
 She cometh to the King.

Thus are they brought with joy
 And mirth on every side,
 Into the palace of the King,
 And there they do abide.

Instead of fathers thou
 Shalt children multiply,
 Whom thou may'st princes make,
 to rule

All lands successively.
 Wherefore thy holy Name
 All ages shall record,
 The people shall give thanks to thee
 For evermore, O Lord."

Queen Elizabeth tried her own hand at translating the Psalms,* and it was evidently a favourite exercise among the poets of her era. Of these, one of the most successful was FRANCIS DAVISON, whose father was secretary of state, and a privy councillor. Nothing can be more felicitous than the turn which he occasionally gives to the Hebrew metaphor, and over the whole he has poured a suffusion of rich and beautiful language; as in the following close of the 130th Psalm:—

“ My soul, base earth despising,
 More longs with God to be,
 Than rosy morning's rising
 Tired watchmen watch to see.

Lay thy hope's sure foundation
 On God, O Israel;
 On God in whom salvation
 And boundless mercy dwell.

The leprous spots that stain thee
 He then will purify;
 Sin's fetters that enchain thee
 He gently will untie.”

* Her version of the 14th Psalm commences Mr Farr's "Select Poetry of the Reign of Queen Elizabeth."

Psalm cxxiii.

“ What is so sweet, so amiable,
 As brother's love unfeign'd ?
 Whose hearts in bands inviolable
 Of concord are enchain'd.

It's like unto that precious ointment
 Whose odours far did spread,
 Used to embalm, by God's appointment,
 The high priest Aaron's head :
 Whence, in a fragrant shower descending,
 It dew'd his beard and face ;
 Then to his robes its sweetness lending,
 About his skirts did trace.

Or to the dew wherewith grey morning
 Impearls Mount Hermon's head,
 His greens with peckled flowers adorning,
 Artlessly diap' red ;
 From Hermon to Mount Sion pouring
 His fertile rivulets,
 And all engreening and enflowering
 Those pleasant mountainets.

Where this love-knot remains unbroken,
 God heaps of bliss doth send ;
 Yea, heavenly bliss it doth betoken,
 Exempt from change or end.”

The following version of the 23d Psalm is curious. The exigencies of the dactylic measure are perhaps sufficient to account for the numerous Latin words ; but they remind one too much of the “ euphuism ” which became fashionable towards the close of the reign of Elizabeth, and they do not suit the pastoral simplicity of the Psalm.

Psalm xliii.

“ The Lord my pastor is ; He tends me heedfully ;
 He still supplies my wants with all things needfully.

In fields He pastures me, clad with amenity ;
Through which a silver brook slideth with lenity.

Through busy labyrinths roaming audaciously,
Ready to lose myself, my Shepherd graciously
For His name's-glory-sake eftsoons reduced me
Unto His holy fold, whence sin seduced me.

Yea, through Death's valleys, a frightful obscurity,
If I should walk, I should walk in security,
If Thou dost guard me ; for in tribulation
Thy rod and sheep-hook are my consolation.

Before mine enemies, enviously vicious,
Thou hast prepared my board with meats delicious ;
With sweetly-smelling balms my head thou drowned hast,
With sweetly-tasting wines my bowls thou crowned hast.

Thy love I need not doubt, and thy gratuity
Shall me accompany to perpetuity ;
So in this house I shall, O bless'd condition !
Of heaven's endless joy here taste fruition !” *

Amongst the minor poets of this reign, an honourable place is due to WILLIAM HUNNIS, who held a post in her Majesty's chapel, and was the author of various little volumes with alliterative titles—“A Handful of Honeysuckles,” “Seven Sobs of a Sorrowful Soul for Sin,” &c. With their “linked sweetness” and cheerful moralising, we think verses like the following are still very readable :—

The Complaint of Old Age.

“ In search of secret, such	We see the stricken deer
As is beneath the sun,	Hath caught a bleeding wound,
Each thing by kind its course doth find	And yet, by eating of an herb,
By Nature's skill to run.	Becometh whole and sound.

* “ Psalms in English,” Harleian MS. in British Museum, containing versions by Francis and Christopher Davison, Joseph Bryan, and Richard Gipps.

The hound a hurt receives
That grieveth him with pain ;
By only licking with his tongue
Himself doth heal again.

The pigeon and the hen,
The turtle-dove also,
Themselves do cure with pellitor
That on the wall doth grow.

The loathsome snake with age
Both feeble is and blind ;
Who slowly slides from place to place
Some narrow strait to find ;

Through which he strains himself,
Thereby his skin to cast ;
And so new health, with strength
and sight,
He purchaseth at last.

The lizard in his age
Doth change and cast his skin,
And sits ope-eyed against the east,
The sun may enter in ;
The heat whereof doth dry
The humour of his eyes,
By which his sight again he takes
In corner where he lies.

The eagle being weak,
Much grievous moan doth make,
Because his bill is grown so long
He can no sust'nance take.

Yet Nature hath him taught
Some rock or stone to find,
Against the which his bill beats off,
And so gets health by kind.

The lapwing being old,
To see nor fly she may,
Until her birds such feathers pluck
As causeth her decay :

And then with juice of herbs
Her eyes do rid from pain,
And hide her underneath their wings,
Till she be whole again.

But now, to you, my friends,
That physic do profess,
Which by your skill and learning
great,

Do many griefs redress :
A question vexed I ask,
Thereby not to offend,
What is the cause that Physic's art
Cannot Old Age defend ?

O fitting Youth, adieu !
Age makes all things decline ;
O too, too short a fading flower
Of transitory time ;

Which by no way nor art
Can be repaired again.
The winter cold the heat hath nipt,
And ransack'd every vein.

O green and sprouting years,
O gallant Youth that 's past ;
What sweet and pleasant merry
days
Were spent while you did last !

O happy time of life,
How slyly doth it pass,
And steals away, making exchange
Of purest gold for brass !

More swift, it may be said,
Than empty clouds that fly
By force of winds that toss them
round
In compass of the sky.

Like dreams that pass away
 Within our sleeps we see ;
 When we awake nothing there is
 Of that we dreamt to be.

The sweet and fragrant rose
 Now delicate in sight,
 Within short time all wither'd is,
 And turn'd as^day to night.

And so likewise of man,
 From child to man doth grow,
 From man again a child becomes—
 Old Age will have it so.

While that the little boy
 With top and scourge 'gan play,
 And while the stripling goes to school
 His grammar part to say ;

While those of further years
 Philosophy do read,
 And cull the blooms of rhetoric
 And figures finely spread ;

While like the bee they skip
 From bloom to blossom blown,
 And for their purpose suck the fruit
 By sundry authors sown ;

While they, disposed so,
 By study to attain
 The knowledge of the liberal arts
 No labour do refrain ;

And while that without end
 Their troubled brains they beat,
 To find out every faculty
 Grafted in Science' seat ;

While they the Greek translate
 In Latin for to go,
 And Latin into Greek likewise,
 Their cunning forth to shew ;

While foreign tongues they seek,
 Their knowledge to maintain,
 And fear not to transfrete the seas,
 And Alps to climb with pain :

While they themselves acquaint
 With countries that are strange,
 With foreign courts, with things
 unknown,
 And other things of change :

While they thus busy be,
 Stiff Age comes stealing in,
 And lays his crutch upon their backs,
 And doth the mast'ry win ;

So much that they be driven
 To marvel and to muse,
 How that their strength so suddenly
 Should them fail or refuse ;

And though the same they feel,
 Yet not persuaded are
 That lusty gallant youth of theirs
 Should be removed so far.

We learn for to be wise
 Too late when youth is gone,
 And do begin to muse thereof
 When remedy is none.

We then bewail our life
 In vanity misspent,
 And do detest those wilful ways
 We did in youth frequent ;

And to ourselves 'gin say,
 What treasure have we spilt,
 And reaped thereby unto ourselves
 But sorrow, death, and guilt !

Our life, God knows, is short,
 Uncertain of the same ;
 To think on time so vainly spent
 Might make us blush with shame.

<p>From sleep let us awake; And rise from sin at last; High time it is for to repent Our former follies past.</p> <p>For Youth hath taken horse, And posted day by day, To cite and summon pale-faced Death With speed to come away.</p> <p>Let us our course direct While perfect mind we have, And set our compass toward Christ, Who only must us save.</p> <p>Let Him from henceforth now Our only study be,</p>	<p>Our pleasant muse, our chief delight, Our joy and liberty.</p> <p>Let us not care at all For worldly matters vain, Nor for the body, so the soul With Jesus Christ remain.</p> <p>While soul and body both Shall at the judgment-day United be, and sentence hear Which Christ Himself shall say.</p> <p>Which grant, O Father dear, For Christ His sake, Thy Son, May be unto our endless joy In life that is to come.</p> <p style="text-align: right;">Amen."*</p>
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Nor amongst these specimens can we withhold a place from ROBERT SOUTHWELL. Belonging to a good family in Norfolk, he was brought up a Roman Catholic, was educated, first at Douay, and afterwards in the "Society of Jesus" at Rome, and then returned to England, where he privately officiated as priest in the family of the Countess of Arundel, till, in 1592, he was arrested under the severe statutes then existing, and thrown into prison. He languished in the Tower for three years, shut out from the society of his friends, and with no companions except the Bible and the works of Bernard. He then wrote to Cecil, begging that he might be brought to trial, or that his friends might be allowed to come and see him. It is said that, on receiving this letter, the Secretary exclaimed, "If he is in such haste to be hanged, he shall quickly have his

* "Hunnie's Recreations: containing four godlie and compendious Discourses, intituled Adam's Banishment, Christ his Crib, The Lost Sheepe, The Complaint of Old Age: compiled by William Hunnis, one of the Gentlemen of her Maiesties chappel, and Maister to the Children of the same." 1595.

desire." Accordingly, he was tried at the bar of the Queen's Bench, February 20, 1596, and hanged at Tyburn next day, being then in his thirty-sixth year.*

"Saint Mary Magdalene's Funeral Tears" are a series of meditations in prose. They are not free from the errors of the author's Church; but their spirit is devotional. We may give one short extract.

Touch me not.

"Though she humbly fell down at His feet to kiss them, yet Christ did forbid her, saying, 'Do not touch me: for I am not yet ascended to my Father.'

"O Jesu! what mystery is in this? Being dead in sin, she touched Thy mortal feet that were to die for her sake; and being now alive in grace, may she not touch Thy glorious feet

* "Censura Literaria," by Sir S. E. Brydges, 2d edition, vol. ii. p. 66. After mentioning that only 190 persons "suffered capitally for offences connected with religion under Elizabeth," the Rev. Henry Soames concludes his "Elizabethan Religious History" with the following disparaging remarks on the Romanist martyrs:—"They were in fact chiefly, if not entirely, poor men, seeking for a living among discontented members of the nobility and gentry of England: hence alike willing to feed the ill humours of their patrons, and to indulge in sanguine visions raised by revolutionary hopes within themselves. The dangers faced were analogous to those encountered in the battle-field. A soldier enters it fully alive to them, but anticipating escape and promotion. His bosom, indeed, may glow with genuine patriotism: still, without a large alloy of humbler motives, men rarely brave the chance of war." Surely this is neither candid history nor generous morality. Men like Southwell had no occasion to "seek for a living:" some of them were as well born as the Protestant bishops. And as for the "humbler motives" which helped to reconcile them to the scaffold, a Romish annalist might say the same of any Protestant missionary who should take his life in his hand, and go into China, Madagascar, or Italy. Perhaps our feeling against Popery is more intense than even that of Mr Soames; but we confess that our compassion for sincere though erring men like Robert Southwell is only exceeded by the burning shame and bitter indignation with which we read the record of their wrongs. History is studied to little purpose if it does not teach us humility, toleration, and candour.

that are no less for her benefit revived? She was once admitted to anoint Thy head, and is she now unworthy of access to Thy feet? Dost Thou now command her from that for which Thou wert wont to commend her, and by praising the deed didst move her often to do it?

“Notwithstanding, Thou preventest the effect of her offer, as if Thou hadst said,—

“O Mary, know the difference between a glorious and a mortal body, between the condition of a momentary and of an eternal life. For sith the mortality of the body, and the glory both of body and soul, are the endowments of a heavenly inhabitant, and the rights of another world, think not this favour to see me here ordinary, nor leave to touch me a common thing.

“It were not so great a wonder to see the stars fall from their spheres, and the sun forsake heaven, and so come within the reach of a mortal arm, as for me that am not only a citizen but the Sovereign of saints, and the Sun whose beams are the angels' bliss, to shew myself visible to the pilgrims of this world, and to display eternal beauties to corruptible eyes. Though I be not yet ascended to my Father, I shall shortly ascend; and therefore measure not thy demeanour towards me by the place where I am, but by that which is due unto me, and then thou wilt rather with reverence fall down afar off, than with such familiarity presume to touch me. Dost thou not believe my former promises? Hast thou not a constant proof by my present words? Are not thy eyes and ears sufficient testimonies, but that thou must also have thy hands and face witness of my presence? Touch me not, O Mary, for if I do deceive thy sight, or delude thy hearing, I can as easily beguile thy hand and frustrate thy feeling. Or if I be true in any one, believe me in all, and embrace me first in a firm faith, and then thou shalt touch me with more worthy hands. It is now necessary to wean thee from the comfort of my external

presence, that thou mayest learn to lodge me in the secrets of thy heart, and teach thy thoughts to supply the offices of outward senses. For in this visible shape I am not here long to be seen, being shortly to ascend unto my Father: but what thy eye then seeth not, thy heart shall feel, and my silent parley will find audience in thy inward ear. Yet if thou fearest lest my ascending should be so sudden that, if thou dost not now take thy leave of my feet with thy humble kisses and loving tears, thou shalt never find the like opportunity again, licence from thee [dismiss] that needless suspicion. I am not yet ascended unto my Father, and for all such duties there will be a more convenient time. But now go about that which requireth more haste, and run to my brethren and inform them what I say, that I will go before them into Galilee, there shall they see me."

The following stanzas will remind some of our readers of the verses by his contemporary, Byrd—

“ My mind to me a kingdom is.”

Content and Rich.

“ I dwell in grace’s court, Enrich’d with virtue’s rights; Faith guides my wit; love leads my will; Hope all my mind delights.	Enough I reckon wealth— A mean the surest lot, That lies too high for base con- tempt, Too low for envy’s shot.
In lowly vales I mount To pleasure’s highest pitch; My seely shroud true honour brings; My poor estate is rich.	My wishes are but few, All easy to fulfil; I make the limits of my power The bounds unto my will.
My conscience is my crown, Contented thoughts my rest; My heart is happy in itself; My bliss is in my breast.	I have no hopes but one, Which is of heavenly reign; Effects attain’d or not desired All lower hopes refrain.

I feel no care of coin,
 Well-doing is my wealth ;
 My mind to me an empire is,
 While grace affordeth health.

I clip high-climbing thoughts,
 The wings of swelling pride ;
 Their fall is worst that from the
 height
 Of greatest honour slide.

Sith sails of largest size
 The storm doth soonest tear,
 I bear so low and small a sail
 As freeth me from fear.

I wrestle not with rage,
 While fury's flame doth burn ;
 It is in vain to stop the stream,
 Until the tide doth turn.

But when the flame is out,
 And ebbing wrath doth end,
 I turn a late enraged foe
 Into a quiet friend.

And, taught with often proof,
 A temper'd calm I find
 To be most solace to itself,
 Best cure for angry mind.

Spare diet is my fare,
 My clothes more fit than fine ;
 I know I feed and clothe a foe,
 That pamper'd would repine.

I envy not their hap
 Whom favour doth advance ;
 I take no pleasure in their pain
 That have less happy chance.

To rise by others' fall,
 I deem a losing gain ;
 All states with others' ruins built
 To ruin run amain.

No change of fortune's calms
 Can cast my comforts down ;
 When fortune smiles, I smile to
 think
 How quickly she will frown.

And when in froward mood
 She proves an angry foe,
 Small gain I found to let her come,
 Less loss to let her go."

As we have already stated, Anselm of Canterbury wrote "Emblems" seven hundred years ago ; but the earliest writer of such compositions in English was GEFREY WHITNEY. His "Choice of Emblemes and other Devises" was printed at Leyden in 1586. Of Whitney himself little is known, except that he was a native of Namptwich, in Cheshire, and that he went from Oxford to the University of Leyden, where he was living when he published the now extremely rare and costly volume which bears his name.

The Lame and the Blind.

[The engraving represents a lame man on a blind man's shoulders; and the motto is, "Mutuum auxilium."]

" The blind did bear the lame upon his back,
 The burthen did direct the bearer's ways :
 With mutual help they served each other's lack,
 And every one their friendly league did praise :
 The lame lent eyes, the blind did lend his feet,
 And so they safe did pass both field and street.
 Some land abounds, yet hath the same her want,
 Some yields her lack, and wants the other's store ;
 No man so rich but is in some things scant,
 The great estate must not despise the poor ;
 He works, and toils, and makes his shoulders bear,
 The rich again gives food and clothes to wear.
 So without poor, the rich are like the lame ;
 And without rich, the poor are like the blind ;
 Let rich lend eyes, the poor his legs will frame.
 Thus should it be. For so the Lord assign'd,
 Who at the first, for mutual friendship sake,
 Not all gave one, but did this difference make :
 Whereby with trade and intercourse in space,
 And borrowing here, and lending there again ;
 Such love, such truth, such kindness, should take place,
 That friendship with society should reign.
 The proverb saith, One man is deemed none,
 And life is death, where men do live alone."

Self-Dunished.

[The picture is a man fallen asleep backwards, with a sack round his neck, which is strangling him.]

" When silent night did sceptre take in hand,
 And dimm'd the day with shade of mantle black,
 What time the thieves, in privy corners stand,
 And have no doubt to rob for what they lack ;
 A greedy thief in shambles broke a shop,
 And fill'd a sack with flesh up to the top.

Which done, with speed he lifted up the sack,
 And both the ends about his neck he knits,
 And ran away, with burden on his back,
 Till afterwards, as he at alehouse sits,
 The heavy load did weigh so hard behind,
 That while he slept the weight did stop his wind.

Which truly shews, to them that do offend,
 Although a while they 'scape their just deserts,
 Yet punishment doth at their backs attend,
 And plagues them home when they have merriest hearts ;
 And though long time they do escape the pikes,
 Yet soon, or late, the Lord in justice strikes."

It only remains that we mention the most poetical of all our English poets, and not the least Christian—EDMUND SPENSER. His "Faerie Queene" is the vast fragment of a gigantic ethical allegory, in which it was intended that all the Virtues should pass through their various trials and win their respective triumphs. To give a specimen of it is almost as difficult as it would be to give a sample of an evening sky or a sun-gilt sea, so bright, expansive, and ever-varying is it ; but a few stanzas, with the old and essential spelling, may give some notion of its mode and measure.

Man the Care of Angels.

" And is there care in heaven? And is there love
 In heavenly spirits to these creatures base,
 That may compassion of their evils move?
 There is ; else much more wretched were the case
 Of men than beasts ; but O the exceeding grace
 Of highest God ! that loves His creatures so,
 And all His workes with mercy doth embrace,
 That blessed angels He sends to and fro,
 To serve to wicked man, to serve His wicked foe !
 How oft do they their silver bowers leave
 To come to succour us that succour want !
 How oft do they with golden pinions cleave
 The flitting skyes, like flying pursuivant,

Against fowle feendes to ayd us militant.
 They for us fight, they watch, and dewly ward,
 And their bright squadrons round about us plant ;
 And all for love, and nothing for reward ;
 O why should heavenly God to men have such regard !”

The Seven Good Beadmen.

“ Eftsoones unto an holy hospitall,
 That was foreby the way she did him bring,
 In which seven beadmen that had vowed all
 Their life to service of high heaven’s King,
 Did spend their daies in doing godly thing.
 Their gates to all were open evermore,
 That by the wearie way were traveling ;
 And one sat wayting ever them before,
 To call in commers-by that needy were and pore.

The first of them, that eldest was and best,
 Of all the house had charge and government,
 A guardian and steward of the rest.
 His office was to give entertainment
 And lodging unto all that came and went ;
 Not unto such as could him feast againe,
 And double quite for that he on them spent ;
 But such as want of harbour did constraine,
 Those for God’s sake his dewty was to entertaine.

The second was an almner of the place ;
 His office was the hungry for to feed,
 And thirsty give to drinke, a worke of grace ;
 He feared not once himselfe to be in need,
 Ne cared to hoord for those whom he did breede ;
 The grace of God he layd up still in store,
 Which as a stocke he left unto his seede ;
 He had enough, what need him care for more ?
 And had he lesse, yet some he would give to the pore.

The third had of their wardrobe custodye,
 In which were not rich tyres nor garments gay,
 (The plumes of pride and winges of vanity),
 But clothes meet to keep keene cold away,
 And naked nature seemly to array ;

With which bare wretched wights he dayly clad,
 The images of God in earthly clay ;
 And if that no spare clothes to give he had,
 His owne cote he would cut, and it distribute glad.

The fourth appointed by his office was

Poore prisoners to relieve with gracious ayd,
 And captives to redeeme with price of bras,
 From Turkes and Sarazins, which them had stayd ;
 And though they faulty were, yet well he wayd,
 That God to us forgiveth every howre

Much more than that, why they in bands were layd ;
 And he that harrow'd well with heavie stowre,
 The faulty soules from thence brought to his heavenly bowre.

The fift had charge sick persons to attend,

And comfort those in point of death which lay ;
 For them most needeth comfort in the end,
 When sin, and hell, and death doe most dismay
 The feeble soule departing hence away.

All is but lost that living we bestow,

If not well ended at our dying day.

O man ! have mind of that last bitter throw—

For as the tree does fall, so lyes it ever low.

The sixt had charge of them that now being dead,

In seemly sort their corsers to engrave,
 And deck with dainty flowers their brydall bed,
 That to their heavenly Spouse both sweet and brave
 They might appeare, when He their soules shall save.

The wondrous workmanship of God's owne mould,
 Whose face he made all beastes to feare, and gave
 All in his hand, even dead we honour should.

Ah, dearest God, we graunt I dead be not defould !

The seventh, now after death and buriall done,

Had charge the tender orphans of the dead,
 And wydowes ayd, lest they should be undone ;
 In face of judgment he their right would plead,
 Ne ought the powre of mighty men did dread
 In their defence, nor would for gold or fee

Be wonne their rightfull causes down to tread ;

And when they stood in most necessitee,

He did supply their want, and gave them ever free.”

PERIOD OF JAMES I. AND CHARLES I.

JAMES THE FIRST was brought up a Presbyterian, and at one time seemed really attached to the ecclesiastical system of his native country. When an English divine expressed his wonder why the Church of Scotland was so seldom troubled with heresy, he answered, "I'll tell you how, man. If it spring up in a parish, there is an eldership to take notice of it; if it be too strong for them, the Presbytery is ready to crush it; if the heretic prove too obstinate for them, he shall find more witty heads in the Synod; and if he cannot be convinced there, the General Assembly, I'll warrant you, will not spare him." And at a memorable Assembly held in 1590, in the fulness of his heart he pronounced an eulogy on the Church of Scotland, which was anything but complimentary to the sister churches. He "praised God that he was born in such a place as to be king in such a kirk, the sincerest kirk in the world. The Kirk of Geneva keepeth Pasch and Yule.* What had they for them? They had no institution. As for our neighbour kirk in England, their service is an evil-said mass in English, wanting nothing but the liftings.† I charge you, my good people, ministers, doctors, elders, noblemen, gentlemen, and barons, to stand to your purity, and to exhort the people to do the same; and I, forsooth, as long as I brook my life and crown, shall maintain the same against all deadly."‡

When, therefore, in March 1603, this lover of "sincerity" became king of England, it was natural that the Puritans, many of whom were Presbyterians like himself, should expect some relief to those scruples for which the imperious and

* Easter and Christmas.

† The elevation of the host.

‡ Calderwood's History, vol. v. p. 106.

worldly-minded Elizabeth had shewn such a haughty disregard. Accordingly, on his arrival he was met by a petition from eight hundred ministers, entreating to be exempted from the use of the square cap and surplice, the cross in baptism, and the ring in marriage; praying that the service should be abridged, that the Lord's day should be better observed, that the people should not be charged to bow at the name of Jesus, that the Apocrypha should not be read in public worship, and that some change should be made in the practice of putting questions to and requiring promises from infants through their sponsors at baptism. To discuss these and other matters, it was agreed that a conference should be held at Hampton Court on the 4th of January 1604, to which four ministers were summoned on behalf of the Puritans, and on the opposite side the Archbishop of Canterbury, eight bishops, seven deans, and two other divines. The king, who delighted in polemics, undertook to preside in person.

Whatever were the hopes of the Puritans, they were doomed to disappointment. James was very vain, and self-esteem is a plant to which the keen air of Scotland has never been propitious. The rough warriors by whom he was surrounded laughed at his awkward horsemanship and dagger-proof doublet, and good men were as grieved at his hypocrisy as clever men were amused at his pedantry. To a prince who would fain pass for the second Solomon, it was distressing to feel himself surrounded by sharp eyes which penetrated every motive, and irreverent tongues which harshly told him foibles that he had almost hidden from himself. But southern air was softer. Not only were English manners more refined, but, through her matchless tact in selecting and controlling her servants, Elizabeth had left to her successor a staff of ministers whose homage was enough to make any monarch proud, and who knew their place too well to give their sovereign pain. More especially as regarded matters ecclesiastical was the transition

intoxicating to such a mind. Instead of being a mere worshipper in a parish church, he was the head of an august hierarchy; and instead of being confronted by preachers who could speak of him as "Christ's silly vassal," he was met by prelates who bowed the knee, and acknowledged him as "the breath of their nostrils," and "in some sort their earthly creator." No wonder that his head began to swim, and that, "affecting the god," he began to "nod," and soon dropped over, in a state of helpless fascination, into the arms of worshippers who could offer incense so potent and adulation so delicious.

On the first day appointed for the conference, the king's bias was plainly indicated. By his Majesty's command, the four Puritans were left sitting on a bench in the ante-chamber, whilst, with the privy councillors and prelates, the king talked over the questions in debate, and got rid of his own remaining scruples as touching that "evil-said mass"-book, the Liturgy. During this preliminary interview, the king waxed confidential, and assured his auditors, that although brought up amongst Puritans from the time that he was ten years old, he ever disliked their opinions. "As the Saviour of the world said, 'Though he lived among them, he was not of them.'" And, on the other hand, the clergy were dazzled and overwhelmed with James's divinity. As the Dean of Chester records, "Three hours were soon gone, so admirably did his Majesty handle all those points, sending us away not with contentment only, but astonishment; and, which is pitiful, you will say, with shame to us all, that a king brought up among Puritans,—not the learnedest men in the world,—and schooled by them, swaying a kingdom full of business and troubles, naturally given to much exercise and repast, should, in points of divinity, shew himself as expedite and perfect as the greatest scholars and most industrious students there present might not outstrip him."*

* "The Sum and Substance of the Conference at Hampton Court," by W. Barlow, Dean of Chester, 1604, page 20.

When at last, on a subsequent day, the representatives of the eight hundred petitioners were admitted to this mutually-admiring coterie, they found that they had little chance of a fair or temperate hearing. As one by one they stated their grievances, they were interrupted by the keen partizanship of Bancroft, or were answered by the pleasantries of James, who, not content with making himself the mouthpiece of foregone conclusions, jeered at the scruples of men like Reynolds and Chaderton, browbeat poor Mr Knewstubs, and smiled to his courtiers, or touched his hat to the bishops, when he deemed his own wisdom especially brilliant. However, he lost self-command when the proposition was made to revive the "prophesyings," as approved by the good Archbishop Grindal, and to refer matters of debate to the episcopal synod, or the bishop with his "presbytery." At this last word his Majesty was "somewhat stirred," and exclaimed that presbytery "agreeth as well with monarchy as God and the devil. Then Jack and Tom, and Will and Dick shall meet, and at their pleasures censure me and my council, and all our proceedings. Then Will will stand up and say, 'It must be thus;' then Dick shall reply and say, 'Nay, marry, but we will have it thus.' And, therefore, here I must reiterate my former speech, 'Le roi s'avisera.' Stay, I pray you, seven years before you demand that of me, and then if you find me pursy and fat, and my windpipes stuffed, I will perhaps hearken to you; for, let that government be once up, I am sure I shall be kept in breath: then shall we all of us have work enough—both our hands full. But, Doctor Reynolds, till you find that I grow lazy, let that alone." As he retired from that day's discussion, the king remarked, "If this be all they have to say, I shall make them conform themselves, or I will harry them out of this land, or else do worse." Another day concluded the unavailing conference; and, at the close, the Archbishop of Canterbury declared, that "undoubtedly his Majesty had

spoken by the special assistance of God's Spirit ;" whilst the Bishop of London fell on his knees, and protested that "his heart melted within him, whilst he made haste to acknowledge to Almighty God His singular mercy in giving them such a king, as since Christ's time the like, he thought, had not been seen."

This conference was immediately followed by a convocation, at which Bancroft, soon afterwards raised to the primacy, presided, and by which the one hundred and forty-one canons still governing the Church of England were enacted. According to these canons, any one who said that anything in the Thirty-nine Articles is erroneous, or that anything in the ceremonies of the Church is superstitious, was liable to excommunication ; and as the same year, 1604, was signalled by a proclamation enjoining strict conformity, the reign of King James was inaugurated by a vast amount of misery. Hundreds of the most conscientious ministers were suspended ; not only ministers but laymen were immured in common gaols ; and for no other crime but defending a non-conformist, the high commissioners consigned an intrepid bencher of Gray's Inn to prison, where he languished till he died. As the last refuge of oppression, thousands of peaceful and industrious citizens were fain to quit for ever their native shores, and, first in Holland, and by and by in New England, seek "freedom to worship God."

Had the piety of Grindal or the catholicity of Abbot occupied the see of Canterbury during James's first years, or had James himself been a wiser man, it would have been well for the realm of England. In that case a few slight concessions, such as every Protestant would have hailed at the accession of Elizabeth, might have retained within the Church an undivided population ; and, although sects might have arisen opposed to any prelacy, however modified, or to any liturgy, however scriptural its contents, the spectacle should certainly not have been witnessed on the Census Sunday of 1851, of as many

Englishmen worshipping outside of the Established Church as within its ancient sanctuaries. But, enforced by persecution, practical differences soon intensified into doctrinal contrarieties; and, disgusted at the scrupulosity of Puritans, like his predecessor Queen Elizabeth, James every year learned to love less and less the religious strictness with which that scrupulosity was identified; till, betwixt the proclamation inviting his subjects to spend the Sabbath afternoon in dancing and athletic amusements, the countenance ominously given to Papists in preference to the detested Puritans, and the shocking licentiousness which prevailed in the atmosphere of the court, the seventeenth century closed its first quarter on the grave of a monarch who had done as much to demoralise his subjects, as he had done to vitiate their taste and squander their national renown.

There can be little doubt that James ascended the English throne a zealous Calvinist, and for some years there is no symptom of any change in his sentiments. As late as the year 1611, he was so horrified with the doctrines contained in a publication of Conrad Vorstius, the successor of Arminius at Leyden, that he at once ordered the book to be publicly burned in London, Oxford, and Cambridge, and wrote to the States of Holland, expressing his conviction that if the recantation of "this wretched Vorstius" should move them "to spare his person, and not cause him to be burned (which never any heretic better deserved, and wherein we will leave him to your own Christian wisdom),"* they would never suffer "a thing so abominable as that he should be allowed to continue and

* King James was the last sovereign who lit the fires of Smithfield. In 1612 he signed the death-warrant of Legate, a Socinian, and Edward Wightman, who was accused of holding the doctrines of Simon Magus and the Anabaptists. The former the king summoned to an interview, hoping to convince him of his error; but hearing him avow that he had not for seven years prayed to the Saviour, in a fit of indignation, real or assumed, James spurned him with his royal foot, and he was carried off to Newgate, and eventually committed to the flames.

teach among them." But before 1618 his zeal had somewhat moderated. In that year he was invited by Prince Maurice to send deputies to the Synod of Dort, which was convened for the purpose of suppressing the very errors which James had denounced so fiercely in Vorstius. But the divines whom James selected, and the instructions which he gave them, shewed that his ardour was on the wane. By this time the Greek Fathers were beginning to supplant Calvin's "Institutes" in the English universities; many of the theologians with whom the king was in nearest contact substantially agreed with the Dutch "remonstrants;" and there could be no doubt that the hated Puritans were the most earnest opponents of Arminius. To a mind less shrewd than James's the inference was obvious. However mystic might be the relation between them, predestinarian doctrine, Sabbath-observance, and resistance to royal edicts, must be somehow connected. They must be so many several elements in that pestilential east wind which had blown John Knox from Geneva to Edinburgh, and infected all Scotland with that presbyterian catarrh, from which, until he came south, James himself had suffered so severely. Accordingly, as soon as, through the moderate dealing of his carefully-selected and well-balanced deputation, the king had comfortably escaped from the Dutch dilemma, he published an edict, forbidding preachers to handle the deep points of predestination, reprobation, and resistible or irresistible grace, as fitter for the schools than simple auditories. Divines, like Laud, who, repudiating the doctrine of justification by faith alone, began to speak of baptism as an actual salvation, and who held the real presence of Christ's natural body in the Eucharist,—such divines were patronised and preferred at court, and the views of the English reformers were denounced by the new name of "doctrinal puritanism."*

* See this subject lucidly expounded in Mr Marsden's "Early Puritans," chap. xii.

as soon as the first of the Stewarts was removed from the scene, it seemed only a natural sequence when, in the persons of both the primate and the prince, an Arminianism full-fledged into Pelagianism, and a Sacerdotalism all but Papal, displayed themselves in the highest places of the church and kingdom.

The personal character* and taste of King James had a material influence on the Christian literature of his reign. There was nothing in which he more loved to dabble than divinity; at the same time, Christian experience and Christian ethics were subjects on which it was not easy for a court preacher to descant, in the audience of a prince who was a drunkard, a swearer, and a liar, and who confounded spirituality with puritanism. The range of topics was, therefore, restricted to the commonplaces of theology, and to duties like

* Perhaps the best sketch of James's character is from the friendly pen of Sir Walter Scott:—

“He was deeply learned, without possessing useful knowledge; sagacious in many individual cases, without having real wisdom; fond of his power, and desirous to maintain and augment it, yet willing to resign the direction of that and of himself to the most unworthy favourites; a big and bold assessor of his rights in words, yet one who tamely saw them trampled on in deeds; a lover of negotiations, in which he was always outwitted, and a fearer of war, where conquest might have been easy. He was fond of his dignity, while he was perpetually degrading it by undue familiarity; capable of much public labour, yet often neglecting it for the meanest amusement; a wit, though a pedant, and a scholar, though fond of the conversation of the ignorant and uneducated. Even his timidity of temper was not uniform, and there were moments of his life, and those critical, in which he shewed the spirit of his ancestors. He was laborious in trifles, and a trifler where serious labour was required; devout in his sentiments, and yet too often profane in his language; just and beneficent by nature, he yet gave way to the iniquities and oppression of others. He was penurious respecting money which he had to give from his own hands, yet inconsiderately and unboundedly profuse of that which he did not see. In a word, those good qualities which displayed themselves in particular cases and occasions, were not of a nature sufficiently firm and comprehensive to regulate his general conduct; and, shewing themselves as they occasionally did, only entitled James to the character bestowed on him by Sully,—that he was the wisest fool in Christendom.”—“Fortunes of Nigel,” chap. v.

passive obedience, which could not offend the king. At the same time, in the treatment of these points, there was a style in which His Highness greatly delighted. Thanks to George Buchanan, he was a fair scholar—could talk Latin, and quote Greek; was fond of the fathers; and was no mean proficient in the logic of the syllogism. And the sermon which came up to his heart's content was one where the text was given out in Latin, and where the preacher led off in the following style:—

“Fili mi, &c.,

“My son, fear thou the Lord and the king, &c.

“The counsel hath in it a *Fac* and a *Fuge*. The *Fac* is ‘Fear God and the king.’ There is in it a single act, and a double object. The single act, ‘Fear:’ the double object, ‘God—the king.’ We begin with them, as in nature,—first, *Deum et Regem*.

Equally antithetic and no less correct is the deliverance of an able historian of the Church of England:—

“It was his unhappiness to have acquired more of theology than would have sufficed for a divine, with scarcely enough of religion for a Christian; to have studied so completely the theory of government as to believe himself qualified to manage the world, but to shew himself in practice unable to conduct the most trifling negotiation to an honourable issue; to be ever vaunting the prerogatives of the Crown, yet in no single instance of collision with his Commons to come off victorious. With good intentions, and views both just and liberal, it was his misfortune to lose the respect of foreign nations, as well as of his own subjects, by manifest inability to assert them, and to leave to his successor the inheritance of arbitrary notions, with no other means of supporting them than an exhausted treasury, an unprincipled adviser, a factious parliament, and a divided people.”—Baxter’s “Reformed Anglican Church,” p. 576.

Any reader who wishes to get a clear conspectus both of James and the England under him, cannot do better than consult Miss Lucy Aikin’s “Memoirs of the Court of King James the First.” They contain information enough for all ordinary purposes, and, whilst abounding in the strokes which make a picture vivid and a story amusing, they are free from that dry and documentary detail which fatigues the attention and burdens the memory. Of history made easy, we have no more delightful examples than the works of Miss Aikin.

“Where at the first we see (and it is a good sight to see) God and the king in conjunction. And no marvel if *Rex, quem,* and *Deus, per quem,* do join. But join they do, and join they may, and yet be in two several sentences, as in two several members of one sentence. *Et* would couple them well enough. Here so immediate, so hard to one another are they, as nothing in the world between them, but the *Vau,* the *Et,* the very soder (as I may say) that joins them thus together.

“Now, the nature of those that be joined by God is set down by our Saviour thus, *Quod Deus conjunxit: Quod* it is; not *quos* or *quæ*: no more plural, then; no, but *coalescunt in unum,* they grow together; together into one,—one singular *quod,*” &c.

The acknowledged master of this royal rhetoric was Lancelot Andrewes, successively bishop of Chichester, Ely, and Winchester; but, as a natural consequence of his great learning and abilities, and as a still more natural consequence of the sovereign's admiration, who heaped on him preferment, and who sate listening with a complacent smile, which seemed to say, “I myself could hardly do better,”—Andrewes had many imitators. And just as His Sacred Majesty's passion for certain homely dishes influenced the *cuisine* of the nobility, so his delectation in this hodge-podge of Latin and logic told still more enduringly on the pulpit preparations of the clergy. A cold and heartless trifling with texts, which had commenced in the previous reign, went on increasing, till even the earnest Puritans felt its fettering influence, and it was only master spirits like Chillingworth and Jackson who could shake off its trammels. A sermon of the approved pattern was a collection of quips, and conceits, and Latin puns; and the most solemn and affecting sayings of Scripture were only used as pegs on which to hang trite quotations and scraps of threadbare pedantry.

The reign of CHARLES I. reaped the harvest which his father

had sowed. The dragon-teeth grew up, and if any doubt could have lingered as to the tendencies of the principles adopted and fostered by the sire, that doubt was dispelled by the proceedings of his more serious, but not more ingenuous son. The chief difference was in the growing solemnity which preceded that trial of strength to which events were inevitably tending. Strong in the support of the monarch, and animated by the zeal of a new and rising party, Laud and Montague, Mainwaring and Sibthorpe were, with even-handed energy, proclaiming sacramental efficacy and the absolute power of the sovereign ; and, through the terrible Star-chamber, in that sovereign's name were coercing their fellow-subjects into the most rigid conformity : whilst their beggared, imprisoned, and mutilated victims were silently rousing the sympathies of the nation, and opening men's eyes to the undisguised despotism and ill-disguised Popery of Lambeth and Whitehall. The thickening sorrows of that dismal and anxious time could hardly be friendly to literature, whether sacred or profane ; but they may not have been adverse to personal piety. It is not easy to trifle in the midst of scaffolds and pillories—amidst the march of hostile squadrons, and the flames of ancestral mansions. Even fines and evictions, forfeited estates and sequestered livings, are a severe test of religious sincerity ; and whatever fanaticism may have existed at the moment, and whatever hypocrisy may have followed, it must be allowed that the times of Charles the First were earnest.

The greatest boon conferred on the sacred literature of the country during this period, was the preparation of the **AUTHORISED VERSION OF THE HOLY SCRIPTURES**. It originated in a suggestion of Dr Reynolds, at the Hampton Court Conference. He complained that there were many inaccuracies in the existing versions, and proposed that there should be an authoritative revision. Notwithstanding a demurrer from Bishop

Bancroft, the proposal was caught up by the king. He was much displeased with some anti-monarchical notes which he had detected in the Genevan version ; and the only substantial result of that famous Conference—but it goes far to compensate for the want of more—was the appointment of the new translators. Of these, forty-seven entered on the actual work, dividing themselves into six companies, to each of which a several portion was allotted. Infinite pains were taken, not only by the members of each company, in perfecting their own quota, but by all the companies in revising the labours of their brethren ; and when, in 1611, and after seven years of affectionate industry, King James's Bible appeared, it was probably the ripest result of sanctified learning ever given to the world.

There was a remarkable providence in the timing of this translation. Had it been delayed a few years longer, it must have emanated from a sect, and must have borne the impress of religious controversy. But at the outset of the seventeenth century there was no open schism in English Protestantism. Reynolds and Chaderton, the Puritans, sate in the same committees with Abbot, Andrewes, Overall, and Sanderson, men who wore, or were destined to wear, the mitre ; and such were the acknowledged ability and conscientiousness of the divines and scholars to whom the sacred task was entrusted, that their work scarcely drew forth a single cavil at the time, and, before half a century elapsed, it had superseded every rival. The PILGRIM FATHERS took it in the *May-Flower* to New England in 1620 ; and, instead of remaining a mere British Bible, it is now the Bible of the fifty millions of the English-speaking world, the standard of our language, and the storehouse of those glorious truths and spirit-stirring watchwords which bind the scattered members of the Anglo-Saxon family to one another.

THEOLOGIANS.

As already stated, Bishop Andrewes* was King James's favourite preacher. He was a man of great learning, being master of fifteen languages ; and had it not been for the perverse style of which we have above given a brief specimen, he possessed piety and ability sufficient to entitle him to enduring popularity. The following is an extract from a sermon with which his royal auditor was so delighted that, for a time, he carried it constantly with him, and slept with it under his pillow. The text is—

The Fulness of Time.

“ Quando venit plenitudo temporis.”

“ 1. First, there is a fulness *in* time. The term ‘fulness’ carrieth our conceit to measure, straight from whence it is borrowed ; which is then said to be *full* when it hath as much as it can hold. Now, God ‘hath made all things in measure ;’ and if ‘all things,’ then time. Yea, time itself is by the apostle called ‘mensura temporis,’ the measure of time. As then all other measures have their’s, so the measure of time also hath his fulness, when it receiveth so much as the capacity will contain no more. So, time is a measure ; it hath a capacity ; that hath a fulness ; there is such a thing as ‘the fulness of time.’

“ 2. But nothing is full at first ; no more is time. By and by ‘venit plenitudo.’ It cometh not at once, or straightways, but by steps and paces, nearer and nearer ; fills first a quarter, and then half, till at last it comes to the brim. And degrees there be by which it cometh, ‘ecce palmares posuisti

* Born in London 1565 ; died in Southwark 1626.

dies meos' (Ps. xxxix. 6), from which word, 'palmares,' it is an observation of one of the fathers,* a man may read his time in his own hand. Visibly there is an ascent; the fingers rise still, till they come to the top of the middle finger; and when they be come thither, down again by like descent, till they come to the little, which is the lowest of all. So is it in our time. It riseth still by degrees, till we come to the full pitch of our age, and then declineth again till we grow to the lower end of our days. But howsoever it may be (as it oft falls out), the descent is sudden; we go down headlong, without degrees, go away in a moment: yet even this holdeth,—to our fulness we come not but by degrees.

"3. Now, thirdly, this coming hath a 'quando venit,' a time when it cometh thither. As a time there is when we may say, 'Nondum venit hora,' 'The time is not yet come,' (while the measure is yet but in filling); so at the last, a time too that we may say, 'Venit hora,' 'The time is now come' (when the measure is full); that is, a time there is when time cometh to the full. As in the day, when the sun cometh to the meridian line; in the month, when it cometh to the point of opposition with the moon; in the year, when to the solstice; in man, when he cometh to his full years; for that is the fulness of time the apostle allegeth in three verses before.

"And when is that 'when' that time thus cometh to his fulness? 'Quando misit Deus,' 'when God sends it;' for time receives his filling from God. Of itself, time is but an empty measure, hath nothing in it. Many days and months run over our heads, 'dies inanes' (saith the psalmist), 'menses vacui' (saith Job), empty days, void months, without anything to fill them.

"4. That which filleth time is some memorable thing of God's pouring into it, or (as it is in the text) of his sending to fill

* Alcuin.

it withal. 'Misit Deus' is it, and so cometh time to be more or less full thereafter, as that is which God sends to fill it.

"Now many memorable missions did God make before this here, whereby, in some measure, He filled up certain times of the year, under Moses and the prophets; all which may well be termed 'the implements of time.'

"But, for all them, the measure was not yet full; filled perhaps to a certain degree, but not full to the brim. Full it was not (seeing it might be still fuller), till God sent *That* than which a more fuller could not be sent.

"And that He sent when He sent His Son, a fuller than whom He could not send, nor time could not receive. Therefore, with the sending Him, when that was, time was at the top. That was the 'quando venit:' then it was 'plenitudo temporis' indeed.

"(1.) And well might that time be called 'the fulness of time.' For, when He was sent into the world in whom the fulness of the Godhead dwelt bodily; in whom the Spirit was not by measure; in whom was the fulness of grace and truth; of whose fulness we all received; when He was sent that was thus full, then was time at the full.

"(2.) And well also might it be called the fulness of time in another regard. For, till then, all was but in promise, in shadows, and figures, and prophecies only, which fill not, God knows. But when the performance of those promises, the body of those shadows, the substance of those figures, the fulfilling or filling full of all those prophecies came, then came the fulness of time, truly so called. Till then, it came not: then, it came.

"(3.) And well might it be called the fulness of time in a third respect. For then the heir (that is, the world) was come to his full age; and so, that the fittest time for him to be sent. For to that compareth the apostle their estate then; the former times under Moses and the prophets were as the non-

age of the world, ‘sub pædagogo,’ ἵπο στοιχεια, at their A B C (as in the last words before these): their estate then, as of children in their minority, little differing from servants; for all this while ‘nondum venit,’ the fulness of time was not yet come. But a time there was, as for man, so for mankind, to come to his full years. That time came with Christ’s coming, and Christ’s coming with it.”*

Bishop Andrewes was not only an admired preacher, but he was a man of prayer. He is said to have spent five hours of every day in devotional exercises; and towards the close of life his every thought seemed to be directed heavenward, in meditations, intercessions, or thanksgivings. For his own guidance he had written out in Greek a Manual of Private Devotions, which was found nearly worn away by constant use; and having been published, it has been repeatedly translated—first by Dean Stanhope, and lately by the Rev. Peter Hall. The reader will recognise even here some of the good prelate’s punctilious method and quaint precision.

A Prayer.

Deuteronomy vii. 1.

“ Preserve me, O God,
 From the pride of the Amorite,
 the envy of the Hittite,
 the wrath of the Perizzite,
 the gluttony of the Girschite,
 the wantonness of the Hivite,
 the covetousness of the Canaanite,
 And the lukewarmness of the Jebusite.
 And grant me, in their stead,

* “ Preached before the King’s Maiestie, at Whitehall, on Moonday the xxv of December, A.D. MDCIX., being Christ-masse day.” In those days the spelling of words often agreed better than now with their etymology.

Humility and charity,
 Patience and temperance,
 Chastity and contentedness,
 With spiritual zeal."

An Act of Faith.

"I believe and acknowledge
 In the FATHER, His paternal affection ;
 In the Almighty, His saving power ;
 In the Creator, His providence,
 Whereby the world
 Is preserved, governed, and perfected :

In JESUS, His salvation ;
 In CHRIST, His holy unction ;
 In the only Son, adoption ;
 In the Lord, a master's care ;
 In His conception and nativity,
 The purification of our impure conception and nativity—
 (Ps. li. 5).

In His sufferings, those evils turned away,
 Which we most righteously have deserved ;
 In His cross, the curse of the law (Gal. iii. 10),
 In His death, the sting of death (1 Cor. xv. 56), } abolished ;
 In His burial, our final corruption in the grave, }
 In His descent, that we are saved from going whither we
 merit to go ;
 In His resurrection, the first-fruits offered of them that sleep—
 (1 Cor. xv. 20) ;
 In His ascension, that He goeth to prepare a place for us—
 (John xiv. 2) ;
 In His seat at the right hand, His willingness to make interces-
 sion for us ;

In His second coming, His reception of His own to Himself—
(John xiv. 3) ;

In His judgment, the reward of every man according to his
works—(Matt. xvi. 27) :

In the HOLY GHOST, His power from on high (Luke xxiv. 49),
Secretly and invisibly,
Yet effectually and undeniably,
Converting unto holiness :

In the Church, the mystical body of those who are called from
all the quarters of the world unto a brotherhood in faith and
godliness :

In the Communion of Saints, the mutual participation in sanc-
tification vouchsafed to every member of that mystical body,
unto an assurance of the remission of sins, and unto a hope
of resurrection from the dead, and of exaltation unto life
eternal.”

An Act of Praise.

“ O Lord, my Lord, I bless Thee
For my being,
My life,
My endowment with reason ;
For my nourishment,
My preservation,
My guidance ;
For my education,
My civil government,
My religion ;
For the gifts of grace,
Of nature,
Of the world ;
For my redemption,

My regeneration,
 My instruction in the truth ;
 For the voice of Thy calling,
 Repeated often,
 Again and again ;
 For Thy patience,
 Thy long-suffering,
 Thy very long forbearance,
 Many a time and oft,
 And many a year, till now ;
 For all the benefits I have received,
 For all my undertakings which have prospered ;
 For all the little good I may have done ;
 For the enjoyment of present good,
 For Thy promise and my hope
 Of enjoying good to come :
 For my kind and honest parents,
 My gentle teachers,
 My benefactors, never to be forgotten ;
 My brethren, of one mind with me,
 My congregation, who listen to me ;
 My relations, who are my friends,
 My faithful domestics.

For all, who

By their	{	Writings Sermons Discourses Prayers Examples Reproofs Persecutions	}	have done me good.
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For all these, and for all others,
 Known or unknown,
 Open or concealed,

Remembered or forgotten,
 Asked or unasked,
 I praise Thee and will praise,
 I bless Thee and will bless,
 I thank Thee, and will give Thee thanks.

Who am I, O Lord God, and what is my father's house (2 Sam. vii. 18), that Thou shouldest look upon such a dead dog as I am?—(2 Sam. ix. 8).

What reward shall I give unto the Lord, for all the benefits that He hath done unto me?—(Psalm cxvi. 12).

What thanks can I render unto God for all things, wherein He hath spared me until now?"

An Act of Intercession.

“Let us pray

For the successful warfare and increase of every Christian
 army, against the enemies of our most holy faith.

For our holy Fathers, and all brethren in Christ.

For those who hate, and those who love us.

For those who pity us, and minister unto our wants.

For those whom we have promised to remember in our
 prayers.

For the liberation of all who are in bonds.

For our absent fathers and families.

For those who traverse the wide ocean.

For those who are bending under infirmity.

Let us commemorate

Religious kings, and prelates in the Church ;

The founders of this holy building ;

Our parents, and all our forefathers and brethren, who are
 gone before us.

Let Thy mighty hand, O Lord, be ever with me for protection ;
 Thy mercy in Christ for my salvation ;
 Thy unerring Word for my instruction ;
 The grace of Thy quickening Spirit for my comfort, even unto the end, and in the end.

Soul	}	of Christ,	{	sanctify	}	me.
Body				strengthen		
Blood				redeem		
Water				wash		
Stripes				heal		
Sweat				refresh		
Wounds				hide		

The peace of God, which passeth all understanding, keep your hearts and minds in the knowledge and love of God.—(Phil. iv. 7).”

As if to take off the edge of envy and preserve the world's good humour, it has been observed that wise men usually compound for their excess of understanding by committing, at least once in their lives, some great folly. The acute and wary Eldon threw himself off the path to ecclesiastical preferment by a runaway marriage; and one of the most gifted minds in the reign of King James destroyed his prospects of diplomatic distinction by clandestinely wedding the niece of his patron, Lord Ellesmere. But, just as his heroic exertions on behalf of his beautiful bride were blessed by Providence, and ended in John Scott's promotion to the woolsack and an earldom; so JOHN DONNE'S* devotion to the lady whom he had so precipitately espoused proved another of the rare exceptions to what usually turns out an unbroken tale of sordid embarrassment and matri-

* Born in London 1573; died there 1631.

monial misery,* and, after a long ordeal of privation, the unsuccessful courtier found a new life in Christianity, and a new calling in the gospel ministry. The fame of his great talents preceded him to the pulpit, and within a year of his entrance into holy orders, he had the offer of no less than fourteen livings; but they were all in the country: and not only had he the warm attachment to London of one born and bred in it, but he felt the spell which even then the heart of the world was beginning to exercise over men abounding in life and affection and devoted to literary pursuits, and he was reluctant to leave it. Nor did he. His late brethren, the benchers of Lincoln's Inn, gave him their lectureship, and King James, who prided himself on having directed Dr Donne's studies to divinity, appointed him one of his chaplains, and eventually gave him the deanery of St Paul's.

That great reader and inveterate generaliser, Coleridge, makes a distinction amongst English theologians which we deem essentially true:—"There have been many, and those illustrious, divines in our Church, from Elizabeth to the present day, who, overvaluing the accident of antiquity, and arbitrarily determining the appropriation of the words 'ancient,' 'primitive,'

* Of all quaint images, one of the most pleasing is contained in Donne's valediction to his wife, on the eve of his journey to France:—

“ If we be two, we are two so
 As stiff twin-compasses are two:
 Thy soul, the fix'd foot, makes no show
 To move, but does if the other do.

“ And though thine in the centre sit,
 Yet when my other far does roam,
 Thine leans and hearkens after it,
 And grows erect as mine comes home.

“ Such wilt thou be to me, who must
 Like th' other foot, obliquely run,
 Thy firmness makes my circle just,
 And me to end where I begun.”

and the like, to a certain date, as, for example, all before the fourth, fifth, or sixth century, were resolute protesters against the corruptions and tyranny of the Romish hierarch, and yet lagged behind Luther and the Reformers of the first generation. Hence I have long seen the necessity or expedience of a three-fold division of divines. There are many, whom God forbid that I should call Papistic, or, like Laud, Montague, Heylyn, and others, longing for a pope at Lambeth, whom yet I dare not name apostolic. Therefore I divide our theologians into—1. Apostolic or Pauline; 2. Patristic; 3. Papal. Even in Donne, and still more in Bishop Andrewes and Hackett, there is a strong Patristic leaven.”* In both the spirit and style of the first of the following extracts, Donne is just an English Bernard or Jerome:—

Hast thou found Honey? †

“Both St Basil and St Chrysostom put this difference between the labour of the ant and the bee, that the ants work but for themselves, the bee for others. Though the ants have a commonwealth of their own, yet those fathers call their labour but private labour, because no other commonwealth have benefit by their labour, but their own. Direct thy labours in thy calling to the good of the public, and then thou art a civil, a moral ant; but consider also that all that are of the household of the faithful, and profess the same truth of religion, are part of this public, and direct thy labours for the glory of Christ Jesus amongst them too, and then thou art a religious and a Christian bee, and the fruit of thy labour shall be honey. The labour of the ant is ‘sub Dio,’ open, evident, manifest; the labour of the bee is ‘sub tecto,’ in a house, in a hive: they will do good, and yet they will not be seen to do it; they affect not glory, nay, they avoid it. For in experience, when

* Coleridge's Literary Remains, vol. iii. p. 92.

† Prov. xxv. 16.

some men, curious of natural knowledge, have made their hives of glass, that by that transparency they might see the bees' manner of working, the bees have made it their first work to line that glass hive with a crust of wax, that they might work and not be discerned. It is a blessed sincerity to work as the ant, professedly, openly; but because there may be cases when to do so would destroy the whole work, though there be a cloud and a curtain between thee and the eyes of men, yet if thou do them clearly in the sight of God, that He see His glory advanced by thee, the fruit of thy labour shall be honey.

“Pliny names Aristomachus Solensis, that spent threescore years in the contemplation of bees; our whole time for this exercise is but threescore minutes, and therefore we say no more of this but, *vade ad apem*, practise the sedulity of the bee, labour in thy calling; and the community of the bee, believe that thou art called to assist others; and the secrecy of the bee, that the greatest and most authorised spy see it not, to supplant it; and the purity of the bee, that never setteth upon any foul thing, that thou never take a foul way to a fair end: and the fruit of thy labour shall be honey; God shall give thee the sweetness of this world, honour, and ease, and plenty, and He shall give thee honey-comb with thy honey, that which preserves thy honey to thee, that is, a religious knowledge that all this is but honey.”

Blessedness.

“The furthest that any of the philosophers went in the discovery of blessedness, was but to come to that, to pronounce that no man could be called blessed before his death; not that they had found what kind of better blessedness they went to after their death, but that still, till death, they were sure every man was subject to new miseries, and interruptions of any-

thing which they could call blessedness. The Christian philosophy goes farther ; it shews us a perfecter blessedness than they conceived for the next life, and it imparts that blessedness to this life also : the pure in heart are blessed already, not only comparatively, that they are in a better way of blessedness than others are, but actually in a present possession of it ; for this world and the next world are not to the pure in heart two houses, but two rooms,—a gallery to pass through, and a lodging to rest in,—in the same house, which are both under one roof, Christ Jesus. So the joy, and the sense of salvation, which the pure in heart have here, is not a joy severed from the joy of heaven, but a joy that begins in us here, and continues and accompanies us thither, and there flows on, and dilates itself to an infinite expansion.”

The Pure Heart.

“A house is not clean, though all the dust be swept together, if it lie still in a corner within doors ; a conscience is not clean, by having recollected all her sins in the memory, for they may fester there, and gangrene even to desperation, till she have emptied them in the bottomless sea of the blood of Christ Jesus, and the mercy of His Father, by this way of confession. But a house is not clean neither, though the dust be thrown out, if there hang cobwebs about the walls, in how dark corners soever. A conscience is not clean, though the sins brought to our memory by this examination be cast upon God’s mercy, and the merits of His Son, by confession, if there remain in me but a cobweb,—a little, but a sinful delight in the memory of those sins which I had formerly committed. How many men sin over the sins of their youth again, in their age, by a sinful delight in remembering those sins, and a sinful desire that their bodies were not past them ! How many men sin over some sins but imaginarily (and yet damnably), a hundred times, which they never sinned actually at all, by

filling their imaginations with such thoughts as these—How would I be revenged of such an enemy, if I were in such a place of authority! How easily could I overthrow such a wasteful young man, and compass his land, if I had but money to feed his humours! Those sins which we have never been able to do actually to the harm of others, we do as hurtfully to our own souls, by a sinful desire of them and a sinful delight in them.”

“When that snow shall be dissolved, there will be a great flood,” was the affectionate remark of a parishioner as he gazed on the white locks of the venerable minister of Broughton. The prophecy was soon fulfilled, and never was there greater lamentation in Northamptonshire than when devout men carried ROBERT BOLTON* to his burial. He died in the same year with Dr Donne, and, like him, had reached middle life an irreligious man: but after his conversion and entrance on the ministry, he became what Coleridge would have called a divine of the Pauline or Apostolic school, and what his contemporaries called a Puritan. His commanding presence, his masculine style, and his profound earnestness, made him an impressive preacher whilst he lived; and on account of their weighty and scriptural contents, pervaded by a rich personal experience, and brightened, but not bedizened, by a lively fancy, his works are still highly prized by the lovers of the olden divinity.† His exit from mortality was a perfect euthanasia. “By the wonderful mercies of God, I am as full of comfort as my heart can hold, and feel nothing in my soul but Christ, with whom I heartily desire to be.” And when a dear

* Born at Blackburn, Lancashire, 1572; died 1631.

† The best known are his “State of True Happiness,” “Directions for Walking with God,” “Instructions for the Right Comforting of Afflicted Consciences,” and the posthumous volume, “The Four Last Things.” Our extract is from the second of the above.

friend took him by the hand, and asked whether he felt much pain, he replied, "Truly, no : the greatest pain I feel is your cold hand,"—it was the middle of December,—and presently expired.

Pardon for the Worst of Sins.

" 'Of the pardonableness of my other sins,' saith another, 'I could be reasonably well persuaded ; but, alas ! there is one above all the rest which I find to be so full of rank and hellish poison—of such a deep and damnable die—to have struck so desperately in the days of my lewdness at the very face of God Himself, and far deeper into the heart of Jesus Christ than the spear that pierced Him bleeding upon the cross, and which at this present stares in the eye of my newly awaked and wounded conscience with such horror and grisliness, that I fear me divine justice will think it fitter to have this most loathsome inexpressible stain rather at length fired out of my soul with everlasting flames (if it were possible that eternal fire could expiate the sinful stains of any impenitent damned soul), than to be fairly washed away in the meantime with His blood, whom I so cruelly and cursedly pierced with it. Oh ! this is it that lies now upon my heart like a mountain of lead, and enchains it with inexplicable terror to the dust and place of dragons. This alone stings desperately—keeps me from Christ, and cuts me off from all hope of heaven. I am afraid my wilful wallowing in it heretofore hath so reprobated my mind, seared my conscience, and hardened my heart, that I shall never be able to repent with any hope of pardon.'

" And why so ? Is this sin of thine greater than Manasseh's familiarity with wicked spirits ? than Paul's drinking up the blood of saints ? than any of theirs in that black bill, 1 Cor. vi. 10, 11, who, notwithstanding, were afterward upon repentance washed, sanctified, and justified in the name of the Lord Jesus, and by the Spirit of our God ? than that horrible

sin of killing Christ Jesus, and yet the murderers of that Just and Holy One, upon their true compunction of heart, were saved by that precious blood which they had cruelly spilled as water upon the ground? But be it what it will,—a scarlet sin, a crimson sin, a crying sin; and add unto it Satan's malicious aggravations, and all that horror which the dejectedness of thy present afflicted spirit and darkness of thy melancholy imagination can put upon it; yet Paul's precious antidote (Rom. v. 20) holds triumphantly sovereign as well against the heinousness of any one sin as the confluence of many. 'Where sin abounded, grace overabounded.' It is, indeed, a very heavy case, and to be deplored even with tears of blood, that thou shouldst ever have so highly dishonoured thy gracious God with such a horrible sin in the days of thy vanity, and thou oughtest rather to choose to be torn in pieces by wild horses than commit it again; yet if thy heart, now truly wounded with horror and hate of it, will but cleave to the truth and tender-heartedness of Jesus Christ in His promises, and fall into His blessed and bleeding arms, stretched out most lovingly to ease and refresh thee, as the heinousness of it has abounded heretofore, His grace will now abound to the same proportion, and much more. Nay, I will shew thee a pearl. In this case, by accident, God's mercies shall be extraordinarily honoured in pardoning such a prodigious provocation; because they are thereby, as it were, put to it, and their dearness, sweetness, and infiniteness proved to the greatest height and excellency, and the blood of Christ made, as it were, more orient and illustrious, and the honour and preciousness of it advanced, by washing away such a heinous, hellish spot. If we bring broken, believing hearts towards His mercy-seat, it is the Lord's name to forgive all sorts of offences, iniquity, transgression, and sin. It is His covenant to sprinkle clean water upon us that we may be clean, and to cleanse us 'from all our filthiness, and all our idols,'—even from idolatry, the highest villany against the majesty

of Heaven; so that even a Papist, upon repentance, may be saved. It is His promise not only to pardon ordinary sins, but those also which be as scarlet, and red like crimson. It is His free compassion to cast all our sins into the depth of the sea (Micah vii. 19). Now, the sea, by reason of his vastness, can drown as well mountains as mole-hills: the boundless ocean of God's mercies can swallow up our mightiest sins much more. It is His merciful power to blot out our sins as a cloud. Now the strength of the summer's sun is able to scatter the thickest fog, as well as the thinnest mist—nay, to drive away the darkest midnight: the irresistible heat of God's free love, shining through the Sun of Righteousness upon a penitent soul, to dissolve to nothing the desperate work of darkness, and most horrible sin, far more easily. But this mystery of mercy and miracle of God's free love is a jewel only for truly humbled souls. Let no stranger to the life of godliness meddle with it. Let no swine trample it under his feet.*

Of the same school with Bolton was RICHARD SIBBS,* who, notwithstanding his notorious Puritanism, continued master of Catherine Hall, Cambridge, till the day of his death. His "Bruised Reed" was a chief means of Richard Baxter's conversion, and has been many times reprinted. His numerous writings are characterised by solidity of judgment, gentleness of spirit, and a wide range of Christian experience. Our specimen is taken from his

Meditations.

"God bears not in vain the name of a Father: He fills it up to the full. It is a name of indulgence, of hope, of provision,—a name of protection. It argues the mitigation of punishment: a little is enough for a father. In all temptations, oh let us, by prayer, fly to the arms of our heavenly Father, and

* Born at Sudbury, in Suffolk, 1577, died 1625.

expect from Him all that a father should do for his child, as provision, protection, indulgence, yea, and seasonable corrections (which are as necessary for us as our daily bread), and when we die we may expect our inheritance, because in Christ He is our Father. But yet we must remember the name of a father is a word of relation; duty is expected from us; we must reverence Him as a father, with fear and love: He is a great God, we ought to fear Him; He is merciful, yea, hath bowels of mercy, we ought to love Him; if we tremble before Him, we forget that He is loving, and if overbold, we also forget that He is a great and holy God; therefore we should always go to the throne of grace with reverence, holy love, and filial confidence in the name of Jesus.

“God’s children never hate corruption more than when they have been overcome: the best men living have corruptions which they see not till they break out by temptations. When these corruptions are discovered, it stirs up our hatred, and hatred stirs up endeavour, and endeavour revenge; so that God’s children should not even be discouraged by their falls; but, looking to Jesus, run the race set before them.

“A Christian, in his minority, is not fit to possess all that he hath a title to, but yet so much is allotted to him as will conduct him through life, and to heaven. If therefore in want, he hath contentment, and in suffering he hath patience, &c. All things are his, as well what he wants, as what he enjoys, for he is Christ’s.

“He must needs be rich, whose poverty and crosses are made riches to him. God never takes away or withholds outward blessings from His children, but He makes it up in better, in inward. They gain by all their losses, and grow rich by all their wants: for how many are there in the world that had not been so rich in grace, if they had had abundance of earthly things! So that, though they be poor in the world, they are rich in God, rich in grace, ‘rich in faith,’ as St James saith:

the greatest grievances and ills in the world turn to a Christian's profit, as sickness, shame, and death. The Spirit of God is like the stone that men talk so of, that turns all into gold : it teacheth us to make a spiritual use, and to extract comfort out of every thing, the worst things we can suffer in the world. 'All things are ours.' The Spirit of God helps us to make good use even of Satan's temptations, to cleave faster to the Fountain of good.

"Christ chiefly manifests Himself in times of affliction, because then the soul unites itself most closely by faith to Christ. The soul, in time of prosperity, scatters its affections and loseth itself in the creature ; but there is a uniting power in sanctified afflictions, by which a believer (as in rain a hen collects her brood) gathers his best affections unto his Father and his God.

"There are four things observable in the nature of love : first, an estimation of the party beloved ; secondly, a desire to be joined to him ; thirdly, a settled contentment ; fourthly, a desire to please the party in all things. So there is first in every Christian a high estimation of God in Christ ; he makes choice of Him above all things, and speaks largely in His commendation : secondly, he desires to be united to Him ; and where this desire is, there is an intercourse, he will open his mind to Him by prayer, and go to Him in all his consultations for counsel : thirdly, he places contentment in Him alone, because in the worst condition he finds peace and comfort when the light of His countenance shines upon him : fourthly, he seeks to please Him ; he labours so to act, that God may in Christ delight in him ; love stirs up his soul to remove all things distasteful to Him. He asks, as David did, 'Is there yet any that is left of the house of Saul, that I may shew him kindness for Jonathan's sake?' How can I honour my God?

"A woman, when she marries a husband, gives up her will to him : so doth every Christian when he is married to Christ :

he gives up his will, and all that he hath, and saith, Lord, I have nothing, but if Thou callest for it, Thou shalt have it again.

“Our happiness consists in due subordination and conformity to Christ ; therefore let us labour to carry ourselves as He did to His Father, to His friends, to His enemies. In the days of His flesh, He prayed whole nights to His Father. How holy and heavenly minded ! He took occasion from vines, and stones, and sheep, for heavenly discourse ; and when He rose from the dead, He spake only of things concerning the kingdom of God. As for His behaviour towards His friends, ‘He would not quench the smoking flax, nor break the bruised reed :’ He did not reproach Peter with his denial ; but was of a winning disposition to all : and as for His conduct to His enemies, He did not call for fire from heaven to destroy them, but dropped many tears for those that shed His blood, ‘O Jerusalem,’ &c. ; and upon the cross, ‘Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do :’ so that to be like minded to Christ, consider how He carried Himself to His Father, to His friends, to His enemies, yea, to the devil himself. Even when he comes to us in wife, children, friends, &c., we must, as Christ did, say to Satan, Get thee hence ; and when we deal with those that have the spirit of the devil in them, we must not render reproach for reproach, but answer them, ‘It is written.’

“True zeal for God’s glory is joined with true love to men ; therefore, all that are violent, injurious, and insolent, need never talk of glorifying God, so long as they despise the meanest of men.

“A child of God is the greatest freeman, and the best servant, even as Christ Himself was the best Servant, yet none so free ; and the greater portion any man hath of Christ’s spirit, the freer disposition he hath, for Christ’s sake, to serve every one in love.

“Sight is the noblest sense. It is quick—we can look from

earth to heaven in a moment ; it is large—we can see the hemisphere of the heavens at one view ; it is sure and certain—in hearing we may be deceived ; and lastly, it is the most affecting sense. Even so, faith is the quickest, the largest, the most certain, the most affecting grace : like an eagle in the clouds, at one view it sees Christ in heaven, and looks down upon the world ; it looks backwards and forwards, it sees things past, present, and to come ; therefore this grace is said, 2 Cor. iv. 18, to behold things unseen and eternal.

“ Where the Spirit dwells largely in any man, there is boldness in God’s cause, a contempt of the world : ‘ He can do all things through Christ that strengthens him ;’ his mind is content and settled ; he can bear with the infirmities of others, and not be offended (for the weak in grace are soonest offended), and is ready to say, ‘ Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly.’ But if corruption bears sway, then he says, ‘ O stay a little that I may recover strength ;’ that is, Stay a while that I may repent : the soul in such a frame not being fit to appear before God, but only when the Spirit imparts grace and divine consolations.

“ The Spirit of God may be known to be in weak Christians, as the soul is known to be in the body by the pulse. Even so the Spirit is discovered by groaning under sin, sighing, complaining, that it is so with them, and no better : so that they are out of love with themselves : this is a happy sign that the Spirit dwells in such souls.

“ Our life here is not for this world only, but for another ; we have large capacities, memories, affections, and expectations. God doth not give us such powers for this world only, but for heaven.

“ A sincere heart that is burdened with sin desires not heaven, so much to leave pain, as because that is the place where he shall be free from sin, and have the image of God and Christ perfected in his soul : therefore a sincere spirit

comes under the word, not so much because an eloquent man preaches, as to hear Divine truths ; for the power of the Spirit goes with them to carry on His own work. You cannot satisfy the desires of a Christian but with Divine truths. ‘The desire of our soul is to thy name, and to the remembrance of thee.’

“It is a comfort in the hour of death, that we yield up our souls to Christ, who has gone before to provide a place for us : this was one end of His being taken up to heaven, to provide a place for us. Therefore, when we die, we have not a place to seek, our house is provided beforehand ; Christ was taken up to glory, to provide glory for us. Even as paradise was provided for Adam before he was made, so we have a heavenly paradise provided for us ; we had a place in heaven before we were born. What a comfort is this at the hour of death, and at the death of our friends, that they are gone to Christ and to glory ! We were shut out of the first paradise by the first Adam ; our comfort is, that now the heavenly paradise in Christ is open. ‘This day shalt thou be with me in paradise,’ saith Christ to the penitent thief. There was an angel to keep paradise when Adam was shut out ; but there is none to keep us out of heaven ; nay, the angels are ready to convey our souls to heaven, as they did Lazarus ; and as they accompanied Christ in His ascension to heaven, so they do the souls of His children.”

Towards the close of the reign of Queen Elizabeth, a sedate and bookish lad was sent up from the county of Durham to Queen’s College, Oxford. His wealthy relatives wished him to join themselves in business at Newcastle ; but, not to speak of higher things, the love of the Muses had effectually supplanted the love of money. Soon after his arrival at Oxford, a scholarship in Corpus Christi fell vacant. Young JACKSON * heard of

* Born 1579 ; died 1640.

it one day, and the election was to take place on the morrow. Nothing daunted by the shortness of the interval, he went in for the prize, and, by the readiness and depth of his answers, carried it off amidst the applause of the spectators. But the hopes excited by an outset so brilliant were well-nigh extinguished. Going out to bathe, he went beyond his depth, and lay "a long and almost incredible space of time" under water. One of his companions hastened for a boat; but when it came, there was no expectation of his being taken out alive. A few air-bubbles rose to the surface, indicating the spot where the unfortunate youth had expired. Guided by this sign, the boatman thrust down his hook, which, by the guidance of Providence, struck under his arm, and brought him at once to the surface. He was wrapped in the gowns of his fellow-students, and the water was allowed to drain away from his distended chest, when, to every one's surprise, he shewed signs of returning animation. The result of unremitting exertions was his complete recovery, "to the joy and wonder of the whole society." A life thus restored, the young man felt was no longer his own; and, in the solemn thankfulness of such a deliverance, he was led to consecrate it to the service of his God and Saviour.

Many years he spent right pleasantly at Corpus, reading divinity lectures, presiding over college disputations, and amassing fresh stores of that erudition, classical, historical, and metaphysical, which he sought to render auxiliary to the noblest of all the sciences. And here, too, he composed that copious and eloquent commentary on the Apostles' Creed, which is one of the most magnificent creations of English theological genius.

From about the year 1625 he held the vicarage of Newcastle. Here his bland and generous spirit did as much to secure his ascendancy as his great abilities; and there was no limit to his popularity amongst the poor, to whom he constantly distributed "with a free heart, a bountiful hand, a comfortable

speech, and a cheerful eye." As he issued from his study, like a Roman advocate escorted to the forum by his clients, he was beset by a crowd of beggars, who moved with him wherever he went along the streets, and who only dispersed when they had received the Doctor's last penny. One day his friend "the town's physician" was sitting beside him, and happening to fetch a deep sigh, Dr Jackson asked what was the matter. It turned out that his neighbour had made a purchase, and required a large sum in order to make an immediate payment. "If that be all," said the vicar, "be of good cheer; for I shall furnish you." So calling for his servant, he told him, "Mr Henderson is in want of money: how much is in the house?" and as the honest guardian of the purse was unwilling to reveal his master's poverty, the Doctor repeated his demand. "Forty shillings," was the answer. "Well, fetch it," exclaimed the minister, to the great amusement of Mr Henderson, whose sighs were suddenly exchanged for a hearty fit of laughter. Somewhat mortified, the good man asked the meaning of this mirth. Quoth the physician, "I have need of four or five hundred pound." "Four or five hundred pound!" exclaimed the Doctor; "I think forty shillings a large sum, and you shall have it, and more, too, if I possessed it."

From Newcastle he was recalled to the presidency of Corpus Christi College in 1630, and in 1638, two years before his death, he was elevated to the deanery of Peterborough.

Whilst dissenting from many of their doctrinal statements, we confess that few of our Christian classics attract us so powerfully as the three folios which preserve the literary remains of Dr Thomas Jackson. Our own copy bears the autograph of Dr John Jortin, and no father of the Church of England ministers more richly to that union of scholarly taste and philosophical excursiveness with theological predilections, exhibited by the biographer of Erasmus. The poet Southey has pronounced him "the most valuable of all our English

divines,"* and Southey's "Commonplace Book" abounds in quotations from the pages of his inexhaustible favourite. And it may still more interest some readers to know that, along with Jeremy Taylor, Jackson was the English divine who did most to enrich the devout and finely cultured mind of Bishop Horne.†

Dr Jackson differs from the early fathers of the English Church in his decided leaning to Arminianism, and lengthened passages of his writings, with their mythological narratives and psychological speculations, belong to the curiosities of literature rather than to the treasures of divinity. But the profusion of anecdotes, of quotations, patristical, scholastic, and pagan, with the frequent flights of the author's own fancy, give the work the character of a delightful miscellany; whilst the majestic elevation of the thoughts and language, the profundity of the reasonings, and the ever-recurring evidences of the writer's devotion to his Lord and Master, carry our sympathies, and command our reverential homage. In the words of his affectionate editor, Benjamin Oley, "His style is full and deep, which makes the purity of it seem a kind of darkness; and though it abounds in substantial adjectives, yet it is more short than other authors in relatives, in eking and helping particles, because he writ to scholars. His stream runs full, but always in its own channel, and within the banks. If any

* Life of Southey, vol. v. p. 283. He elsewhere says, "If reduced to twelve books, my library should consist of Shakspeare, Chaucer, Spenser, and Milton; Lord Clarendon; Jackson, Taylor, and South; Isaac Walton, Sidney's Arcadia, Fuller's Church History, and Sir Thomas Browne."—P. 332.

† "Dr Jackson is a magazine of theological learning, everywhere penned with great elegance and dignity, so that his style is a pattern of perfection. His writings, once thought inestimable by everybody but the Calvinists, had been greatly neglected, and would probably have continued so, but for the praises bestowed upon them by the celebrated Mr Merrick, of Trinity College in Oxford, who brought him once more into repute with many learned readers."—Jones in his "Life of Horne," p. 75.

will yet say, It overflows, he must give me leave to tell him, it then enriches the ground. His pen drops principles as frequently as ordinary men's do sense."

True Faith has Respect to all the Commandments.

"True faith first acquaints us with the nature of God and His attributes. It teacheth His will to be the rule of goodness, and enjoins us nothing but what is good to us : that He loves all good and hates all evil, without any respect to their person in whom they are found. Here, then, is the trial of our faith, —if it has taught us wholly to submit our wills unto His will, to like whatsoever He likes, to hate whatsoever He hates, to love that best which His Word tells us he loves most, and likewise to hate that most which He most hates, though otherwise either pleasant to our natural disposition, or not so displeasing or distasteful as many other matters would be, did we follow the fashions of the world. Firm assent to these and other attributes will uniformly extend that universal precept, 'It is better to obey God than man,' to our own souls and affection. Nay, it is the very principal or grand stem of faith, to be in heart persuaded and resolved that it is much better at all times to obey the law of God than our own affections, the lusts of the flesh, or the law of sin. And then only we pray in faith when we say, not with our lips alone, but with our hearts and souls, 'Not our will, but thy will be fulfilled.' By retaining any branch of our own wills or desires unrenounced, as not resigned up into God's hand, we give *him* hold of us who will never let hold go, unless we cut off the member which offendeth us. For, as one very well observes, so the snare be strong and the hold sure, a bird, though caught but by one claw, shall as certainly be the fowler's portion as if she had been taken by both the wings. The soul which altogether delights in its own will, not doing any part of what God would have it do, is

like a bird caught in a net, or so entangled in limetwigs, that it cannot take wing, or make any show of escape. But the soul which observes most, and dispenseth with some one or few branches of God's will, although for a time she may soar aloft in pharisaical persuasions, and build her nest above the moon, is but deluded by Lucifer (who, as he lured her thither, can at his pleasure call her down), as birds are by little children, which suffer them oftentimes to make some handsome flight, but with a long string about their feet. This is a snare which men of better place, means, and sufficiency, or of more staid judgment, had need with watchful care to avoid; for such commonly, therefore, abstain from most other actual sins, because they secretly delight in some one or few, which out of experience, perhaps, of many, they have made choice of as most pleasant, either because they are naturally inclined, or have been long accustomed to them, or because they expose them not to present danger or disgrace, as not odious in the world's sight. And many scattered delights, meeting in one, like a multitude of broad shallow streams falling into one deep, narrow channel, carry the soul with least interruption of speedy passage, into the bottomless gulf. United force is always strongest, and for this reason it is oft harder to renounce one sin wherein we delight much, than a great many we equally affect. Freedom from many usually breeds secret presumption, or indulgence to our delight in some one or few, and indulgence bringeth forth hardness of heart. Or if the worldly-wise man can curb all his desires from bursting out into known evils, this abundantly contents him; but so doth it not his God, unto whom this permanent, lukewarm, civil temper, symbolising only with true religion in abstinence from actual evil, not in fervency of devotion, is more abominable than the distemperature of publicans and open sinners, accompanied usually with most vices, yet not so firmly wedded unto any but discovery of their filthiness may induce them to be divorced from all.

It is much worse to be at the very entry into the king's banquet and retire, or not go in, than to stay at home and pretend excuses."

No Man can truly enjoy himself until he be reconciled
to God.

"Albeit every one, the meanest among us, could not only quietly possess but peaceably enjoy this whole visible world (such as it is), or another as great as this is, and all the good things contained in them; yet, as our Saviour tells us, 'Our life doth not consist in these.' And what gain or profit could there be in possessing the whole world, in enjoying all the good things contained in it, if we should lose the enjoyment or possession of our own souls? To possess and enjoy the fruit of all other creatures is the prerogative of man—the only remainder of that dominion which the Lord gave him over all other creatures in his first creation; but *to enjoy himself* is man's peculiar, and it is the effect of his reconciliation to his God, and the well-spring of true joy. Other creatures may, by man's permission, reap the fruits of their own labours; as the bee in winter may eat the honey which it makes in the summer, though perhaps not so sweet to itself as it is unto man, for whose use and service he unwittingly makes it. But no visible creature besides man can possibly *enjoy itself*, or its own soul and faculties. Sense and feeling many other creatures besides man have; 'sed non sentiunt se sentire.' The fowls of the air, the fishes of the sea, the beasts of the field, and the bee—which best resembles man, as he is a sociable creature—do respectively, at least, hear and see, feel and taste, but yet have no true sense or estimate of their own senses, as wherein they exceed grass, trees, or vegetables, or wherein they come short of man. So that man only is capable of enjoying himself, and his own soul and faculties, and yet not qualified for enjoying himself and his own faculties, until the former

peace—the peace of conscience—be in some measure wrought in his heart. His sensitive affections, desires, and passions, must be first subjected to reason and conscience: his reason, his conscience, and spirit must be subjected unto the Spirit of God, before he can possess his soul with patience; and he must possess his soul with patience before he can taste of that joy which is in the Holy Ghost—before he can bring forth the fruit of holiness, whose end is everlasting life. The taste of this fruit or joy is the only pledge or assurance of that endless joy which is prepared for such as love God in heaven.

“The vine bringeth forth much pleasant fruit; so do the trees of the garden: but they enjoy it not; when it is ripe it falleth from them, or their owners reap it. But this joy, which arises from the quiet or peaceable possession of our own souls—it grows within us, it ripeneth within us, it multiplieth and it sweeteneth within us: no man can, and God will not, take this joy from us. How fruitful soever we may be, yet we are but unprofitable servants—less profitable to our Lord and Owner than the trees of the garden or forest are to us: yet how unprofitable soever we are to Him, He continues most gracious unto us, and permits us to reap and enjoy the fruits of all these good things, which He Himself alone doth sow and plant, doth water and cherish, and give increase unto within our hearts and souls. Were it possible for the husbandman or vine-dresser so to infuse the life of sense into the vine as it might continually taste the sweetness of that fruit which it beareth, and wherewith, as the Scripture saith, it cheereth the heart of man, how full would it be of gladness! Both root and branch would be as full of mirth and gladness as they are of life and sap. How much more graciously doth God deal with those that hearken to His Word, and obey the motions of His Spirit! We being by nature more dead unto the fruit of holiness, and more destitute of spiritual life, than the vine or fig-tree is of the life sensitive, He infuseth a new

sense or taste into our souls, and makes them more fruitful than the fig-tree, which is never without fruit either ripe or green; and makes us withal sensible partakers of the sweetness of all the fruits which His Spirit bringeth forth in us: and from the taste of this fruit of holiness ariseth that joy and gladness of spirit which is the pledge and earnest of eternal life."

The Joy of Knowledge.

"There is a kind of secret joy in the knowledge or contemplation of every truth or true principle, though of secular and humane arts. And no marvel; for as God is righteousness and holiness itself, so He is truth itself. The truth of all sciences is as truly derived from that truth which He is, as that righteousness and holiness whereof his saints are made partakers is from his holiness and righteousness. Now that joy which some heathen philosophers or artists did reap from contemplation of some truths and principles in themselves but dry and barren, did oftentimes more than counterpoise that inbred delight or pleasure in other secular vanities which usually misway us Christians to folly and lewdness; yea, this joy did sometimes bring their souls into a kind of rapture or forgetfulness of life natural or sensitive with its contentments. Many of them, in hope to find out the cause of the ebbing and flowing of the sea, of the eclipses of the sun and moon, of other appearances in the heavens, and the like, have been more abstemious and moderate in their diet, and spent more time and hours in observing the motions of the stars, and in perusing every leaf of the book of nature, or of God's visible creatures, than we bestow in fasting and praying, or in meditation upon the great mystery of godliness, God manifested in the flesh; and if they happened to satisfy themselves in these points of truth which they most sought after, the expressions of their joy and sometimes of their thankfulness to their gods were oftentimes more hearty and cheerful than most of us can give any just

proof of, for all the benefits which God hath bestowed upon us by his gospel. So one of them having found that mathematical principle concerning the equality between the square of the base, and of the sides of a rectangled triangle, did offer up presently a magnificent sacrifice to the gods or divine powers, from whom he conceived this revelation came unto him. Another having, after long search, discovered how much pure gold the goldsmith had taken out of the King of Sicily's crown, and made up the weight of it with silver cunningly mixed, was so overwrought with joy that he ran instantly out of the bath naked as he was (forgetting his clothes), crying, *εὑρηκα, εὑρηκα*, I have found it, I have found it out.

“And such as at their vacant times are able but to try the conclusions which these men have found out, or to contemplate the truth and the use of those unfailing principles in the mathematics or in natural philosophy which they have discovered, may hence reap more pure delight and sincere joy than the enjoyment of all things temporal, without such contemplation, can afford. Yet the most admirable principles or surest conclusions of humane sciences are not so good, at best no better than mere shadows of those solid truths which are contained in the mystery of godliness. Even the law itself, which God gave unto his people by Moses, is but a picture of that entire truth which is contained in the knowledge of God and of his Christ. Hence saith our evangelist, John i. 17, ‘The law was given by Moses, but grace and truth came by Jesus Christ.’ What shall we say then? was there no truth in the law which was given by Moses? God forbid! It was a law most true; yet the truth of it was but a picture of that live substance of truth which is contained in the gospel, or rather in the knowledge of Christ. If we did only desire that joy or delight which naturally ariseth from the contemplation of the agreement between the principles and conclusions in the same art or science, the whole world besides (though we had the perfect knowledge of

it) could not yield that plenty of pleasant speculations which the harmony or consent between the types or figures of the Old Testament, and the live substances answering unto them in the New, or which the known accomplishments of the prophetic predictions exhibit in Christ, to all that will seriously meditate on them. What madness is it, then, to be in love or to dote either on shadows in the book of nature, or in the pictures of the law, and to neglect the live feature of that substantial truth which presents itself unto our view in the gospel of Christ? The most exact knowledge that can be had in the book of nature or in humane sciences doth always end in contemplation; it is but like music which vanisheth with the motion, it leaves no permanent mirth behind it. Whereas the contemplation of the mystery of godliness (so it be frequent and serious), doth always imprint and instil the sweet influences of life and joy into our souls."

A less excursive genius than Jackson, but one of the acutest reasoners of his own or any age, was WILLIAM CHILLINGWORTH.* With a mind of uncommon subtilty, and with an irresistible bias towards metaphysical speculation and free inquiry, he got early involved in the meshes of Romish sophistry; but was cured of Popery by a few weeks' residence in the College of Douay. Soon after his return, he was invited to answer a plausible work by Knott the Jesuit, entitled "Mercy and Truth," and for the sake of retirement, with the command of an extensive library, he gladly accepted an invitation to the seat of Lord Falkland, at Tew, in Oxfordshire. Here he prepared his immortal work, "The Religion of Protestants a Safe Way to Salvation," which appeared in 1637, in the thirty-fifth year of its author's age—to which no reply was attempted till long after the death of its author, and of which it may be safely predicted that no refutation will ever appear.

* Born at Oxford, 1602; died at Chichester, 1644.

The Bible, and the Bible only, the Religion of Protestants.

“It remains now that I should shew that many reasons of moment may be alleged for the justification of Protestants, which are dissembled by you, and not put into the balance. Know then, sir, that when I say the religion of Protestants is in prudence to be preferred before yours; as, on the one side, I do not understand by your religion, the doctrine of Bellarmine, or Baronius, or any other private man amongst you, nor the doctrine of the Sorbonne, or of the Jesuits, or of the Dominicans, or of any other particular company among you, but that wherein you all agree, or profess to agree, the doctrine of the Council of Trent; so accordingly, on the other side, by the religion of Protestants, I do not understand the doctrine of Luther, or Calvin, or Melancthon; nor the confession of Augusta, or Geneva; nor the Catechism of Heidelberg, nor the Articles of the Church of England, no, nor the harmony of Protestant Confessions; but that wherein they all agree, and which they all subscribe with a greater harmony as a perfect rule of their faith and actions, that is, The Bible. THE BIBLE, I say, THE BIBLE ONLY, IS THE RELIGION OF PROTESTANTS, whatsoever else they believe besides it, and the plain, irrefragable, indubitable consequences of it, well may they hold it as a matter of opinion; but as matter of faith and religion, neither can they with coherence to their own grounds believe it themselves, nor require the belief of it of others, without most high and most schismatical presumption. I, for my part, after a long and (as I verily believe and hope) impartial search of the true way to eternal happiness, do profess plainly that I cannot find any rest for the sole of my foot, but upon this rock only. I see plainly, and with mine own eyes, that there are popes against popes, councils against councils, some fathers against others, the same fathers against themselves, a consent of fathers of one age against a consent of fathers of another age, the Church of

one age against the Church of another age. Traditive interpretations of Scripture are pretended, but there are few or none to be found; no tradition but only of Scripture can derive itself from the fountain, but may be plainly proved either to have been brought in in such an age after Christ, or that in such an age it was not in. In a word, there is no sufficient certainty but of Scripture only, for any considering man to build upon. This therefore, and this only, I have reason to believe; this I will profess, according to this I will live, and for this, if there be occasion, I will not unwillingly, but even gladly lose my life, though I should be sorry that Christians should take it from me. Propose me anything out of this book, and require whether I believe or no, and, seem it never so incomprehensible to human reason, I will subscribe it with hand and heart, as knowing no demonstration can be stronger than this—God hath said so, therefore it is true. In other things, I will take no man's liberty of judgment from him; neither shall any man take mine from me: I will think no man the worse man, nor the worse Christian: I will love no man the less for differing in opinion from me. And what measure I mete to others, I expect from them again. I am fully assured that God does not, and therefore that men ought not to require any more of any man than this,—to believe the Scripture to be God's word, to endeavour to find the true sense of it, and to live according to it.

“This is the religion which I have chosen after a long deliberation, and I am verily persuaded that I have chosen wisely, much more wisely than if I had guided myself according to your Church's authority. For the Scripture being all true, I am secured by believing nothing else, that I shall believe no falsehood as matter of faith. And if I mistake the sense of Scripture, and so fall into error, yet am I secure from any danger thereby, if but your grounds be true; because endeavouring to find the true sense of Scripture, I cannot but hold my

error without pertinacity, and be ready to forsake it when a more true and a more probable sense shall appear unto me. And then all necessary truth being, as I have proved, plainly set down in Scripture, I am certain, by believing Scripture, to believe all necessary truth : and he that does so, if his life be answerable to his faith, how is it possible he should fail of salvation ?

“ Besides, whatsoever may be pretended to gain to your Church the credit of a guide, all that and much more may be said for the Scripture. Hath your Church been ancient ? the Scripture is more ancient. Is your Church a means to keep men at unity ? so is the Scripture, to keep those that believe it, and will obey it, in unity of belief, in matters necessary or very profitable ; and in unity of charity, in points unnecessary or very profitable ; and in unity of charity, in points unnecessary. Is your Church universal for time or place ? certainly the Scripture is more universal. For all the Christians in the world (those, I mean, that in truth deserve this name) do now and always have believed the Scripture to be the word of God, so much of it, at least, as contains all things necessary ; whereas only *you* say, that you only are the Church of God, and all Christians besides you deny it.

“ Thirdly, following the Scripture, I follow that whereby you prove your Church’s infallibility, (whereof, were it not for Scripture, what pretence could you have, or what notion could we have ?) and by so doing tacitly confess that yourselves are surer of the truth of the Scripture than of your Church’s authority. For we must be surer of the proof than of the thing proved, otherwise it is no proof.

“ Fourthly, following the Scripture, I follow that which must be true, for your Church gives attestation to it. Whereas, if I follow your Church, I must follow that which, though Scripture be true, may be false ; nay, which, if Scripture be true, must be false, because the Scripture testifies against it.

"Fifthly, to follow the Scripture I have God's express warrant and command, and no colour of any prohibition; but to believe your Church infallible, I have no command at all, much less an express command. Nay, I have reason to fear that I am prohibited to do so in these words; 'Call no man master on the earth:' 'They fell by infidelity, thou standest by faith:' 'Be not high-minded, but fear:' 'The Spirit of truth the world cannot receive.'

"Following your Church, I must hold many things not only above reason but against it, if anything be against it; whereas following the Scripture, I shall believe many mysteries, but no impossibilities; many things above reason, but nothing against it; many things which, had they not been revealed, reason could never have discovered, but nothing which by true reason may be confuted; many things which reason cannot comprehend how they can be, but nothing which reason can comprehend that it cannot be. Nay, I shall believe nothing which reason will not convince that I ought to believe it: for reason will convince any man, unless he be of a perverse mind, that the Scripture is the word of God: and then no reason can be greater than this,—God says so, therefore it is true."

With his light figure, his nimble step, his frank, courteous and *debonnaire* deportment, in which there was more of the inborn grace of the gentleman than of the professional propriety of the clergyman; with his learning—for he was the coadjutor of Sir Henry Saville in his sumptuous edition of "Chrysostom;" with his taste—for he was one of the first who did justice to Shakspeare; with his wit; with his free and unfettered way of thinking, and his frank declaration of opinions often paradoxical; but withal, with his unquestioned piety and unwonted charity, JOHN HALES,* of Eton, was theologically one of the most isolated men of his generation—per-

* Born at Bath, 1584; died at Eton, 1653.

sonally one of the most popular. It is one of the redeeming incidents in the career of Laud, that he promoted a divine who believed the Lord's Supper to be simply a commemorative ordinance; and it is one of the least creditable facts connected with Cromwell's government, that a man so inoffensive, so liberal, and so illustrious, should have been reduced to sell his library, and, driven as a "malignant" from the dwelling which offered a shelter to his gray hairs, that he should have been forced to end his days under the roof of a humble cottager, the widow of his former servant. It is seldom, however, that a man of keen wit and clear insight possesses the fervour needful to inspire the reformer; and, like Erasmus in the century preceding, like Jortin in the century following, Hales saw many things which he rather avowed to his friends than proclaimed to mankind, and for the sake of which he did not care to turn the world upside down. He had none of the ambition of authorship, and he wrote so little that it is not so much his "Golden Remains," as the esteem and affection of his contemporaries, which have secured for him the epithet "ever-memorable."

Some idea of the pleasant and essentially epistolary style of Hales' compositions, as well as of his liberal and comprehensive sentiments, may be gathered from the following remarks

On Schism.

"There is a schism in which only one party is the schismatic; for where cause of schism is necessary, there, not he that separates, but he that occasions the separation, is the schismatic.

"There is a schism in which both parties are the schismatics; for where the occasion of separation is unnecessary, neither side can be excused for the guilt of schism.

"You shall find that all schisms have crept into the Church by one of these three ways—either upon matter of fact, or matter of opinion, or point of ambition. For the first: I call that matter of fact, when something is required to be done by

us, which either we know, or strongly suspect to be unlawful. So the first notable schism of which we read in the Church contained in it matter of fact ; for it being upon error taken for necessary that an Easter must be kept ; and upon worse than error, if I may so speak (for it was no less than a point of Judaism, forced upon the Church), upon worse than error, I say, thought further necessary, that the ground for the time of our keeping that feast must be the rule left by Moses to the Jews ; there arose a stout question, whether we were to celebrate with the Jews on the fourteenth moon, or the Sunday following ? This matter, though most unnecessary, most vain, yet caused as great a combustion as ever was in the Church ; the West separating and refusing communion with the East, for many years together. In this fantastical hurry, I cannot see but all the world were schismatics : neither can anything excuse them from that imputation ; excepting only this, that we charitably suppose that all parties out of conscience did what they did. A thing which befel them through the ignorance of their guides (for I will not say their malice), and that through the just judgment of God, because through sloth and blind obedience men examined not the things which they were taught, but like beasts of burden patiently crouched down, and indifferently underwent whatsoever their superiors laid upon them. By the way, by this you may plainly see the danger of our appeal unto antiquity for resolution in controverted points of faith, and how small relief we are to expect from thence. For if the discretion of the chiefest guides and directors of the Church did, in a point so trivial, so inconsiderable, so mainly fail them, as not to see the truth in a subject wherein it is the greatest marvel how they could avoid the sight of it ; can we, without imputation of extreme grossness and folly, think so poor-spirited persons competent judges of the questions now on foot betwixt the Churches ? Pardon me ; I know not what temptation drew that note from me. . . .

“Come we then to consider a little of the second sort of schism, arising upon occasion of variety of opinion. It hath been the common disease of Christians from the beginning, not to content themselves with the measure of faith which God and the Scriptures have expressly afforded us ; but out of a vain desire to know more than is revealed, they have attempted to discuss things of which we can have no light, neither from reason nor revelation ; neither have they rested here, but upon pretence of Church authority, which is none, or tradition, which for the most part is but figment, they have peremptorily concluded, and confidently imposed upon others, a necessity of entertaining conclusions of that nature ; and to strengthen themselves, have broken out into divisions and factions, opposing man to man, synod to synod, till the peace of the Church vanished without all possibility of recall. Hence arose those ancient and many separations amongst Christians, occasioned by Arianism, Eutychianism, Nestorianism, Photinianism, Sabellianism, and many more both ancient and in our time ; all which, indeed, are but names of schism ; howsoever, in the common language of the fathers they were called heresies. For heresy is an act of the will, not of reason ; and is indeed a lie, not a mistake : else how could that known speech of Austin go for true, ‘Errare possum, hæreticus esse nolo.’

“Were liturgies and public forms of service so framed as that they admitted not of particular and private fancies, but contained only such things as in which all Christians do agree, schisms on opinion were utterly vanished. For consider of all the liturgies that are or ever have been, and remove from them whatsoever is scandalous to any party, and leave nothing but what all agree on, and the event shall be that the public service and honour of God shall no ways suffer : whereas to load our public forms with the private fancies upon which we differ, is the most sovereign way to perpetuate schism unto the world’s end. Prayer, confession, thanksgiving, reading of Scriptures,

exposition of Scripture, administration of sacraments in the plainest and simplest manner, were matter enough to furnish out a sufficient liturgy, though nothing either of private opinion, or of Church pomp, of garments, of prescribed gestures, of imagery, of music, of matter concerning the dead, of many superfluities, which creep into the Churches under the name of order and decency, did interpose itself. For, to charge Churches and liturgies with things unnecessary was the first beginning of all superstition, and when scruples of conscience began to be made or pretended, then schism began to break in. If the spiritual guides and fathers of the Church would be a little sparing of encumbering Churches with superfluities, and not over rigid either in reviving obsolete customs, or imposing new, there were far less danger of schism or superstition ; and all the inconvenience were likely to ensue would be but this, they should in so doing yield a little to the imbecilities of inferiors, —a thing which St Paul would never have refused to do. Meanwhile, wheresoever false or suspected opinions are made a piece of the Church liturgy, he that separates is not the schismatic ; for it is alike unlawful to make profession of known or suspected falsehoods, as to put in practice unlawful or suspect actions.”

Thanks to the discernment of Dr Dibdin, Mr Aris Willmott, and the “Retrospective Review,” the attention of the public has been somewhat recalled to the well-nigh forgotten poetry and quite forgotten prose of FRANCIS QUARLES ;* but that troubled decade of English history which witnessed the Civil War, and the death of Charles I., produced few better books than the “Enchiridion” and the “Judgment and Mercy” of this pious layman.

“As a prose writer, Quarles has been excelled by none of his contemporaries in vigour or nervousness of language. He is

* Born near Romford, 1592 ; died in London, 1644.

generally brief, pithy, and concentrated, as perhaps most contemplative and serious writers are ; yet, when he allows himself to expatiate, there is sometimes a rich copiousness and singular sweetness in his diction, which rise even to the highest eloquence. This is, however, not often. His principal characteristics were sagacity, penetration, and good sense ; and, marked by these distinguishing features, his style is generally clear, perspicuous, and forcible. Quarles, with too much coolness and intellectual self-possession to be a mystic, was ever intensely devout. His prose is of that precise sort which dwells upon the ear and seizes on the mind, and pleases more the oftener it is perused. Rich as it is with instruction, and pregnant with well-digested thought, it can never lose its value." *

A few pithy sentences from the "Enchiridion" will justify this eulogy :—

Maxims.

"Infamy is where it is received. If thou art a mud wall, it will stick ; if marble, it will rebound. If thou storm at it, 'tis thine ; if thou contemn it, 'tis his."

"Wisdom without innocency is knavery ; innocency without wisdom is foolery : be therefore as wise as serpents, and innocent as doves. The subtilty of the serpent instructs the innocency of the dove ; the innocency of the dove corrects the subtilty of the serpent. What God hath joined together, let no man separate."

"Give not thy tongue too great a liberty, lest it take thee prisoner. A word unspoken is, like the sword in the scabbard, thine ; if vented, thy sword is in another's hand. If thou desire to be held wise, be so wise as to hold thy tongue."

"Gaze not on beauty too much, lest it blast thee ; nor too long, lest it blind thee ; nor too near, lest it burn thee. If thou like it, it deceives thee ; if thou love it, it disturbs thee ;

* "Retrospective Review," vol. v. p. 181.

if thou hunt after it, it destroys thee. If virtue accompany it, it is the heart's paradise ; if vice associate it, it is the soul's purgatory. It is the wise man's bonfire, and the fool's furnace."

"Hath any wronged thee? Be bravely revenged : slight it, and the work's begun ; forgive it, and 'tis finished. He is below himself that is not above an injury."

"Consider not so much what thou hast, as what others want. What thou hast, take heed thou lose not : what thou hast not, take heed thou covet not. If thou hast many above thee, turn thy eye upon those that are under thee : if thou hast no inferiors, have patience awhile, and thou shalt have no superiors. The grave requires no marshal."

"If thou expect death as a friend, prepare to entertain it : if thou expect death as an enemy, prepare to overcome it : death has no advantage, but when it comes a stranger."

"Insult not over misery, nor deride infirmity, nor despise deformity. The first shews thy inhumanity ; the second, thy folly ; the third, thy pride. He that made him miserable, made thee happy to lament him : He that made him weak, made thee strong to support him : He that made him deformed, gave thee favour to be humbled. He that is not sensible of another's unhappiness, is a living stone ; but he that makes misery the object of his triumph, is an incarnate devil."

"Be very vigilant over thy child in the April of his understanding, lest the frosts of May nip his blossoms. While he is a tender twig, straighten him ; whilst he is a new vessel, season him ; such as thou makest him, such commonly shalt thou find him. Let his first lesson be obedience, and his second shall be what thou wilt. Give him education in good letters, to the utmost of thy ability and his capacity. Season his youth with the love of his Creator, and make the fear of his God the beginning of his knowledge. If he have an active spirit, rather rectify than curb it ; but reckon idleness among

his chiefest faults. As his judgment ripens, observe his inclination, and tender him a calling that shall not cross it : Forced marriages and callings seldom prosper. Shew him both the mow and the plough ; and prepare him as well for the danger of the skirmish, as possess him with the honour of the prize."

The little volume entitled " Judgment and Mercy for Afflicted Souls," is a series of soliloquies, interrupted, as it were, by the voice of God in His Word, and ending in prayer.— Thus :

The Fearful Man's Conflict.

" How potent are the infirmities of flesh and blood ! How weak is nature's strength ! How strong her weakness ! How is my easy faith abused by my deceitful sense ! How is my understanding blinded with deluding error ! How is my will perverted with apparent good ! If real good present itself, how purblind is mine eye to view it ! if viewed, how dull is my understanding to apprehend it ! if apprehended, how heartless is my judgment to allow it ! if allowed, how unwilling is my will to choose it ! if chosen, how fickle are my resolutions to retain it ! No sooner are my resolutions fixed upon a course of grace, but nature checks at my resolves ; no sooner checked, but straight my will repents her choice, my judgment recalls her sentence, my understanding mistrusts her light ; and then my sense calls flesh and blood to counsel, which wants no arguments to break me off. The difficulty of the journey daunts me ; the straitness of the gate dismays me ; the doubt of the reward diverts me ; the loss of worldly pleasure here deters me ; the loss of earthly honour there dissuades me ; here the strictness of religion damps me, there the world's contempt disheartens me ; here the fear of my preferment discourages me : thus is my yielding sense assaulted with

my conquering doubts ; thus are my militant hopes made captive to my prevailing fears ; whence if happily ransomed by some good motion, the devil presents me with a beadroll of my offences : the flesh suggests the necessity of my sin, the world objects the foulness of my shame ; where, if I plead the mercy and goodness of my God, the abuse of His mercy weakens my trust, the slighting of His goodness hardens my heart against my hopes. With what an host of enemies art thou besieged, my soul ! How, how art thou beleaguered with continual fears ! How doth the guilt of thy unworthiness cry down the hopes of all compassion ! Thy confidence of mercy is conquered by the consciousness of thy own demerits, and thou art taken prisoner, and bound in the horrid chains of sad despair.—

“ But cheer up, my soul, and turn thy fears to wonder and thanksgiving ; trust in Him that saith, ‘ Fear not, little flock ; for it is your Father’s good pleasure to give you a kingdom.’ —(Luke xii. 32.)

“ ‘ He hath delivered us from the power of darkness, and translated us into the kingdom of His dear Son.’ —(Col. i. 13.)

“ ‘ Exhort them to continue in the faith, and that we must through many tribulations enter into the kingdom of God.’ —(Acts xiv. 22.)

“ ‘ Hath not God chosen the poor of this world, that they should be rich in faith, and heirs of the kingdom which He promised to them that love Him ?’ —(James ii. 5.)

“ ‘ I appoint you a kingdom, as my Father appointed to me.’ —(Luke xxii. 29.)

“ Hast thou crucified the Lord of glory, O my soul, and hast thou so much boldness to expect His kingdom ? Consult with reason, and review thy merits ; which done, behold that Jesus whom thou crucifiedst even making intercession for thee, and offering thee a crown of glory. Behold the greatness of thy Creator veiled with the goodness of thy Redeemer ; the

justice of a first person qualified by the mercy of a second ; the purity of the divine nature uniting itself with the human in one Emmanuel ; a perfect man to suffer, a perfect God to pardon ; and both God and man in one person, at the same instant, able and willing to give and take a perfect satisfaction for thee. O my soul, a wonder above wonders ! an incomprehensibility above all admiration ! a depth past finding out ! Under this shadow, O my soul, refresh thyself : if thy sins fear the hand of justice, behold thy sanctuary : if thy offences tremble before the Judge, behold thy Advocate : if thy creditor threaten a prison, behold thy bail : behold the Lamb of God that hath taken thy sins from thee : behold the Blessed of heaven and earth that hath prepared a kingdom for thee. Be ravished, O my soul ; O bless the name of Elohim ; O bless the name of our Emmanuel with praises and eternal hallelujahs.

“ Great Shepherd of my soul, whose life was not too dear to rescue me, the meanest of thy little flock, cast down thy gracious eye upon the weakness of my nature, and behold it in the strength of thy compassion : open mine eyes that I may see that object which flesh cannot behold. Enlighten mine understanding, that I may clearly discern that truth which my ignorance cannot apprehend : rectify my judgment, that I may confidently resolve those doubts which my understanding cannot determine : sanctify my will, that I may wisely choose that good which my deceived heart cannot desire : fortify my resolution, that I may constantly embrace that choice which my inconstancy cannot hold : weaken the strength of my corrupted nature, that I may struggle with my lusts, and strive against the base rebellions of my flesh. Strengthen the weakness of my dejected spirit, that I may conquer myself, and still withstand the assaults of mine own corruption : moderate my delight in the things of this world, and keep my desires within the limits of thy will ; let the points of my thoughts be directed

to thee, and let my hopes rest in the assurance of thy favour : let not the fear of worldly loss dismay me, nor let the loss of the world's favour daunt me : let my joy in thee exceed all worldly grief, and let the love of thee expel all carnal fear : let the multitudes of my offences be hid in the multitude of thy compassions, and let the reproachfulness of that death which thy Son suffered for my sake enable me to suffer all reproach for his sake : let not my sin against thy mercies, remove thy mercies from my sin ; and let the necessity of my offences be swallowed up in the all-sufficiency of his merits : let not the foulness of my transgressions lead me to distrust, nor let the distrust of thy pardon leave me in despair. Fix in my heart a filial love, that I may love thee as a father, and remove all servile fear from me, that thou mayest behold me as a son. Be thou my all in all, and let me fear nothing but to displease thee ; that being freed from the fear of thy wrath, I may live in the comfort of thy promise, die in the fulness of thy favour, and rise to the inheritance of an everlasting kingdom."

SACRED POETS.

To the higher forms of poetry, so essential is faith in the invisible and eternal, that were religion claiming all that is her own, the fairest gems would vanish from our secular minstrelsy. But it is not the design of these pages to recover from the world's poets the golden grains they may have gathered in the channel of Siloah, or the precious stones they may have picked up among the ruins of Zion. There is no setting in which the thoughts and language of Inspiration are not beautiful; and, as James Montgomery has remarked, the few passages in Shakspeare which can be termed "religious" are all favourites, and of the highest poetical beauty.

——— "Alas! alas!

Why, all the souls that are, were forfeit once,
And He, that might the vantage best have took,
Found out the remedy. How would you be,
If He, which is the top of judgment, should
But judge you as you are? Oh! think on that;
And mercy then will breathe within your lips,
Like man new made."

"The quality of mercy is not strain'd;
It droppeth as a gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath. It is twice blessed:
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes.
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown:
His sceptre shews the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings:
But mercy is above the scepter'd sway;
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings;
It is an attribute to God himself;

And earthly power doth then shew likest God's,
 When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew,
 Though justice be thy plea, consider this—
 That in the course of justice, none of us
 Should see salvation : we do pray for mercy ;
 And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
 The deeds of mercy.”

“ Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear
 In all my miseries ; but thou hast forced me,
 Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman.
 Let's dry our eyes: and thus far hear me, Cromwell ;
 And, when I am forgotten, as I shall be,
 And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention
 Of me more must be heard of, say, I taught thee ;
 Say, Wolsey, that once trod the ways of glory,
 And sounded all the depths and shoals of honour,
 Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in ;
 A sure and safe one, though thy master miss'd it.
 Mark but my fall, and that that ruin'd me.
 Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition ;
 By that sin fell the angels ; how can man, then,
 The image of his Maker, hope to win by 't ?
 Love thyself last: cherish those hearts that hate thee ;
 Corruption wins not more than honesty.
 Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
 To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not :
 Let all the ends thou aimest at, be thy country's,
 Thy God's, and truth's ; then if thou fall'st, O Cromwell !
 Thou fall'st a blessed martyr.”

Our errand, however, lies with poets who have professedly consecrated their powers to sacred themes.

During the sixteenth century, no literature was more popular in France than sacred poetry. The fashion of versifying psalms, which Clement Marot originated in the court of Francis I., found many followers ; but, during all that tuneful century, no disciple arose who could rival “ the poet of princes, and the

prince of poets," till another soldier and Calvinist, DU BARTAS,* published his famous poem of "The Week," which, in the course of five or six years, ran through thirty editions, and was translated into many languages.† Of all these translations, probably none was more faithful or spirited than the English version by JOSHUA SYLVESTER.‡ It must be confessed that it preserves only too well the occasional turgidity of the Gascon original; and in the finical reaction against everything quaint or fervid which signalised the flat afternoon of last century, both Du Bartas and Sylvester fell into utter oblivion. They deserve to be resuscitated. No doubt there is much that will not bear criticism, as, for example, the lines which "wrapt into an ecstasy" Dryden's boyish ardour, and which so amused him on a riper reperusal:—

"Now, when the winter's keener breath began
To crystallise the Baltic Ocean,
To glaze the lakes, to bridle up the floods,
And periwig with snow the bald-pate woods."

But there is a wonderful amount of that creative imagination which, within reverential limits, fills up inspiration's outline, and which helps to bring us into life-like contact with the times departed; and we think the coldest critic must confess to the ingenuity of passages like "The Handicrafts," and the pathos of such a canto as "The Fathers."

In the first of the following passages, Cain is represented as the first horse-tamer,—a feat as marvellous as that launching of the first boat which so elicits the Latin poet's admiration.

* Born 1544; died 1590.

† From the library of the late Mr Heber we possess an excellent Latin translation by Gabriel de Lerm, dedicated to Queen Elizabeth,—"*Gulielmi Sallustii Bartassii Hebdomas*," Parisiis, 1573,—a misprint for 1583.

‡ Born 1563; died at Middleburg, in Holland, 1618.

The Taming of the Horse.

" This goodly jennet gently first he wins,
 And then to back him actively begins;
 Steady and straight he sits, turning his sight
 Still to the forepart of his palfrey light.
 The chafed horse, such thrall ill-suffering,
 Begins to snuff and snort, and leap and fling;
 And flying swift, his fearful rider makes
 Like some unskilful lad that undertakes
 To hold some ship's helm while the headlong tide
 Carries away the vessel and her guide;
 Who, near devoured in the jaws of death,
 Pale, fearful, shivering, faint, and out of breath,
 A thousand times (with heaven-erected eyes)
 Repents him of so bold an enterprise.
 The wise-wax'd rider, not esteeming best
 To take too much now of his lusty beast,
 Restrains his fury : then with learned wand
 The triple curvet makes him understand :
 With skilful voice he gently cheers his pride,
 And on his neck his flattering palm doth slide;
 He stops him steady still, new breath to take,
 And in the same path brings him softly back.
 But th' angry steed, rising and reining proudly,
 Striking the stones, stamping and neighing loudly,
 Calls for the combat, plunges, leaps, and prances,
 Befoams the path; with sparkling eyes he glances,
 Champs on his burnish'd bit, and gloriously
 His nimble fetlocks lifteth belly high;
 All side-long jaunts, on either side he justles,
 And 's waving crest courageously he bristles,
 Making the gazers glad, on every side,
 To give more room unto his portly pride.
 Cain gently strokes him, and now sure in seat,
 Ambitiously seeks still some fresher feat
 To be more famous : one while trots the ring,
 Another while he doth him backward bring,
 Then off all four he makes him lightly bound,
 And to each hand to manage rightly round,

To stoop, to stop, to caper, and to swim,
 To dance, to leap, to hold up every limb :
 And all, so done, with time-grace-order'd skill,
 As both had but one body and one will.
 Th' one for his art no little glory gains :
 Th' other through practice by degrees attains
 Grace in his gallop, in his pace agility,
 Lightness of head, and in his stop facility,
 Strength in his leap, and steadfast managings,
 Aptness in all, and in his course new wings."

The Discovery of Iron.

" While through a forest Tubal (with his yew
 And ready quiver) did a boar pursue,
 A burning mountain from his fiery vein
 An iron river rolls along the plain.
 The witty huntsman, musing, thither hies,
 And of the wonder deeply 'gan devise.
 And first perceiving that the scalding metal
 Becoming cold, in any shape would settle,
 And grow so hard that with his sharpened side
 The firmest substance it would soon divide ;
 He casts a hundred plots, and ere he parts
 He moulds the groundwork of a hundred arts :
 For, now the way to thousand works reveal'd,
 Which long shall live, maugre the rage of Eld.
 In two square creases of unequal sizes
 To turn two iron streamlings he devises ;
 Cold, takes them thence : then off the dross he rakes,
 And this a hammer, that an anvil makes ;
 And, adding tongs to these two instruments,
 He stores his house with iron implements :
 As forks, rakes, hatchets, plough-shares, coulthers, staples,
 Bolts, hinges, hooks, nails, whittles, spokes, and grapples ;
 And, grown more cunning, hollow things he formeth,
 He hatcheth files, and winding vices wormeth,
 He shapeth shears, and then a saw indents,
 Then beats a blade, and then a lock invents."

The Birth of Music.

“ While (compass'd round with smoking Cyclops,
 Half-naked bronts and sterops swarthy-head,
 All well-near weary) sweating Tubal stands,
 Hast'ning the hot work in their sounding hands,
 No time lost Jubal: th' unfull harmony
 Of uneven hammers, beating diversely,
 Wakens the tunes that his sweet numbery soul
 Ere birth (some think) learn'd of the warbling Pole.
 Thereon he harps, and ponders in his mind,
 And glad and fain some instrument would find
 That in accord those discords might renew,
 And th' iron anvil's rattling sound ensue,
 And iterate the beating hammer's noise
 In milder notes, and with a sweeter voice.
 It chanced, that passing by a pond he found
 An open tortoise lying on the ground,
 Within the which there nothing else remain'd
 Save three dry sinews on the shell stiff-strain'd:
 This empty house Jubal doth gladly bear,
 Strikes on those strings, and lends attentive ear;
 And by this mould frames the melodious lute,
 That makes woods hearken and the winds be mute,
 The hills to dance, the heavens to retrograde,
 Lions be tame, and tempests quickly vade.”

By an error of judgment a good deal of pagan mythology is, as it were, forcibly baptised and pressed into the service of the scriptural epos. Thus, when Abraham is about to attack the confederate kings, an angel goes in quest of the genius of Sleep, in order to cast the invaders into a profound slumber; and we have a truly Virgilian episode in

The Cave of Sleep.

“ In Greenland field is found a dungeon
 A thousandfold more dark than Acheron.
 It hath no door, lest, as it turns about
 On rusty hooks, it creaks too loudly out,
 But Silence serves for port and porter there.

In midst of all this cave, so dark and deep,
 On a still-rocking couch lies blear-eyed Sleep,
 Snorting aloud, and with his panting breath
 Blows a black fume that all envapoureth.
 Oblivion lies hard by her drowsy brother,
 Who readily knows not herself nor other.
 Then solitary Morpheus, gently rock'd,
 And nasty Sloth, self-pin'd and poorly frock'd,
 Irresolute, unhandsome, comfortless,
 Rubbing her eyes with poppy, and doth press
 The yellow nightshade and blue gladiol juice,
 Wherewith her sleep-swoll'n heavy lids she glues.
 Confusedly about the silent bed
 Fantastic swarms of dreams there hovered,
 Green, red, and yellow, tawny, black, and blue:
 Some sacred, some profane; some false, some true;
 Some short, some long; some devilish, some divine;
 Some sad, some glad; but monstrous all (in fine):
 They make no noise, but right resemble may
 Th' unnumber'd motes which in the sun do play,
 When (at some cranny) with his piercing eye
 He peepeth in, some darker place to spy.
 Thither th' Almighty with a just intent
 (To plague those tyrants' pride) His angels sent.
 No sooner enter'd, but the radiant shine
 Of's glist'ring wings and of his glorious eyn,
 As light as noon makes the dark house of night.
 The gaudy swarm of dreams is put to flight;
 And opening wide the sable canopy
 The winged herald summon'd Sleep away.
 Silence dislodged at the first word he spake;
 But dead-deaf Sleep could not so soon awake.
 He's call'd a hundred times, and tugg'd, and tous'd,
 And by the angel often rubb'd and rous'd;
 At length he stirs, and stretching lazily
 His legs and arms, and opening half an eye,
 Four or five times he yawns; and leaning on
 His lob-like elbow, hears this message done:
 Great Spirit's restorer, Care's charm, chasing grief,
 Night-short'ning sire, man's rest, and mind's relief,

Up, up (said he), despatch thee hence in post,
 And with thy poppy drench the conquering host
 Of those proud kings, that, richly charged with prey,
 On Caanan mountains lodge in disarray.
 Th' angel in th' instant back to heavenward gone,
 Sleep slowly harness'd his dull bears anon;
 And in a noiseless coach, all darkly light,
 Takes with him Silence, Drowsiness, and Night:
 Th' air thick'ning where he goes doth nod his head,
 The wolf in woods lies down, th' ox in the mead,
 Th' ore under water; and on beds of down
 Men stretch their limbs, and lay them softly down.
 The nightingale, perch'd on the tender spring
 Of sweetest hawthorn, hangs her drowsy wing.
 The swallow's silent, and the loudest humber,
 Leaning upon the earth, now seems to slumber.
 Th' yew moves no more, the asp doth cease to shake,
 Pines bow their heads, seeming some rest to take.
 So soon as Sleep's black wings had overspread
 The Pagan host, the soldiers haste to bed;
 For instantly begin they all to wink,
 To hang their heads, and let their weapons sink:
 Their words, half-spoke, are lost between their lips,
 Through all their veins Sleep's charming humour slips,
 Which to a deep and death-like lethargy brings
 Both heathen soldiers and their heathen kings."

GILES FLETCHER,* the incumbent of an obscure maritime village in Suffolk, such as in later days inspired the muse of Crabbe, was the author of the finest poem, on a sacred subject, which appeared in the reign of King James, "Christ's Victory and Triumph." Mr Cattermole has reprinted it entire in his "Sacred Poetry of the Seventeenth Century," and it deserves the distinction. Many passages have a truly Miltonic sublimity, whilst the stanzas sweep along with a musical flow and a profuseness of fancy no less Spenserian. The following description of our Lord's Temptation has often been quoted as the possible original of the parallel scene in the "Paradise Regained":—

* Born in London, about 1588; died at Alderton, in Suffolk, about 1623.

Christ in the Wilderness.

"At length an aged sire far off he saw,
 Come slowly footing, every step he guess'd,
 One of his feet he from the grave did draw.
 Three legs he had, the wooden was the best,
 And all the way he went, he ever blest
 With benedictions, and prayers store,
 But the bad ground was blessed ne'er the more,
 And all his head with snow of age was waxen hoar.
 A good old hermit he might seem to be,
 That for devotion had the world forsaken,
 And now was travelling some saint to see,
 Since to his beads he had himself betaken,
 Where all his former sins he might awaken,
 And them might wash away with dropping brine,
 And alms, and fasts, and church's discipline;
 And dead, might rest his bones under the holy shrine.
 But when he nearer came, he lowted low
 With prone obeisance, and with curtsey kind,
 That at his feet his head he seem'd to throw:
 What needs him now another saint to find?
 Affections are the sails, and faith the wind,
 That to this Saint a thousand souls convey
 Each hour: O happy pilgrims, thither stray!
 What caren they for beasts, or for the weary way?
 Soon the old palmer his devotions sung,
 Like pleasing anthems modelled in time;
 For well that aged sire could tip his tongue
 With golden foil of eloquence, and lime
 And lick his rugged speech with phrases prime.
 ' Ay me,' quoth he, ' how many years have been,
 Since these old eyes the Sun of Heaven have seen!
 Certes, the Son of Heaven they now behold, I ween.
 ' Ah! mote my humble cell so blessed be
 As Heaven to welcome in his lowly roof,
 And be the temple for Thy deity!
 Lo, how my cottage worships Thee aloof,
 That under ground hath hid his head, in proof

It doth adore Thee with the ceiling low :
 Here honey, milk, and chestnuts wild do grow,
 The boughs a bed of leaves upon Thee shall bestow.
 ‘But oh!’ he said, and therewith sigh’d full deep,
 ‘The heavens, alas! too envious are grown,
 Because our fields Thy presence from them keep ;
 For stones do grow where corn was lately sown’
 (So stooping down, he gather’d up a stone) :
 ‘But Thou with corn canst make this stone to ear.
 What needen we the angry heavens to fear ?
 Let them envy us still, so we enjoy Thee here.’”

The tender-heartedness and the piety of this good man are touchingly exhibited in

The Dying Husband's Farewell.

“My dearest consort, my more loved heart,
 I leave thee now ; with thee all earthly joying :
 Heaven knows, with thee alone I sadly part :
 All other earthly sweets have had their cloying ;
 Yet never full of thy sweet loves' enjoying,
 Thy constant loves, next Heaven, I did refer them,
 Had not much grace prevail'd, 'fore Heaven I should
 prefer them.

I leave them, now the trumpet calls away ;
 In vain thine eyes beg for some time's reprieving ;
 Yet in my children here immortal stay :
 In one I die, in many ones am living ;
 In them, and for them, stay thy too much grieving :
 Look but on them, in them thou still wilt see
 Married with thee again thy twice-two Antony.

And when with little hands they stroke thy face,
 As in thy lap they sit (ah, careless!) playing,
 And stammering ask a kiss, give them a brace ;
 The last from me : and then a little staying,
 And in their face some part of me surveying,
 In them give me a third, and with a tear
 Shew thy dear love to him, who loved thee ever dear.

And now our falling house leans all on thee ;
 This little nation to thy care commend them :
 In thee it lies that hence they want not me ;
 Themselves yet cannot, thou the more defend them ;
 And when green age permits, to goodness bend them :
 A mother were you once, now both you are ;
 Then with this double style double your love and care.

Turn their unwary steps into the way :
 What first the vessel drinks, it long retaineth ;
 No bars will hold, when they have used to stray ;
 And when for me one asks, and weeping plaineth,
 Point thou to heaven, and say, ' He there remaineth :'
 And if they live in grace, grow, and perséver,
 There shall they live with me : else shall they see me never.

My God, oh ! in Thy fear here let me live !
 Thy wards they are, take them to Thy protection :
 Thou gavest them first, now back to Thee I give ;
 Direct them Thou, and help her weak direction ;
 That re-united by Thy strong election,
 Thou now in them, they then may live in Thee ;
 And seeing here Thy will, may there Thy glory see.

Farewell, farewell ! I feel my long, long rest,
 And iron sleep my leaden heart oppressing :
 Night after day, sleep after labour 's best ;
 Port after storms, joy after long distressing :
 So weep thy loss, as knowing 'tis my blessing :
 Both as a widow and a Christian grieve :
 Still live I in thy thoughts, but as in heaven I live."

Philosophical poems are usually a failure. Dr Darwin and Dr Thomas Brown, notwithstanding all the genius with which they were gifted, did wrong in "marrying to immortal verse" their mortal theories of life and organisation: for the latter being long since dead, the deathless partner is a disconsolate widow. Amongst ourselves, perhaps the most successful attempt, in a species of composition which even the lofty powers of Lucretius could not make popular, is the "Nosce Teipsum, or the Soul of Man and the Immortality thereof," by SIR JOHN

DAVIES,* Chief-Justice of the Court of King's Bench. The argument is not obsolete : it abounds in beautiful images : and the versification is in general delightfully harmonious.

The Dignity of Human Nature.

“ Oh! what is man, great Maker of mankind!
 That Thou to him so great respect dost bear!
 That Thou adorn'st him with so bright a mind,
 Mak'st him a king, and e'en an angel's peer!
 Oh! what a lively life, what heavenly power,
 What spreading virtue, what a sparkling fire,
 How great, how plentiful, how rich a dower
 Dost Thou within this dying flesh inspire!
 Thou leav'st thy print in other works of Thine ;
 But Thy whole image Thou in man hast writ :
 There cannot be a creature more divine,
 Except (like Thee) it should be infinite!
 But it exceeds man's thought, to think how high
 God hath raised man, since God a man became :
 The angels do admire this mystery,
 And are astonish'd when they view the same.
 Nor hath He given these blessings for a day,
 Nor made them on the body's life depend :
 The soul, though made in time, survives for aye ;
 And though it hath beginning, sees no end.”

The Soul's Aspirations, a Proof of its Immortality.

“ Again, how can she but immortal be,
 When with the motions of both will and wit,
 She still aspireth to eternity,
 And never rests till she attains to it?
 Water in conduit-pipes can rise no higher
 Than the well-head from whence it first doth spring :
 Then since to eternal God she doth aspire,
 She cannot be but an eternal thing.
 All moving things to other things do move,
 Of the same kind, which shews their nature such :

* Born 1570 ; died 1626.

So earth falls down, and fire doth mount above,
Till both their proper elements do touch.

And as the moisture, which the thirsty earth
Sucks from the sea, to fill her empty veins,
From out her womb at last doth take a birth,
And runs a nymph along the grassy plains;
Long doth she stay, as loath to leave the land,
From whose soft side she first did issue make :
She tastes all places, turns to every hand,
Her flowery banks unwilling to forsake ;

Yet nature so her streams doth lead and carry,
As that her course doth make no final stay,
Till she herself unto the ocean marry,
Within whose watery bosom first she lay :

Ev'n so the soul, which in this earthly mould
The Spirit of God doth secretly infuse,
Because at first she doth the earth behold,
And only this material world she views,—

At first her mother-earth she holdeth dear,
And doth embrace the world and worldly things;
She flies close by the ground, and hovers here,
And mounts not up with her celestial wings :

Yet under heaven she cannot light on aught
That with her heavenly nature doth agree ;
She cannot rest, she cannot fix her thought,
She cannot in this world contented be.

For who did ever yet, in honour, wealth,
Or pleasure of the sense, contentment find ?
Who ever ceased to wish, when he had health ?
Or having wisdom, was not vex'd in mind ?

Then as a bee, which among weeds doth fall,
Which seem sweet flowers, with lustre fresh and gay ;
She lights on that and this, and tasteth all,
But, pleased with none, doth rise and soar away :

So when the soul finds here no true content,
And, like Noah's dove, can no sure footing take,
She doth return from whence she first was sent,
And flies to him that first her wings did make.

Wit, seeing truth, from cause to cause ascends,
 And never rests, till it the first attain ;
 Will, seeking good, finds many middle ends,
 But never stays, till it the last do gain.

Now God the truth, and first of causes is ;
 God is the last good end, which lasteth still ;
 Being Alpha and Omega named for this ;
 Alpha to wit, Omega to the will.

Sith then her heavenly kind she doth display
 In that to God she doth directly move,
 And on no mortal thing can make her stay,
 She cannot be from hence, but from above."

"Hence springs that universal strong desire,
 Which all men have of immortality.
 Not some few spirits unto this thought aspire
 But all men's minds in this united be.

Then this desire of nature is not vain,
 She covets not impossibilities ;
 Fond thoughts may fall into some idle brain,
 But one assent of all is ever wise.

From hence that general care and study springs,
 That launching and progression of the mind,
 Which all men have so much of future things,
 As they no joy do in the present find.

From this desire that main desire proceeds,
 Which all men have surviving fame to gain,
 By tombs, by books, by memorable deeds ;
 For she that this desires, doth still remain."

Other specimens of the beautiful poetry in which this period abounded we must reserve for a future opportunity.

BISHOP HALL: THE ENGLISH SENECA.

DROPPING down a river—the Rhine or other—as crag follows crag, and castle succeeds to castle, the eye at last grows weary, and beauty itself becomes monotonous. You are glad of a halting-place—a Coblenz or St Goar—where you may disembark and rest a while. Our stream runs fast, and in the rapid succession of names and objects which we have already opened, it is hardly to be wondered at if the eye is bewildered and the memory confused. We shall therefore indulge ourselves in an occasional excursion on shore. In other words, instead of skimming onwards at an equal rate, and quitting every author after a momentary glimpse, we shall occasionally devote an entire section to some name outstanding and pre-eminent.

Of these little monographs the first is claimed by Dr Joseph Hall, successively Bishop of Exeter and Norwich in the reign of Charles I. Of our Christian classics, he is the earliest who still retains extensive popularity. Hooker's "Polity" is no doubt as valuable to Churchmen in the reign of Victoria as it was in the days of Elizabeth, and individual treatises of Sibbs, and a few others, will long continue to be reprinted; but the author of the "Contemplations" is as dear and delightful a companion to his modern admirers as he was to his ruffed and bearded contemporaries. In many other respects a remarkable man, for our immediate purpose he possesses a special value, as a link between two periods widely sundered. Commencing the career of authorship under the "good Queen Bess," had he lived four years longer he would have seen the restoration of Charles II.; and during all that interval his pen was seldom idle. Nor are there many writers who can be perused with equal profit. With his cheerful tone, his playful touches, his

keen insight, and his well-tempered wisdom, the "Old Humphrey" of the seventeenth century, he often exhibits an ethical profundity and a sententious eloquence well entitling him to the name which Sir Henry Wotton gave him, and with which he himself, judging from his admiration of his Roman paragon, would no doubt be greatly pleased—"the English Seneca."

JOSEPH HALL was born in the parish of Ashby de la Zouch, Leicestershire, July 1, 1574. He was one of the twelve children of a worthy yeoman who acted as borough-reeve of Ashby, under the Earl of Huntingdon. His mother, a feeble, sickly woman, and long exercised with the sorer affliction of a wounded spirit, lived mainly for a better world, and, as her son records, "it was hard for any friend to come from her discourse no whit holier. How often have I blessed the memory of those divine passages of experimental divinity which I have heard from her mouth! What day did she pass without a large task of private devotion? whence she would still come forth with a countenance of undissembled mortification. Never any lips have read to me such feeling lectures of piety, neither have I known any soul that more accurately practised them than her own. Temptations, desertions, and spiritual comforts, were her usual theme. Shortly—for I can hardly take off my pen from so exemplary a subject—her life and death were saint-like."

At a very early age he was sent to Emmanuel College, Cambridge, where he pursued his studies with great ardour, and was successively elected scholar, fellow, and professor of rhetoric. His pious mother's instructions were not lost; for not only was the ministry the destination to which he all along aspired, but he seems to have passed through the perils of a university career unspotted from the world. With characteristic modesty he states—"I was called to public disputations

often, with no ill success ; for never durst I appear in any of those exercises of scholarship till I had from my knees looked up to Heaven for a blessing, and renewed my actual dependence upon that Divine Hand." Of these disputations one was very famous. The theme was, "Mundus senescit;" but, as Fuller cannot help remarking, his argument confuted his position, "the wit and quickness whereof did argue an increase rather than a decay of parts in this latter age."

But although himself so correct and inoffensive, he must have been a shrewd observer of other people's foibles ; for at the age of twenty-three he published a volume of satires so wonderful that their appearance forms a marked incident in the history of English literature. In reading them we have always felt it difficult to comprehend how a youth, transferred from a provincial grammar-school to the cloisters of Cambridge, could have seen the world as he describes it ; and it moves no less amazement that, without any other models than Juvenal, Persius, and Ariosto, he should have started into instantaneous existence, not only the founder of a new school of vernacular poetry, but such a master in that style, that followers like Dryden and Pope have hardly excelled him in the harmony of their numbers, and have frequently been constrained to use the poison of envenomed personalities in order to produce the effect for which Hall trusted to the sharpness of his arrows, the precision of his aim, and the strength of his arm.

Of "the volubility and vigour," "the harmony and picturesqueness," of Hall's couplets, so justly extolled in the "Specimens of the British Poets," Mr Campbell has given as an example the following description of a magnificent mansion deserted by its inhospitable owner :—

"Beat the broad gates ; a goodly hollow sound,
With double echoes, doth again rebound !
But not a dog doth bark to welcome thee,
Nor churlish porter canst thou chafing see.

All dumb and silent, like the dead of night,
 Or dwelling of some sleeping Sybarite ;
 The marble pavement hid with desert weed,
 With house-leek, thistle, dock, and hemlock seed.

.
 Look to the tow'ring chimneys, which should be
 The wind-pipes of good hospitality,
 Through which it breatheth to the open air,
 Betokening life and liberal welfare ;
 Lo, there th' unthankful swallow takes her rest,
 And fills the tunnel with her circled nest."

Not less vivid and musical is his description of the Golden Age :—

“ Time was, and that was term'd the time of gold,
 When world and time were young that now are old,
 (When quiet Saturn sway'd the mace of lead,
 And pride was yet unborn and yet unbred.)
 Time was, that while the autumn fall did last,
 Our hungry sires gaped for the falling mast :
 Could no unhusked acorn leave the tree,
 But there was challenge made whose it might be.
 But if some nice and licorous appetite
 Desired more dainty dish of rare delight,
 They seald the stored crab with bended knee,
 Till they had sated their delicious eye :
 Or search'd the hopeful thicks of hedgy rows,
 For briery berries, or haws, or sourer sloes :
 Or when they meant to fare the finest of all,
 They lick'd oak leaves besprent with honey fall.
 As for the thrice three-angled beech nut-shell,
 Or chestnut's armed husk and hid kernel,
 No squire durst touch, the law would not afford,
 Kept for the court, and for the king's own board.
 Their royal plate was clay, or wood, or stone,
 The vulgar, save his hand, else he had none.
 Their only cellar was the neighbouring brook :
 None did for better care, for better look.”

Nor could Miss Edgeworth herself have sketched an Irish cabin better than Hall hits off the cottage, with an old barrel for

the chimney, for which the poor occupant has to pay a heavy tribute to my lord of Castle Rackrent.

“Of one bay’s breadth, God wot! a silly cot,
 Whose thatched spars are furred with sluttish soot
 A whole inch thick, shining like blackmoor’s brows,
 Through smoke that down the headless barrel blows.
 At his bed’s feet feeden his stalled team,
 His swine beneath, his poultry o’er the beam :
 A starved tenement, such as I guess
 Stands straggling in the wastes of Holderness ;
 Or such as shiver on a Peak hill-side,
 When March’s lungs beat on their turf-clad hide ;
 Such as nice Lipsius would grudge to see
 Above his lodging in wild Westphalie ;
 Or as the Saxon king his court might make,
 When his sides plained of the neat-herd’s cake.
 Yet must he haunt his greedy landlord’s hall
 With often presents at each festival ;
 With crammed capons every New-Year’s morn,
 Or with green cheeses when his sheep are shorn,
 Or many maunds-full of his mellow fruit,
 To make some way to win his weighty suit.”

In the first book of these Satires, he pours well-merited ridicule on the poetical affectations of some of his contemporaries: first, on those “pot-furies” who select heroic themes, and work themselves into tipsy excitement over them:—

“As frozen dunghills in a winter’s morn,
 That void of vapours seemed all beforne,
 Soon as the sun sends out his piercing beams,
 Exhale out filthy smoke and stinking steams :
 So doth the base and the ’fore-barren brain,
 Soon as the raging wine begins to reign.”

A translator of Virgil into English hexameters is quizzed in terms too applicable to some of his modern followers:—

“The nimble dactyles, striving to outgo
 The drawling spondees, pacing it below:
 The ling’ring spondees labouring to delay
 The breathless dactyles with a sudden stay.

Who ever saw a colt, wanton and wild,
 Yoked with a slow-foot ox on fallow field,
 Can right aread how handsomely besets
 Dull spondees with the English dactilets."

However, there is no indiscriminate mischief in his play. After jeering at the bombastical knight-errantry of certain allegorising bards, with the reverence of genius for genius he pays this graceful tribute to Spenser:—

" But let no rebel satyr dare traduce
 Th' eternal legends of thy Faery Muse,
 Renowned Spenser, whom no earthly wight
 Dares once to emulate, much less despite.
 Sallust of France,* and Tuscan Ariost,
 Yield up the laurel garland ye have lost ;
 And let all others willow wear with me,
 Or let their undeserving temples bared be."

From the poets the censor passes to the learned professions of his time. Here we have the portrait of the anxious client, "fleece'd" by the rapacious lawyer:—

" The crouching client, with low-bended knee,
 And many worships, and fair flattery,
 Tells on his tale as smoothly as him list,
 But still the lawyer's eye squints on his fist:
 If that seem lined with a larger fee,
 Doubt not the suit, the law is plain for thee.
 Then must he buy his vainer hope with price,
 Disclout † his crowns, and thank him for advice.
 So have I seen in a tempestuous stowre, ‡
 Some brier-bush shewing shelter from the show'r
 Unto the hopeful sheep, that fain would hide
 His fleecy coat from that same angry tide.
 The ruthless brier, regardless of his plight,
 Lays hold upon the fleece he should acquite, §
 And takes advantage of the careless prey,
 That thought she in securer shelter lay.

* Guillaume Salluste, Seigneur du Bartas. See *ante*, p. 205.

Disburse.

‡ Storm, shock.

§ Let go, extricate.

The day is fair, the sheep would far to feed,
 The tyrant brier holds fast his shelter's meed,
 And claims it for the fee of his defence :
 So robs the sheep, in favour's fair pretence."

Then we have a glimpse of the simoniacal practices of the time, when livings were openly offered for sale by advertisements affixed to the door of St Paul's :—

" Saw'st thou ever ' Si quis ' patch'd on Paul's church door,
 To seek some vacant vicarage before ?
 Who wants a churchman that can service say,
 Read fast and fair his monthly homily,
 And wed, and bury, and make christen souls?
 Come to the left side alley of St Paul's," &c.

Next comes the old story of the poor scholar and the purse-proud patron :—

" A gentle squire would gladly entertain
 Into his house some trencher-chappelain ;
 Some willing man that might instruct his sons,
 And that would stand to good conditions.
 First, that he lie upon the truckle-bed,
 Whiles his young master lieth o'er his head.
 Second, that he do, on no default,
 Ever presume to sit above the salt.
 Third, that he never change his trencher twice.
 Fourth, that he use all common courtesies,
 Sit bare at meals, and one half rise and wait.
 All these observed, he could contented be
 To give five marks and winter livery." *

It is certainly not a little remarkable, that one so distinguished through life for his inoffensive and conciliatory spirit should have commenced his career as a satirist; and it is curious that the first publication of one who was destined to

* Hall's Satires were first brought back to their right place in our literature by the elaborate criticisms of Thomas Warton in the last volume of his "History of English Poetry." They have been repeatedly reprinted. The best edition with which we are acquainted is that of Mr Samuel Weller Singer, 1824.

become a bishop himself should have been deemed so bad that it was condemned and suppressed by Bancroft the Bishop of London. And yet there is no reason why indignation at evil, or the contempt of folly, along with the caricaturing faculty, should not coexist in minds of the most unquestioned benevolence; witness those gentlest of saints and keenest of satirists, Blaise Pascal and William Cowper.

However acquired, we have no doubt that the habit of minute observation which this juvenile performance indicates was afterwards invaluable to the preacher and moralist; and although it had rendered no other service, the elaboration required in such a poetical effort was eminently conducive to the terse precision which subsequently distinguished his prose. Not only has metrical cadence a great charm for the youthful composer, but probably the exigencies of verse are the best discipline to which the tyro in style can subject himself. Indeed, to a young student anything is useful which compels him to write slowly, and weigh the import of words.

Whether or not he was daunted by the ban of the bishop, we do not know; but with the exception of two or three very ordinary effusions, and an attempt, by no means successful, to versify the first ten psalms, it does not appear that Mr Hall ever followed up his maiden effort in poetry. Busier scenes and graver pursuits awaited him.

In 1601 he was presented to the rectory of Halsted or Hawstead in Suffolk. His patron was the richest commoner then in England, Sir Robert Drury, whose spacious London mansion in Drury Lane afforded an asylum to Dr Donne in the days of his poverty, and was frequented by many of the distinguished scholars and divines of that period. The first years of our author's sojourn at Halsted were signalised by two great events—his marriage, and a continental tour.

“Being now settled,” he says, “in that sweet and civil country of Suffolk, near to St Edmund's Bury, my first work

was to build up my house, which was then extremely ruinous ; which done, the uncouth solitariness of my life, and the extreme incommodity of that single housekeeping, drew my thoughts, after two years, to condescend to the necessity of a married estate, which God no less strangely provided for me. For walking from the church on Monday in the Whitsunweek, with a grave and reverend minister, Mr Grandidge, I saw a comely, modest gentlewoman standing at the door of that house where we were invited to a wedding dinner, and inquiring of that worthy friend whether he knew her, 'Yes,' quoth he, 'I know her well, and have bespoken her for your wife.' When I further demanded an account of that answer, he told me she was the daughter of a gentleman whom he much respected, Mr George Winniff of Bretenham ; that out of an opinion had of the fitness of that match for me, he had already treated with her father about it, whom he found very apt to entertain it, advising me not to neglect the opportunity ; and not concealing the just praises of the modesty, piety, good disposition, and other virtues that were lodged in that seemly presence, I listened to the motion as sent from God, and at last upon due prosecution happily prevailed, enjoying the comfortable society of that meet help for the space of forty-nine years."

The continental journey soon followed his marriage, and was an affair almost as memorable, and much fuller of anxiety. Even in our own day, notwithstanding all their love of locomotion, clergymen often "do their travelling" very badly. Infallible at home, they are not sufficiently submissive to official dictators abroad, and, in their superior knowledge, too often insist on entering the wrong boat or carriage, which would be the less to be lamented if they always maintained an edifying magnanimity on finding themselves steaming up the wrong river or shunted into the siding. But to say nothing of sea sickness, which selects its first victims from doctors of divinity, betwixt academic abstraction and scholar-like absence

of mind, professional dignity and an uneasy consciousness of an enemy's country, all aggravated by Cambridge French or Oxford German, with, perhaps, an occasional touch of constitutional nervousness, we have seldom any difficulty in recognising under their curious disguises our brother "ecclesiastiques," even although the forgotten passport or railway ticket should leave no doubt on the subject; and we cannot wonder that in the bureaux for lost luggage, so many packages are identified by a bundle of manuscript sermons.

The good Rector of Halsted was no exception. He travelled in the suite of Sir Edmund Bacon; and although flaunting in a gay-coloured silken doublet, the Jesuits knew very well that he was an English divine. His curiosity and his Protestantism together exposed him to serious jeopardy in the streets of Antwerp, where, standing with his hat on his head to view the procession of the host, it was only "the hulk of a tall Brabanter" which screened him from the fanatical vengeance of the mob; and his guileless zeal was so often betraying him into arguments, in which his Latin and his logic together were so sure to reveal his profession, that Sir Edmund found him a dangerous attendant. He finished off by quitting his party when ready to embark at Flushing, in order to visit a friend at Middleburg, and returned to find that the ship had sailed; and it was long before he could find another opportunity to regain the shores of England.

The brief record of this journey gives an interesting glimpse of the Spanish Netherlands as they existed in 1605, when the great conflict which emancipated the Seven Provinces was only half concluded. It is contained in an epistle to Sir Thomas Challoner:—

"Besides my hopes, not my desires, I travelled of late; for knowledge partly, and partly for health. There was nothing that made not my journey pleasant, save the labour of the way; which yet was so sweetly deceived by the society of Sir

Edmund Bacon (a gentleman truly honourable, beyond all titles), that I found small cause to complain. The sea brooked not me, nor I it; an unquiet element, made only for wonder and use, not for pleasure. Alighted once from that wooden conveyance and uneven way, I bethought myself how fondly our life is committed to an unsteady and reeling piece of wood, fickle winds, restless waters, while we may set foot on steadfast and constant earth. Lo, then everything taught me, everything delighted me; so ready are we to be affected with these foreign pleasures, which at home we should overlook. I saw much as one might in such a span of earth in so few months. The time favoured me: for now newly had the key of peace opened those parts which war had before closed; closed (I say) to all English, save either fugitives or captives. All civil occurrences (as what fair cities, what strange fashions, entertainments, dangers, delights, we found) are fit for other ears and winter evenings. What I noted, as a divine within the sphere of my profession, my paper shall not spare in some part to report.

“ Along our way, how many churches saw we demolished! Nothing left, but rude heaps, to tell the passenger there hath been both devotion and hostility. Fury hath done that there which Covetousness would do with us; would do, but shall not: the truth within shall save the walls without. And, to speak truly (whatever the vulgar exclaim), Idolatry pulled down those walls, not rage. If there had been no Hollander to raze them, they would have fallen alone rather than hide so much impiety under their guilty roof. These are spectacles, not so much of cruelty as justice; cruelty of man, justice of God. But (which I wondered at) churches fall and Jesuits' colleges rise everywhere. There is no city where those are not either rearing or built. Whence cometh this? Is it for that devotion is not so necessary as policy? Those men (as we say of the fox) fare best where they are most cursed. None so much spited of their own, none so hated of all, none so opposed

by ours ; and yet these ill weeds grow. Whosoever lives long shall see them feared of their own, who now hate them ; shall see these seven lean kine devour all the fat beasts that feed on the meadows of Tiber.

“ At Brussels I saw some English women profess themselves vestals, with a thousand rites, I know not whether more ridiculous or magical. Poor souls ! they could not be fools enough at home. It would have made you to pity, laugh, disdain (I know not which more), to see by what cunning sleights and fair pretences that weak sex was fetched into a wilful bondage ; and (if these two can agree) willingly constrained to serve a master whom they must and cannot obey. What follows hence ? Late sorrow, secret mischief, misery irremediable.

“ I talked there, in more boldness perhaps than wisdom, with Costerus, a famous Jesuit, an old man, more testy than subtile, and more able to wrangle than satisfy. Our discourse was long and roving ; and on his part full both of words and vehemency. He spake as at home, I as a stranger : yet so as he saw me modestly peremptory. The particulars would swell my letter too much : it is enough that the truth lost less than I gained.

“ At Ghent, a city that commands reverence for age and wonder for the greatness, we fell upon a Capuchin novice, who wept bitterly because he was not allowed to make himself miserable. His head had now felt the razor, his back the rod : all that laconical discipline pleased him well, which another being condemned to would justly account a torment. What hindered them ? Piety to his mother would not permit this which he thought piety to God. He could not be a willing beggar, unless his mother would beg unwillingly. He was the only heir of his father, the only stay of his mother : the comfort of her widowhood depended on this her orphan, who now naked must enter into the world of the Capuchins, as he came first into this, leaving his goods to the division of the fraternity

—the least part whereof should have been hers, whose he wished all. Hence those tears. These men for devout, the Jesuits for learned and pragmatistical, have engrossed all opinion from other orders. O hypocrisy! No Capuchin may take or touch silver. This metal is as very an anathema to them as the wedge of gold to Achan; at the offer whereof he starts back, as Moses from the serpent: yet he carries a boy with him that takes and carries it, and never complains of either metal or measure. I saw and laughed at it, and by this open trick of hypocrisy suspected more, more close.

“At Nemours, on a pleasant and steep hill-top, we found one that was termed a married hermit; approving his wisdom above his fellows, that could make choice of so cheerful and sociable a solitariness. Whence, after a delightful passage up the sweet river *Mosa* (Meuse), we visited the populous and rich city of *Leodium* (Liege). I would those streets were more moist with wine than with blood; wherein no day, no night, is not dismal to some. No law, no magistrate lays hold on the known murderer if himself list; for three days after the fact, the gates are open and justice shut; private violence may pursue him, public justice cannot: whence some of more hot temper carve themselves revenge; others take up with a small pecuniary satisfaction. O England, thought I, happy for justice, happy for security! There you shall find in every corner a maumet (image), at every door a beggar, in every dish a priest. From thence we passed to the Spa, a village famous for her medicinal and mineral waters, compounded of iron and copperas; the virtue whereof yet the simple inhabitant ascribes to their beneficial saint, whose heavy foot hath made an ill-shaped impression in a stone of the upper well—a water more wholesome than pleasant, and yet more famous than wholesome.

“One thing I may not omit without sinful oversight; a short but memorable story which the graphier of that town

(though of different religion) reported to more ears than ours. When the last inquisition tyrannised in those parts, and helped to spend the fagots of Ardenne, one of the rest, a confident confessor, being led far to his stake, sung psalms along the way, in a heavenly courage and victorious triumph. The cruel officer, envying his last mirth, and grieving to see him merrier than his tormentors, commanded him silence. He sings still, as desirous to improve his last breath to the best. The view of his approaching glory bred his joy; his joy breaks forth into a cheerful confession. The enraged sheriff causes his tongue to be cut off near the roots. Bloody wretch! It had been good music to have heard his shrieks; but to hear his music was torment. The poor martyr dies in silence, rests in peace. Not many months after, our butcherly officer hath a son born with his tongue hanging down upon his chin, like a deer after long chase, which never could be gathered up within the bounds of his lips. O the Divine hand, full of justice, full of revenge!

“Let me tell you yet, ere I take off my pen, two wonders more, which I saw in that wonder of cities, Antwerp;—one, a solemn mass in a shambles, and that on God’s day, while the house was full of meat, of butchers, of buyers; some kneeling, others bargaining, most talking, all busy. It was strange to see one house sacred to God and the belly, and how these two services agreed. The other—an Englishman (one Goodwin, a Kentishman), so madly devout that he had wilfully housed up himself as an anchorite, the worst of all prisoners. There sat he, pent up for his further merit, half hunger-starved for the charity of the citizens. It was worth seeing how manly he could bite in his secret want, and dissemble his over-late repentance. I cannot commend his mortification, if he wish to be in heaven, yea, in purgatory, to be delivered from thence. I durst not pity him, because his durance was willing, and as he hoped meritorious; but such encouragement as he had from me, such thank shall he have from God, who, instead of an

Euge, which he looks for, shall angrily challenge him with ‘Who required this?’”

Our author’s appointment to Halsted was in a few years followed by his translation to Waltham Holy Cross, in addition to which his rising reputation procured for him the office of chaplain to Prince Henry, and the prebend of Wolverhampton.

Of Dr Hall’s abilities as a preacher, as far as printed specimens go, we possess ample materials for judging. His worst sermons are those which he preached at court, or *for* the court. In the former, he fell under the spell of Bishop Andrewes, King James’s Chrysostom, and not only humoured the prevailing taste for scriptural conceits, but occasionally indulged in a buffoonery, in which, after all, he was far surpassed by his royal master.* And even that fulsome age supplies few stronger

* These are hard words to apply to so great and good a man ; but it is our calling to be honest critics, as well as affectionate biographers. Of conceits we may give the following example, from the outset of a sermon on Zech. xiv. 20, “ In that day shall be written upon the bridles (or bells) of the horses, Holiness unto the Lord : and the pots of the Lord’s house shall be like the bowls before the altar :”—“ If any man wonder whether this discourse can tend, of horses, and bells, and pots, and bowls for the altar, let him consider that of Tertullian, ‘ Ratio divina in medullâ est, non in superficie.’ These horses, if they be well managed, will prove like those fiery horses of Elias, to carry us up to our heaven ; these bells like those golden bells of Aaron’s robe ; these pots like that *olla pulmenti* of the prophets, after Elisha’s meal ; and these bowls like that blessed and fruitful navel of the Church, Song vii. 2.” And we fear that the following, from the same sermon, is no better than buffoonery :—“ The use of coats of arms and inscriptions must be very laudable, as ancient, since God himself was the first herald. Yea, the very Anabaptists, that shake off all the yoke of magistracy, yet when they had ripened their fanatical projects, and had raised their king Beold from the shopboard to the throne, would not want this point of honour ; and therefore he must have one henchman to carry a crown and a Bible, with an inscription ; another that carried a sword naked, and a ball of gold ; himself, in great state, carries a globe of gold, with two swords across. His pressing-iron and shears would have become him better.” Although preached “ at court,” it is possible that this sermon was only heard by Prince Henry ; but, like most of the printed discourses of that day, it could hardly fail to have an eye to the Mœcenas of the pulpit, his Sacred Majesty.

instances of flattery than his "Holy Panegyric." But apart from these failings—not so characteristic of the man as of the times—his discourses possess great excellences. They are sincere, and faithful, and lively. They have never the air of task-work or routine, but are the productions of a man interested in his subject and his audience. Weighty with wisdom at once experimental and scriptural, occasional sentences flash up of a sudden on the wings of wit, and reach the mark in a moment: as when denouncing the "cormorant corn-mongers," who, by hoarding their grain, try to create a dearth in the midst of plenty—"God sends grain, but many times the devil sends garners:" or satirising the pride of rank without worth—"The chimney overlooks all the rest of the house: is it not, for all that, the very basest piece of the building?" or remonstrating with those who make the failings of individuals a reproach to the ministry—"But hear you, my worthy brethren: when you see a thief in the candle, don't you presently call for an extinguisher: for personal faults don't you condemn a holy calling." And not unfrequently they glow with impassioned earnestness. This is the more remarkable when we remember the calmness of spirit which the preacher habitually cultivated, and the judicial or moderating tone which pervades his ethical writings. But Hall was too well acquainted with human nature, and the ex-professor of rhetoric had studied his subject too thoroughly, not to know that, for the inspiring of emotion or action, something more is needed than a balancing of sentences or a see-saw of proverbial antitheses. Accordingly, kindling with his theme, he often allows the man and the Christian to run away with the moraliser, and even a noble indignation finds an occasional outburst; as when he exclaims, "Woe to you, spiritual robbers! Our blind forefathers clothed the Church; you despoil it: their ignorant devotion shall rise in judgment against your raving covetousness. If robbery, simony, perjury, will not carry you to hell, hope still that you

may be saved. They gave plentiful alms to the poor; we, instead of filling their bellies, grind their faces. What excellent laws had we lately enacted that there should be no beggar in Israel! Let our streets, ways, hedges, witness the execution. Thy liberality relieves some poor; it is well: but hath not thy oppression made more? Thy usury, extorting, racking, enclosing, hath wounded whole villages; and now thou befriendest two or three with the plasters of thy bounty. The mercies of the wicked are cruel. They were precise in their Sabbath; we so loose in ours, as if God had no day. See whether our taverns, streets, highways, descry any great difference. These things I vowed in myself to reprove: if too bitterly, as you think, pardon, I beseech you, this holy impatience, and blame the foulness of these vices, not my just vehemency."

Of his more fervid passages, one of the most impressive occurs in his "Passion Sermon:"—"O beloved, is it not enough that He died once for us? Were those pains so light that we should every day redouble them? Is this the entertainment that so gracious a Saviour hath deserved of us by dying? Is this the recompense of that infinite love of His, that thou shouldest thus cruelly vex and wound Him with thy sins? Every one of our sins is a thorn, and nail, and spear to Him. Whilst thou pourest down thy drunken carouses, thou givest thy Saviour a potion of gall: while thou despisest His poor servants, thou spittest on His face: while thou puttest on thy proud dresses, and liftest up thy heart with vain conceits, thou settest a crown of thorns on His head: while thou wringest and oppressest His poor children, thou scourgest Him, and drawest blood of His hands and feet. Thou hypocrite, how darest thou offer to receive the sacrament of God with that hand which is thus imbrued with the blood of Him whom thou receivest? In every ordinary thy profane tongue walks, in the disgrace of the religious and the conscionable.

Thou makest no scruple of thine own sins, and scornest those that do. Hear Him that saith, ‘Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me?’ Saul strikes at Damascus; Christ suffers in heaven. Thou striketh; Christ Jesus smarteth, and will revenge. These are ‘what remains’ of Christ’s sufferings. In Himself it is finished; in His members it is not. We must toil, and groan, and bleed, that we may reign. This is our warfare; this is the region of our sorrow and death. Now are we set upon the sandy pavement of our theatre, and are matched with all sort of evils—evil men, evil spirits, evil accidents, and, which is worst, our own evil hearts; temptations, crosses, persecutions, sicknesses, wants, infamies, death: all these must, in our courses, be encountered by the law of our profession. What should we do but strive and suffer, as our General hath done, that we may reign as He doth, and once triumph in our ‘Consummatum est?’ God and His angels sit upon the scaffolds* of heaven, and behold us. Our crown is ready; our day of deliverance shall come; yea, our redemption is near, when all tears shall be wiped from our eyes, and we, that have sown in tears, shall reap in joy.”

In three successive years Dr Hall was employed in as many several embassies by his sovereign. First, he accompanied the Earl of Carlisle on his splendid mission to France; but being seized with violent sickness, he was sent back from Paris to Dieppe in a litter “of so little ease, that Simeon’s penitential lodging or a malefactor’s stocks had been less penal.” Then, in 1617, he was selected to attend his Majesty himself in his visit to Scotland, to aid in the effort to introduce Episcopacy. The Anglican system could have no sincerer advocate than the man who, at that moment, was its brightest ornament; but because he made the concessions which the candour of strong conviction is apt to make, and because he attracted to himself the regard and affection which obvious goodness can hardly

* The seats of an amphitheatre.

fail to win, he returned from this journey laden with the envy of less popular brethren, and had some difficulty in convincing the king that he had not betrayed the cause. However, after a momentary distrust, the king's confidence was restored; and in the following year Dr Hall, now Dean of Worcester, was deputed, along with Bishop Carleton and Drs Davenant and Ward, to attend the Synod of Dort. After two months, the same failure of health which necessitated his return from France hastened his departure from Holland. The noise of a garrison town at night deprived him of sleep; and after taking leave of his colleagues in an eloquent Latin valediction, he was thankful to return for the last time to his native shores.

Diversified by such expeditions, and by his stated attendances at court, upwards of a quarter of a century passed peacefully and usefully at Halsted and Waltham Cross. His sons were growing up good scholars, and promising young men, as, indeed, three of them were destined to become ministers like himself, and one of them a bishop. Through his affectionate assiduity, and especially through his diligence in catechising, his parishioners had attained an amount of Christian intelligence and sobriety then unusual in England. And although he himself overtasked a delicate constitution by the writing out of three sermons a-week, and by a devotion to study which sometimes stinted itself to one meal in the day, his fund of cheerfulness was a constant restorative, occasionally combined with a few hours of piscatorial relaxation on the banks of the Lea. And now he was upwards of fifty years of age, and could no longer escape the mitre with which his high standing had for some time been threatened. Gloucester he resisted with success; but the reprieve was short, and in 1627 he was obliged to become Bishop of Exeter.

Before leaving that pleasant Waltham parsonage, let us peep into the study as sketched by the pen of its industrious occupant in one of his most delightful epistles:—

“Every day is a little life, and our whole life is but a day repeated : whence it is that old Jacob numbered his life by days, and Moses desired to be taught this point of holy arithmetic, to number not his years but his days. Those, therefore, that dare lose a day, are dangerously prodigal ; those that dare mispend it, desperate. First, therefore, I desire to awake at those hours, not when I will, but when I must : pleasure is not a fit rule for rest, but health ; neither do I consult so much with the sun, as with mine own necessity, whether of body or in that of the mind. If this vassal could well serve me waking, it should never sleep ; but now it must be pleased that it may be serviceable. Now, when sleep is rather driven away than leaves me, I would ever awake with God ; my first thoughts are for Him who hath made the night for rest, and the day for travail ; and as He gives, so blesses both. If my heart be early seasoned with His presence, it will savour of Him all day after. While my body is dressing, not with an effeminate curiosity, nor yet with rude neglect, my mind addresses itself to her ensuing task, bethinking what is to be done, and in what order, and marshalling (as it may) my hours with my work. That done, after some while’s meditation, I walk up to my masters and companions, my books ; and sitting down amongst them with the best contentment, I dare not reach forth my hand to salute any of them till I have first looked up to heaven, and craved favour of Him to whom all my studies are duly referred ; without whom I can neither profit nor labour. After this, out of no great variety, I call forth those which may best fit my occasions, wherein I am not too scrupulous of age. Sometimes I put myself to school to one of those ancients whom the Church hath honoured with the name of Fathers, whose volumes I confess not to open without a secret reverence of their holiness and gravity ; sometimes to those later doctors, who want nothing but age to make them classical ; always to God’s book. That day is lost

whereof some hours are not improved in those divine monuments : others I turn over out of choice, these out of duty. Ere I can have sate unto weariness, my family, having now overcome all household distractions, invite me to our common devotions ; not without some short preparation. These, heartily performed, send me up with a more strong and cheerful appetite to my former work, which I find made easy to me by intermission and variety. Now, therefore, can I deceive the hours with change of pleasures—that is, of labours. One while my eyes are busied, another while my hand, and sometimes my mind takes the burden from them both. One hour is spent in textual divinity, another in controversy ; histories relieve them both. Now, when my mind is weary of others' labours, it begins to undertake its own : sometimes it meditates, and winds up for future use ; sometimes it lays forth its conceits into present discourse, sometimes for itself, often for others. Neither know I whether it works or plays in these thoughts ; I am sure no sport hath more pleasure, no work more use. Only the decay of a weak body makes me think these delights insensibly laborious. Thus could I all day (as ringers use) make myself music with changes, were it not that this faint monitor interrupts me still in the midst of my busy pleasures, and enforces me both to respite and repast. I must yield to both ; while my body and mind are joined together in these unequal couples, the better must follow the weaker. Before my meals, therefore, and after, I let myself loose from all thoughts, and now would forget that I ever studied. A full mind takes away the body's appetite, no less than a full body makes a dull and unwieldy mind. Company, discourse, recreations, are now seasonable and welcome. These prepare me for a diet, not gluttonous but medicinal. The palate may not be pleased, but the stomach, nor that for its own sake ; neither would I think any of these comforts worth respect in themselves, but in their use, in their end, so far as they may

enable me to better things. If I see any dish to tempt my palate, I fear a serpent in that apple, and would please myself by a wilful denial. I rise capable of more, not desirous; not now immediately from my trencher to my book, but after some intermission. Moderate speed is a sure help to all proceedings; where those things which are prosecuted with violence of endeavour or desire, either succeed not, or continue not.

“After my later meal, my thoughts are slight: only my memory may be charged with her task of recalling what was committed to her custody in the day; and my heart is busy in examining my hands and mouth, and all other senses, of that day’s behaviour. And now the evening is come, no tradesman doth more carefully take in his wares, clear his shop-board, and shut his windows, than I would shut up my thoughts and clear my mind. That student shall live miserably who, like a camel, lies down under his burden. All this done, calling together my family, we end the day with God. How miserable is the condition of those men who spend the time as if it were given them, and not lent! as if hours were waste creatures, and such as should never be accounted for! as if God would take this for a good bill of reckoning, *Item*, spent upon my pleasures, forty years!

“Such are my common days; but God’s day calls for another respect. The same sun arises on this day, and enlightens it: yet, because the Sun of righteousness arose upon it, and gave a new life to the world in it, and drew the strength of God’s moral precept unto it; therefore justly do we sing with the Psalmist, ‘This is the day which the Lord hath made.’ Now I forget the world, and in a sort myself; and deal with my wonted thoughts, as great men use, who at some times of their privacy forbid the access of all suitors. Prayer, meditation, reading, hearing, preaching, singing, good conference, are the business of this day, which I dare not bestow on any work or pleasure, but heavenly. I hate superstition on the one side,

and looseness on the other ; but I find it hard to offend in too much devotion, easy in profaneness. The whole week is sanctified by this day ; and according to my care of this day is my blessing on the rest.”

The days of Bishop Hall's episcopate were the darkest and most disastrous which have passed over the Church of England, and the good prelate's own position was one of singular difficulty. On the one hand, his honest churchmanship and his love of order made him anxious to secure canonical uniformity throughout his diocese ; and such was the success of his mild and judicious administration that, with two exceptions, he secured the compliance of all his clergy. On the other hand, his dislike to the Book of Sports, his disapproval of the absurd *et-cetera* oath, and his detestation of Popery, led him to throw the shield of his official protection over those ministers who, like himself, revered the Sabbath, kept consciences void of offence, and resisted Romish innovations ; and his solicitude for the interests of vital godliness drew forth his direct encouragement to week-day lectures and other plans of usefulness, which were highly disapproved by the primate. The consequence was, that whilst the diocese of Exeter was the envy and admiration of the rest of England, its bishop was again and again called to account for his latitudinarian practices, and “was three several times upon his knees to his Majesty to answer these great criminations.” No wonder that even his meek spirit could not bear indignities thus continued, and that he “plainly told the Archbishop [Laud] that rather than he would be obnoxious to these slanderous tongues of his misinformers, he would cast up his rochet.”

In 1641 he was translated to the see of Norwich ; but by this time the proceedings of the king and the primate had brought about an embroilment which no earthly power could extricate, and, as often happens to the most inoffensive adherents of the defeated party, one of the greatest sufferers in the bursting of

the storm was the man who had striven most to avert the catastrophe. On his way to his new diocese, Bishop Hall was committed to the Tower, along with other prelates, on a monstrous charge of high treason, which was only abandoned by the House of Commons after they had suffered six months' confinement; and he had hardly reached Exeter when he was overtaken by the Parliamentary "triers," and all that wild work of demolition which, under Parliamentary encouragement, the populace carried on. It was in vain that the bishop removed the heads of the apostles from the stained-glass windows of the cathedral; and in vain that for her "delinquent" husband Mrs Hall endeavoured to rent such sorry accommodation as was left in the palace. As he has himself described it,—

"It is no other than tragical to relate the carriage of that furious sacrilege whereof our eyes and ears were the sad witnesses, under the authority and presence of Linsey, Toftes the sheriff, and Greenwood. Lord, what work was here! What clattering of glasses! what beating down of walls! what tearing up of monuments! what pulling down of seats! what wresting out of iron and brass from the windows and graves! what defacing of arms! what demolishing of curious stone-work, that had not any representation in the world, but only of the cost of the founder and skill of the mason! what tooting and piping on the destroyed organ pipes! and what a hideous triumph on the market-day, before all the country, when, in a kind of sacrilegious and profane procession, all the organ-pipes, vestments, both copes and surplices, together with the leaden cross which had been newly sawn down from over the Green-yard pulpit, and the service-books and singing-books that could be had, were carried to the fire in the public market-place; a lewd wretch walking before the train, in his cope trailing in the dirt, with a service-book in his hand, imitating in an impious scorn the tune, and usurping the words of the litany used formerly in the church. Near the public cross, all these monuments of

idolatry must be sacrificed to the fire, not without much ostentation of a zealous joy, in discharging ordnance, to the cost of some who professed how much they had longed to see that day. Neither was it any news upon this guild-day, to have the cathedral, now open on all sides, to be filled with musketeers, waiting for the major's return, drinking and tobaccoing as freely as if it had turned alehouse.

“ Still yet I remained in my palace, though with but a poor retinue and means ; but the house was held too good for me. Many messages were sent by Mr Corbet to remove me thence. The first pretence was, that the committee, who was now at charge for a house to sit in, might make their daily session there, being a place both more public, roomy, and chargeless. The committee, after many consultations, resolved it convenient to remove thither : though many overtures and offers were made to the contrary. Mr Corbet was impatient of my stay there ; and procures and sends peremptory messages for my present dislodging. We desired to have some time allowed for providing some other mansion, if we must needs be cast out of this ; which my wife was so willing to hold, that she offered, if the charge of the present committee-house were the thing stood upon, she would be content to defray the sum of the rent of that house of her fifth part : but that might not be yielded : out we must, and that in three weeks' warning by Midsummer-day then approaching ; so as we might have lain in the street for aught I knew, had not the providence of God so ordered it, that a neighbour in the close, one Mr Gostlin, a widower, was content to void his house for us.”

Not only was the venerable bishop ejected from his palace, but his furniture was appraised for sale, the sequestrators “ not leaving so much as a dozen of trenchers, or his children's pictures, out of their curious inventory.” His beloved books would have been dispersed in the general auction ; but knowing how essential they were to their owner, a kind-hearted clergyman

came forward and redeemed them, whilst a good gentlewoman did the like service for the rest of his personal property.

From this scene of devastation the bishop retired to Higham, a hamlet in the suburbs of Norwich. Here he lived the remaining days of his pilgrimage, in a house still standing, and which those may visit who love to explore the earthly haunts of departed goodness. Here he often preached till he was upwards of fourscore years. Here, after a union of nearly half a century, he closed the eyes of that "comely" helpmeet who had brightened his humble Suffolk home, and who had shared so bravely the sorrows of his tempestuous elevation. And here at last, on the 8th of September 1656, and in the eighty-second year of his age, his peace-loving spirit quitted these tents of Kedar, and flew away and was at rest.

Bishop Hall wrote no bulky book, if we except his "Hard Texts" and "Contemplations;" and yet he wrote so many little books, and he kept writing so long, that he may be considered a rather voluminous author. Of his various compositions Fuller's relative estimate is well known, and it is nearly correct: "Not unhappy at controversies, more happy at comments, very good in his characters, better in his sermons, best of all in his meditations." In this sliding scale the critic has not included his "Cases of Conscience" and his "Epistles," both of which possess a historical interest, as being almost, if not altogether, the earliest efforts in their respective departments of English literature. Notwithstanding its abundance in the Church of Rome, there was hardly a single specimen of casuistical divinity in the Protestant authorship of these islands when Hall's "Cases" appeared; and it is believed that he is absolutely the first who published in the vernacular tongue a collection of his own letters. It is certainly no mean distinction, and it says much for the mental activity and

intellectual boldness of our author, that he should have been to all intents the earliest English satirist, the earliest English casuist, and the earliest publisher of English epistles.

The "Hard Texts," and the polemical treatises against the Romanists and Brownists, and in favour of Episcopacy, possess little permanent value, and rather encumber the modern reprints of a divine who is only pre-eminent in his devotional and practical writings.

At the commencement of this sketch, we gave a tolerably extended notice of Hall's Satires. This we did, because they furnish the best key to the characteristics of our author's mind. A first, a spontaneous, and, if you will, an unguarded effort, they indicate the writer's turn; and it is to the attributes of keen insight, lively imagination, happy diction, and pungent moralising there exhibited, that he is mainly indebted for the charm which still invests the works he composed in graver years, and for loftier purposes.

The little brochure entitled "Characters of Virtues and Vices," is in reality a sequel to the Satires in prose. His peculiar talent comes out most strongly in the portion devoted to vices. The hypocrite "at church will ever sit where he may be seen best, and in the midst of the sermon pulls out his tables in haste, as if he feared to lose that note, when he writes either his forgotten errand or nothing. Then he turns his Bible with a noise to seek an omitted quotation, and folds the leaf as if he had found it; and asks aloud the name of the preacher, and repeats it, whom he publicly salutes, thanks, praises, invites, entertains with tedious good counsel. When a rhymer reads his poem to him, he persuades the press. There is nothing that in presence he dislikes, that in absence he censures not. He greets his friend in the street with so clear a countenance, so fast a closure, that the other thinks he reads his heart in his face, and shakes hands with an indefinite invitation of 'When will you come?' and when his back is

turned, joys that he is so well rid of a guest." The envious man "feeds on others' evils, and hath no disease but his neighbour's welfare. You shall have him ever inquiring into the estates of his equals and betters, wherein he is not more desirous to hear all, than loth to hear anything over-good; and if just report relate aught better than he would, he redoubles the question, as being hard to believe what he likes not.* Whom he dares not openly backbite, nor wound with a direct censure, he strikes smoothly with an over-cold praise. He is an enemy of God's favours, if they fall beside himself; a man of the worst diet, for he consumes himself; a thorn hedge covered with nettles; a peevish interpreter of good things; and no other than a lean and pale carcase quickened with a fiend." But many of the better characters are also nobly sketched: for example, the valiant man:—"He undertakes without rashness, and performs without fear. He seeks not for dangers, but, when they find him, he bears them over with courage, with success. He is the master of himself, and subdues his passions to reason; and by this inward victory works his own peace. He is afraid of nothing but the displeasure of the Highest, and runs away from nothing but sin. No man is more mild to a relenting or vanquished adversary, or more hates to set his foot on a carcase. He had rather smother an injury than revenge himself of the impotent; and I know not whether he more detests cowardliness or cruelty. He talks little, and brags less. The height of his spirits overlooks all casualties, and his boldness proceeds neither from ignorance nor senselessness; but first he values evils, and then despises them. He is so balanced with wisdom, that he floats steadily in the midst of all tempests. Deliberate in his purposes, firm in resolution, bold in enterprising, unwearied in achieving,

* Is this the original of Sir Malachi Malagrowth?—"a very pleasant gentleman, and a good-humoured, saving that he is so deaf he can never hear good of any one, and so wise that he can never believe it."

and, howsoever happy in success, if ever he be overcome, his heart yields last."

Of Hall's sermons we have already spoken; but there is one excellence which he possessed as a preacher to which we failed to advert—the frequent skill and dexterity with which he divides his subject. In a discourse on "Why callest thou me good?" &c., Dr Donne begins by considering "the text, the context, and the pretext, not as three equal parts of the building, but the context as the situation and prospect of the house, the pretext as the access and entrance into the house, and then the text itself as the house itself, the body of the building: in a word, in the text the words, in the context the occasion of the words, in the pretext the purpose, the disposition of him who gave the occasion:" on which Coleridge remarks, "What a happy example of elegant division! Our great divines were not ashamed of the learned discipline to which they had submitted their minds under Aristotle and Tully, but brought the purified products as sacrificial gifts to Christ. They baptized the logic and manly rhetoric of ancient Greece." And certainly, if it is needful to introduce into a sermon formal divisions, it is well to make them interesting by shewing the principle on which they proceed, or memorable, by condensing them into language pithy, terse, and portable. In a sermon on the Transfiguration, Hall has a division, or rather an arrangement of his topics, which we think quite equal to Dr Donne's:—"The circumstances shall be to us as the skirts of the hill, which we will climb up lightly: the time, place, attendants, company; the time, 'after six days;' the place, 'an high hill apart;' the attendants, 'Peter, James, John;' the company, 'Moses and Elias:' which, when we have passed, on the top of the hill shall appear to us that sight which shall one day make us glorious, and in the meantime happy." In like manner his sermon on Rev. xxi. 3 "will climb up these six stairs of doctrine: 1. That here our eyes

are full of tears ; 2. That these tears are from sorrow—as death, toil, &c. ; 3. That God will one day free us from tears, and from those things which are the cause of sorrow ; 4. That this freedom must be upon a change, for that ‘the first things are passed ;’ 5. That this change shall be in our renovation : ‘Behold, I make all things new ;’ 6. That this renovation and happy change shall be in our perpetual fruition of the presence of God, whose tabernacle shall be with men.”

Mr Hallam is impressed with a close resemblance betwixt Joseph Hall and Jeremy Taylor :—“Both had equally pious and devotional tempers ; both were full of learning, both fertile of illustration ; both may be said to have had strong imagination and poetical genius, though Taylor let his predominate a little more. Taylor is also more subtle and argumentative ; his copiousness has more real variety. Hall keeps more closely to his subject, dilates upon it sometimes more tediously, but more appositely. In his sermons there is some excess of quotation and far-fetched illustration, but less than in those of Taylor. In some of their writings these two great divines resemble each other, on the whole, so much, that we might for a short time not discover which we were reading.”* We confess that we are rather surprised at the close identity which the accomplished critic has discovered in the two divines. Not to mention distinctions of a kind more substantial than style, and which in such a question it would not be fair to adduce, such as the Calvinism of the one and the virtual Pelagianism of the other, they strike us as in many respects remarkable contrasts. It is true that both are scholars, and both delight in learned quotation ; but Taylor is academic, whilst Hall as much as may be divests his erudition of its pedantic wrappings, and adapts it to popular audiences. And both are poets : but the one is as ideal and excursive as the other is usually homely and actual. Jeremy’s flight is like

* Hallam’s “Literature of Europe,” part 3, chap. 2.

that of a swift from the steeple, high over our heads, and in pursuit of those "flying gems" which are only found in the loftier regions; but in his mousing circuits, beating lowly bushes, and keeping near the level in search of substantial game, Joseph reminds us of Minerva's bird with its unambitious wing, and its preference for *terra firma*. Though it is only in this one feature that the resemblance holds; for far be it from us to ascribe aught purblind or moping to a man far-seeing and large-minded beyond most of his contemporaries, and possessed of a fund of cheerfulness larger than is usually vouchsafed to even the happiest Christians. And this, too, suggests another obvious dissimilarity. Notwithstanding his eventual "hard measure," Hall had a life of much enjoyment; and, despite his bookishness, he had a friendly social nature. No man was better entitled to publish a book "On the Honour of the Married Clergy." But besides the buffetings of his personal lot, Taylor had bitter trials in his children, and the whole make of his mind was ritualistic and contemplative, and shaded with a majestic melancholy. His proper habitat is an academic cloister, or a minster with stained windows, and angels hovering above the organ. Of Hall we conceive as in a parsonage. His study is very quiet, and very cozy, and awfully inviolable; but in the next room his daughter is playing on the virginals, and although there are coloured panes in the window, the casement is open, and neither "divine Ambrose" nor "heavenly Augustine" can prevent the scholar from watching the suspicious manœuvres of George and Robert, whose kite has got curiously entangled in the ripest branch of their father's golden pippin; and it is with an air of affectionate confidence as well as reverence that yonder old parishioner is coming up the pathway toward the open door.

[The following extracts, "Marah" and "Cana," are from by far the best known of the writings of Bishop Hall,—his "Contemplations on the Historical Passages of the Old and New Testament." The precursor of many popular works on sacred biography, by Robinson, Hunter, Blunt, and others, it surpasses them all in inventive genius and suggestive fulness; nor has the first half of that seventeenth century transmitted to us any book at once so interesting and so profitable. A "spicilegium" of all its wise reflections and pithy apophthegms would be itself a fair-sized volume, but one by no means so attractive and amusing as a volume of the original work.]

Marah.

Israel was not more loth to come to the Red Sea, than to part from it. How soon can God turn the horror of any evil into pleasure! One shore resounded with shrieks of fear; the other with timbrels, and dances, and songs of deliverance. Every main affliction is our Red Sea, which, while it threatens to swallow, preserves us. At last our songs shall be louder than our cries. The Israelitish dames, when they saw their danger, thought they might have left their timbrels behind them. How unprofitable a burden seemed those instruments of music! Yet now they live to renew that forgotten minstrelsy and dancing which their bondage had so long discontinued;—and well might those feet dance upon the shore which had walked through the sea. The land of Goshen was not so bountiful to them as these waters: that afforded them a servile life; this gave them at once freedom, victory, riches, bestowing upon them the remainder of that wealth which the Egyptians had but lent. It was a pleasure to see the floating carcasses of their adversaries; and every day offers them new booties; it

is no marvel then if their hearts were tied to these banks. If we find but little pleasure in our life, we are ready to dote upon it. Every small contentment glues our affections to that we like; and if here our imperfect delights hold us so fast that we would not be loosed, how forcible shall those infinite joys be above, when our souls are once possessed of them!

Yet, if the place had pleased them more, it is no marvel they were willing to follow Moses; that they durst follow him in the wilderness whom they followed through the sea. It is a great confirmation to any people when they have seen the hand of God with their guide. O Saviour, which hast undertaken to carry me from the spiritual Egypt to the land of promise, how faithful, how powerful have I found thee! how fearlessly should I trust thee! how cheerfully should I follow thee through contempt, poverty, death itself! "Master, if it be thou, bid us come unto thee."

Immediately before, they had complained of too much water; now they go three days without. Thus God meant to punish their infidelity with the defect of that whose abundance made them to distrust. Before, they saw all water, no land; now, all dry and dusty land, no water. Extremities are the best trials of men; as in bodies, those that can bear sudden changes of heat and cold without complaint are the strongest. So much as an evil touches upon the mean, so much help it yields towards patience. Every degree of sorrow is a preparation of the next; but when we pass to extremes without the mean, we want the benefit of recollection, and must trust to our present strength. To come from all things to nothing is not a descent, but a downfall; and it is a rare strength and constancy not to be maimed at least. These headlong evils, as they are the sorest, so they must be most provided for; as, on the contrary, a sudden advancement from a low condition to the height of honour is most hard to manage. No man can marvel how that tyrant blinded his

captives, when he hears that he brought them immediately out of a dark dungeon into rooms that were made bright and glorious. We are not worthy to know for what we are reserved. No evil can amaze us if we can overcome sudden extremities.

The long deferring of a good, though tedious, yet makes it the better when it comes. Well did the Israelites hope that the waters, which were so long in finding, would be precious when they were found : yet behold they are crossed, not only in their desires, but in their hopes ; for after three days' travel, the first fountains they find are bitter waters. If these wells had not run pure gall, they could not have so much complained. Long thirst will make bitter waters sweet. Yet such were these springs, that the Israelites did not so much like their moisture as abhor their relish. I see the first handsel that God gives them in their voyage to the land of promise, thirst and bitterness. Satan gives us pleasant entrances into his ways, and reserves the bitterness for the end. God inures us to our worst at first, and sweetens our conclusion with pleasure.

The same God that would not lead Israel through the Philistines' land, lest they should shrink at the sight of war, now leads them through the wilderness, and fears not to try their patience with bitter potions. If He had not loved them, the Egyptian furnace or sword had prevented their thirst, or that sea whereof their enemies drunk dead ; and yet see how He diets them ! Never any have had so bitter draughts upon earth as those He loves best. The palate is an ill judge of the favours of God. Oh, my Saviour, thou didst drink a more bitter cup from the hands of thy Father, than that which thou refusedst of the Jews, or than that which I can drink from thee !

Before, they could not drink if they would ; now, they might and would not. God can give us blessings with such a tang, that the fruition shall not much differ from the want. So

many a one hath riches, not grace to use them ; many have children, but such as they prefer barrenness. They had said before, Oh that we had any water ! Now, Oh that we had good water ! It is good so to desire blessings from God, that we may be the better for enjoying them ; so to crave water, that it may not be sauced with bitterness.

Now, these fond Israelites, instead of praying, murmur ; instead of praying to God, murmur against Moses. "What hath the righteous done?" He made not either the wilderness dry, or the waters bitter ; yea, if his conduct were the matter, what one foot went he before them without God ? The pillar led them, and not he ; yet Moses is murmured at. It is the hard condition of authority, that when the multitude fare well, they applaud themselves ; when ill, they repine against their governors. Who can hope to be free, if Moses escape not ? Never any prince so merited of a people. He thrust himself upon the pikes of Pharaoh's tyranny. He brought them from a bondage worse than death. His rod divided the sea, and shared life to them, death to their pursuers. Who would not have thought these men so obliged to Moses, that no dearth could have opened their mouths, or raised their hands against him ? Yet now the first occasion of want makes them rebel. No benefit can stop the mouth of impatience. If our turn be not served for the present, former favours are either forgotten or contemned. No marvel if we deal so with men, when God receives this measure from us. One year of famine, one summer of pestilence, one moon of unseasonable weather, makes us overlook all the blessing of God, and more to mutiny at the sense of our evil than to praise Him for our varieties of good : whereas favours well bestowed leave us both mindful and confident, and will not suffer us either to forget or distrust. O God, I have made an ill use of thy mercies, if I have not learned to be content with thy corrections.

Moses was in the same want of water with them, in the same distaste of bitterness; and yet they say to Moses, What shall we drink? If they had seen him furnished with full vessels of sweet water, and themselves put over to this unsavoury liquor, envy might have given some colour to this mutiny; but now their leader's common misery might have freed him from their murmurs. They held it one piece of the late Egyptian tyranny, that a task was required of them (which the imposers knew they could not perform), to make brick when they had no straw; yet they say to Moses, What shall we drink? Themselves are grown exactors, and are ready to menace more than stripes, if they have not their ends without means. Moses took not upon him their provision, but their deliverance; and yet, as if he had been the common victualler of the camp, they ask, What shall we drink? When want meets with impatient minds, it transports them to fury; everything disquiets, and nothing satisfies them.

What course doth Moses now take? That which they should have done, and did not. They cried not more fervently to him, than he to God. If he were their leader, God was his. That which they unjustly required of him, he justly requires of God that could do it. He knew whence to look for redress of all his complaints: this was not his charge, but his Maker's, which was able to maintain His own act. I see and acknowledge the harbour that we must put into in all our ill weather. It is to Thee, O God, that we must pour out our hearts, which only canst make our bitter waters sweet.

Might not that rod which took away the liquid nature from the waters, and made them solid, have also taken away the bitter quality from these waters and made them sweet, since to flow is natural unto the water, to be bitter is but accidental? Moses durst not employ his rod without a precept; he knew the power came from the commandment. We may not presume on likelihoods, but depend upon warrants: therefore

Moses doth not lift up his rod to the waters, but his hand and voice to God.

The hand of faith never knocked at heaven in vain. No sooner hath Moses shewed his grievance than God shews him the remedy; yet an unlikely one, that it might be miraculous. He that made the waters could have given them any savour. How easy is it for Him that made the matter to alter the quality! It is not more hard to take away than to give. Who doubts but the same hand that created them might have immediately changed them? Yet that almighty power will do it by means. A piece of wood must sweeten the waters. What relation hath wood to water? or that which hath no savour to the redress of bitterness? Yet there is no more possibility of failing, than proportion to the success. All things are subject to the command of their Maker. He that made all of nothing can make everything of anything. There is so much power in every creature as He will please to give. It is the praise of Omnipotency to work by improbabilities: Elisha with salt, Moses with wood, shall sweeten the bitter waters. Let no man despise the means, when he knows the Author. God taught His people by actions as well as words. This entrance shewed them their whole journey, wherein they should taste of much bitterness; but at last, through the mercy of God, sweetened with comfort. Or did it not represent themselves rather in the journey, in the fountains of whose hearts were the bitter waters of manifold corruptions? yet their unsavoury souls are sweetened by the graces of His Spirit. O blessed Saviour, the wood of Thy cross, that is, the application of Thy sufferings, is enough to sweeten a whole sea of bitterness! I care not how unpleasant a potion I find in this wilderness, if the power and benefit of Thy precious death may season it to my soul.

Cana.

Was this, then, Thy first miracle, O Saviour, that Thou wroughtest in Cana of Galilee? and could there be a greater miracle than this, that having been thirty years upon earth, Thou didst no miracle till now? that Thy Divinity did hide itself thus long in flesh, that so long Thou wouldst lie obscure in a corner of Galilee, unknown to that world Thou camest to redeem; that so long Thou wouldst strain the patient expectation of those, who, ever since Thy star, waited upon the revelation of a Messiah? We silly wretches, if we have but a dram of virtue, are ready to set it out to the best show: Thou, who "receivedst not the Spirit by measure," wouldst content Thyself with a willing obscurity, and concealedst that power that made the world in the roof of an human breast, in a cottage of Nazareth! O Saviour, none of Thy miracles is more worthy of astonishment than Thy not doing of miracles! What Thou didst in private, Thy wisdom thought fit for secrecy: but if Thy blessed mother had not been acquainted with some domestical wonders, she had not now expected a miracle abroad. The stars are not seen by day, the sun itself is not seen by night. As it is no small art to hide art, so it is no small glory to conceal glory. Thy first public miracle graceth a marriage. It is an ancient and laudable institution, that the rites of matrimony should not want a solemn celebration. When are feasts in season, if not at the recovery of our lost rib; if not at this main change of our estate, wherein the joy of obtaining meets with the hope of further comforts? The Son of the virgin, and the mother of that Son, are both at a wedding. It was in all likelihood some of their kindred, to whose nuptial feast they were invited so far; yet was it more the honour of the act than of the person that Christ intended. He that made the first marriage in Paradise bestows his first miracle upon a Galilean marriage. He that was the author of matri-

mony, and sanctified it, doth by His holy presence honour the resemblance of His eternal union with His Church. How boldly may we spit in the faces of all the impure adversaries of wedlock when the Son of God pleases to honour it !

The glorious Bridegroom of the Church knew well how ready men would be to place shame even in the most lawful conjunctions ; and therefore His first work shall be to countenance His own ordinance. Happy is that wedding where Christ is a guest ! O Saviour, those that marry in Thee cannot marry without Thee. There is no holy marriage whereat Thou art not, however invisible, yet truly present by Thy Spirit, by Thy gracious benediction. Thou makest marriages in heaven, Thou blessest them from heaven. O Thou that hast betrothed us to Thyself in truth and righteousness, do Thou consummate that happy marriage of ours in the highest heavens ! It was no rich or sumptuous bridal to which Christ, with His mother and disciples, vouchsafed to come from the further parts of Galilee. I find Him not at the magnificent feasts or triumphs of the great. The proud pomp of the world did not agree with the state of a servant. This poor, needy bridegroom wants drink for his guests. The blessed virgin, though a stranger to the house, out of a charitable compassion, and a friendly desire to maintain the decency of an hospitable entertainment, inquires into the wants of her host, pities them, bemoans them, where there was power of redress. “ When the wine failed, the mother of Jesus said unto him, They have no wine.” How well doth it beseem the eyes of piety and Christian love to look into the necessities of others ! They are made for themselves whose thoughts are only taken up with their own store or indigence. There was wine enough for a meal, though not for a feast ; and if there were not wine enough, there was enough of water : yet the holy virgin complains of the want of wine, and is troubled with the very lack of superfluity. The bounty of our God reaches not to our life only, but to our

contentment: neither hath He thought good to allow us only the bread of sufficiency, but sometimes of pleasure. One while that is but necessary, which some other time were superfluous. It is a scrupulous injustice to scant ourselves where God hath been liberal.

To whom should we complain of any want, but to the Maker and Giver of all things? The blessed virgin knew to whom she sued: she had good reason to know the divine nature and power of her Son. Perhaps the bridegroom was not so needy, but, if not by his purse, yet by his credit, he might have supplied that want; or it were hard if some of the neighbour guests, had they been duly solicited, might not have furnished him with so much wine as might suffice for the last service of a dinner. But blessed Mary knew a nearer way; she did not think best to lade at the shallow channel, but runs rather to the well-head, where she may dip and fill the firkins at once with ease. It may be she saw that the train of Christ, which, unbidden, followed unto that feast, and unexpectedly added to the number of the guests, might help forward that defect, and therefore she justly solicits her son Jesus for a supply. Whether we want bread, or water, or wine, necessaries or comforts, whither should we run, O Saviour, but to that infinite munificence of Thine, which neither denieth nor upbraideth anything? We cannot want, we cannot abound, but from Thee. Give us what Thou wilt, so Thou give us contentment with what Thou givest.

But what is this I hear? a sharp answer to the suit of a mother: "O woman, what have I to do with thee?" He whose sweet mildness and mercy never sent away any suppliant discontented, doth He only frown upon her that bare Him? He that commands us to honour father and mother, doth He disdain her whose flesh He took? God forbid: love and duty doth not exempt parents from due admonition. She solicited Christ as a mother, He answers her as a woman. If

she were the mother of His flesh, His Deity was eternal. She might not so remember herself to be a mother, that she should forget she was a woman; nor so look upon Him as a son, that she should not regard Him as a God. He was so obedient to her as a mother, that withal she must obey Him as her God. That part which He took from her shall observe her; she must observe that nature which came from above, and made her both a woman and a mother. Matter of miracle concerned the Godhead only; supernatural things were above the sphere of fleshly relation. If now the blessed virgin will be prescribing either time or form unto divine acts, "O woman, what have I to do with thee? my hour is not come." In all bodily actions His style was, "O mother;" in spiritual and heavenly, "O woman." Neither is it for us, in the holy affairs of God, to know any faces; yea, "If we have known Christ heretofore according to the flesh, henceforth know we Him so no more."

O blessed virgin! if in that heavenly glory wherein thou art thou canst take notice of these earthly things, with what indignation dost thou look upon the presumptuous superstition of vain men, whose suits make thee more than a solicitor of Divine favours! Thy humanity is not lost in thy motherhood nor in thy glory. The respects of nature reach not so high as heaven. It is far from thee to abide that honour which is stolen from thy Redeemer.

There is a marriage whereto we are invited, yea, wherein we are already interested, not as the guests only, but as the bride, in which there shall be no want of gladness. It is marvel if in these earthly banquets there be not some lack. "In thy presence, O Saviour, there is fulness of joy, and at thy right hand are pleasures for evermore." Blessed are they that are called to the marriage supper of the Lamb!

Even in that rough answer doth the blessed virgin descry cause of hope. If His hour were not yet come, it was therefore coming. When the expectation of the guests and the

necessity of the occasion had made fit room for the miracle, it shall come forth, and challenge their wonder. Faithfully, therefore, and observantly, doth she turn her speech from her Son to the waiters: "Whatsoever he saith unto you, do it." How well doth it beseem the mother of Christ to agree with His Father in heaven, whose voice from heaven said, "This is my well-beloved Son; hear him!" She that said of herself, "Be it unto me according to thy word," says unto others, "Whatsoever he saith to you, do it." This is the way to have miracles wrought in us—obedience to His word. The power of Christ did not stand upon their officiousness; He could have wrought wonders in spite of them; but their perverse refusal of His commands might have made them incapable of the favour of a miraculous action. He that can, when He will, convince the obstinate, will not grace the disobedient. He that could work without us, or against us, will not work for us, but by us.

This very poor house was furnished with many and large vessels for outward purification, as if sin had dwelt upon the skin, that superstitious people sought holiness in frequent washings. Even this rinsing fouled them with the uncleanness of a traditional will-worship. It is the soul which needs scouring, and nothing can wash that but the blood which they desperately wished upon themselves and their children for guilt, not for expiation. "Purge thou us, O Lord, with hyssop, and we shall be clean; wash us, and we shall be whiter than snow."

The waiters could not but think strange of so unseasonable a command, "Fill the water-pots." It is wine that we want, why do we go to fetch water? Doth this holy man mean us to quench our feast and cool our stomachs? If there be no remedy, we could have sought this supply unbidden. Yet so far hath the charge of Christ's mother prevailed, that, instead of carrying flagons of wine to the table, they go to fetch pail-

fuls of water from the cisterns. It is no pleading of unlikelihoods against the command of an almighty power.

He that could have created wine immediately in those vessels will rather turn water into wine. In all the course of His miracles I do never find Him making aught of nothing; all His great works are grounded upon former existences. He multiplied the bread, He changed the water, He restored the withered limbs, He raised the dead, and still wrought upon that which was, and did not make that which was not. What doth He in the ordinary way of nature, but turn the watery juice that arises up from the root into wine? He will only do this now suddenly and at once, which He doth usually by sensible degrees. It is ever duly observed by the Son of God not to do more miracle than He needs.

How liberal are the provisions of Christ! If He had turned but one of these vessels, it had been a just proof of His power, and perhaps that quantity had served the present necessity; now He furnisheth them with so much wine as would have served an hundred and fifty guests for an entire feast. Even the measure magnifies at once both His power and mercy. The munificent hand of God regards not our need only, but our honest affluence. It is our sin and our shame if we turn His favour into wantonness.

There must be first a filling ere there be a drawing out. Thus, in our vessels, the first care must be of our receipt, the next of our expense. God would have us cisterns, not channels. Our Saviour would not be His own taster, but He sends the first draught to the governor of the feast. He knew His own power, they did not: neither would He bear witness of Himself, but fetch it out of others' mouths. They that knew not the original of that wine yet praised the taste: "Every man at the beginning doth set forth good wine, and when men have well drunk, then that which is worse; but thou hast kept the good wine until now." The same bounty that expressed

itself in the quantity of the wine shews itself no less in the excellence. Nothing can fall from that Divine hand not exquisite ; that liberality hated to provide crab-wine for his guests. It was fit that the miraculous effects of Christ, which came from His immediate hand, should be more perfect than the natural. O blessed Saviour, how delicate is that new wine which we shall one day drink with Thee in Thy Father's kingdom ! Thou shalt turn this water of our earthly affliction into that wine of gladness wherewith our souls shall be satiate for ever. "Make haste, O my beloved, and be thou like to a roe or to a young hart upon the mountains of spices !"

The Octogenarian's Sermon.

PREACHED AT HIGHAM ON SUNDAY, JULY 1, 1655.

It is a true observation of Seneca : "Velocitas temporis," saith he, "This quick speed of time is best discerned when we look at it past and gone ;" and this I can confirm to you by experience. It hath pleased the providence of my God so to contrive it that this day, fourscore years ago, I was born into the world. "A great time since," ye are ready to say, and so, indeed, it seems to you that look at it forward ; but to me, that look at it as past, it seems so short that it is gone like a tale that is told, or a dream by night, and looks but like yesterday.

It can be no offence for me to say that many of you who hear me this day are not like to see so many suns walk over your heads as I have done. Yea, what speak I of this ? There is not one of us that can assure himself of his continuance here one day. We are all tenants at will, and, for aught we know, may be turned out of these clay cottages at an hour's warning. Oh, then, what should we do, but, as wise farmers, who know the time of their lease is expiring, and cannot be renewed, carefully and seasonably provide ourselves of a surer and more during tenure ?

I remember our witty countryman Bromiard tells us of a lord in his time that had a fool in his house, as many great men in those days had for their pleasure, to whom this lord gave a staff, and charged him to keep it till he should meet with one that was more fool than himself, and, if he met with such a one, to deliver it over to him. Not many years after, this lord fell sick, and indeed was sick unto death. His fool came to see him, and was told by his sick lord that he must now shortly leave him. "And whither wilt thou go?" said the fool. "Into another world," said his lord. "And when wilt thou come again? within a month?" "No." "Within a year?" "No." "When then?" "Never." "Never? and what provision hast thou made for thy entertainment there, whither thou goest?" "None at all." "No!" said the fool; "none at all? Here, take my staff. Art thou going away for ever, and hast taken no order nor care how thou shalt speed in that other world whence thou shalt never return? Take my staff; for I am not guilty of any such folly as this."

And, indeed, there cannot be a greater folly, or madness rather, than to be so wholly taken up with an eager regard of these earthly vanities which we cannot hold, as to utterly neglect the care of that eternity which we can never forego. And, consider well of it, upon this moment of our life depends that eternity either way.

My dear brethren, it is a great way to heaven; and we have but a little time to get thither. God says to us, as the angel said to Elijah, "Up, for thou hast a great journey to go;" and if, as I fear, we have loitered in the way, and trifled away any part of the time in vain impertinencies, we have so much more need to gird up our loins and to hasten our pace. Our hearts, our false hearts, are ready, like the Levite's servant, to shew us the world, and to say, as he did of Jebus, "Come, I pray you, let us turn into the city of the Jebusites, and lodge there." Oh, let us have his master's resolute answer ready in our mouths:

“We will not turn aside into a city of strangers,” neither will we leave till we have got the gates of God’s city upon our backs (Judges xix. 11, 12).

Time is that whereof many of us are wont to be too prodigal. We take care how to be rid of it ; and, if we cannot otherwise, we cast it away ; and this we call pass-time. Wherein we do dangerously mistake ourselves, and must know that time is, as the first, so one of the most precious things that are, insomuch as there are but two things which we are charged to redeem—Time and Truth.

I find that, in our old Saxon language, a gentleman was called an idle-man ;* perhaps because those who are born to fair estates are free from those toils and hard labours which others are forced to undergo. I wish the name were not too proper to over many in these days ; wherein it is commonly seen that those of the better rank, who are born to a fair inheritance, so carry themselves as if they thought themselves privileged to do nothing, and made for mere disport and pleasure. But, alas ! can they hope that the great God, when He shall call them to give account of the dispensation of their time and estate, will take this for a good reckoning : *Item*, so many hours spent in dressing and trimming ; so many in idle visitings ; so many in gaming ; so many in hunting and hawking ; so many in the playhouse ; so many in the tavern ; so many in vain chat ; so many in wanton dalliance ? No, no, my dear brethren ; our hearts cannot but tell us how ill an audit we shall make upon such a woful computation ; and how sure we are to hear of a *Serve nequam*, Thou evil servant and unfaithful ; and to feel a retribution accordingly.

Let us, therefore, in the fear of God, be exhorted to recollect ourselves ; and since we find ourselves guilty of the sinful mispense of our good hours, let us, while we have space, obtain of ourselves to be careful of redeeming that precious time we have

* Adel-man ; that is, noble-man.

lost. As the widow of Sarepta, when she had but a little oil left in her cruse, and a little meal in her barrel, was careful of spending that to the best advantage ; so let us, considering that we have but a little sand left in our glass, a short remainder of our mortal life, be sure to employ it unto the best profit of our souls ; so as every of our hours may carry up with it a happy testimony of our gainful improvement, that so, when our day cometh, we may change our time for eternity—the time of our sojourning for the eternity of glory and blessedness.

Meditations and Vows.

As there is a foolish wisdom, so there is a wise ignorance, in not prying into God's ark, not inquiring into things not revealed. I would fain know all that I need, and all that I may : I leave God's secrets to Himself. It is happy for me that God makes me of His court, though not of His council.

I acknowledge no master of requests in heaven but one—Christ, my Mediator. I know I cannot be so happy as not to need Him ; nor so miserable, that He should contemn me. I will always ask ; and that of none, but where I am sure to speed ; but where there is so much store, that when I have had the most, I shall leave no less behind. Though numberless drops be in the sea, yet if one be taken out of it, it hath so much the less, though insensibly ; but God, because he is infinite, can admit of no diminution. Therefore are men niggardly, because the more they give, the less they have ; but Thou, Lord, mayest give what Thou wilt, without abatement of Thy store. Good prayers never came weeping home : I am sure I shall receive either what I ask or what I should ask.

With God there is no free man but His servant, though in the galleys : no slave but the sinner, though in a palace : none noble but the virtuous, if never so basely descended : none rich but he that possesseth God, even in rags : none

wise but he that is a fool to himself and the world : none happy but he whom the world pities. Let me be free, noble, rich, wise, happy to God ; I pass not what I am to the world.

As Christ was both a Lamb and a Lion, so is every Christian : a Lamb, for patience in suffering and innocence of life ; a Lion, for boldness in his innocency. I would so order my courage and mildness, that I may be neither lion-like in my conversation, nor sheepish in the defence of a good cause.

Sudden extremity is a notable trial of faith, or any other disposition of the soul. For as, in a sudden fear, the blood gathers to the heart, for guarding of that part which is principal : so the powers of the soul combine themselves in a hard exigent, that they may be easily judged of. The faithful, more suddenly than any casualty, can lift up his heart to his stay in heaven : whereas the worldling stands amazed, and distraught with the evil, because he hath no refuge to fly unto ; for, not being acquainted with God in his peace, how should he but have Him to seek in his extremity ? When, therefore, some sudden stitch girds me in the side, like to be the messenger of death, or when the sword of my enemy, in an unexpected assault, threatens my body, I will seriously note how I am affected : so the suddenest evil, as it shall not come unlooked for, shall not go away unthought of. If I find myself courageous and heavenly-minded, I will rejoice in the truth of God's grace in me, knowing that one dram of tried faith is worth a whole pound of speculative, and that which once stood by me will never fail me : if dejected and heartless, herein I will acknowledge cause of humiliation, and with all care and earnestness seek to store myself against the dangers following.

I will not be so merry as to forget God, nor so sorrowful as to forget myself.

Augustin's friend, Nebridius, not unjustly hated a short answer to a weighty and difficult question ; because the disquisition of great truths requires time, and the determining is

perilous. I will as much hate a tedious and far-fetched answer to a short and easy question. For as that other wrongs the truth ; so this, the hearer.

Ambition is torment enough for an enemy ; for it affords as much discontentment in enjoying as in want, making men like poisoned rats, which, when they have tasted of their bane, cannot rest till they drink, and then can much less rest till their death.

Revenge commonly hurts both the offerer and sufferer : as we see in the foolish bee, which, in her anger, envenometh the flesh, and loseth her sting, and so lives a drone ever after. I account it the only valour to remit a wrong, and will applaud it to myself as right noble and Christian that I might hurt and will not.

It is commonly seen that boldness puts men forth before their time, before their ability. Wherein we have seen many, that, like lapwings and partridges, have run away with some part of their shell on their heads : whence it follows, that as they began boldly, so they proceed unprofitably, and conclude not without shame. I would rather be haled by force of others to great duties, than rush upon them unbidden. It were better a man should want work, than that great works should want a man answerable to their weight.

The idle man is the devil's cushion, on which he taketh his free ease ; who, as he is incapable of any good, so he is fitly disposed for all evil motions. The standing water soon stinketh ; whereas the current ever keeps clear and cleanly, conveying down all noisome matter that might infect it by the force of his stream. If I do but little good to others by my endeavours ; yet this is great good to me, that by my labour I keep myself from hurt.

Rareness causeth wonder, and more than that, incredulity, in those things which in themselves are not more admirable than the ordinary proceedings of nature. If a blazing star be

seen in the sky, every man goes forth to gaze, and spends, every evening, some time in wondering at the beams of it. . . . Other things more usual, no less miraculous, we know and neglect. That there should be a bird that knoweth and noteth the hours of day and night, as certainly as any astronomer by the course of heaven, if we knew not, who would believe? Or that the loadstone should, by his secret virtue, so draw iron to itself as that a whole chain of needles should all hang by insensible points at each other, only by the influence that it sends down from the first, if it were not ordinary, would seem incredible. Who would believe, when he sees a fowl mounted as high as his sight can descry it, that there were an engine to be framed which could fetch it down into his fist? Yea, to omit infinite examples, that a little despised creature should weave nets out of her own entrails, and in her platforms of building should observe as just proportions as the best geometrician, we should suspect for an untruth, if we saw it not daily practised in our own windows. If the sun should arise but once to the earth, I doubt every man would be a Persian, and fall down and worship it; whereas now it riseth and declineth without any regard. Extraordinary events each man can wonder at. The frequency of God's best works causeth neglect.

The Busybody.*

His estate is too narrow for his mind, and therefore he is fain to make himself room in others' affairs; yet ever in presence of love. No news can stir but by his door; neither can he know that which he must not tell. What every man ventures in Guiana voyage, and what they gained, he knows to a hair. Whether Holland will have peace he knows; and on what conditions, and with what success, is familiar to him ere

* From "Characters of Virtues and Vices." See *ante*, page 243.

it be concluded. No post can pass him without question, and rather than he will lose the news, he rides back with him to appose him of tidings; and then to the next man he meets he supplies the wants of his hasty intelligence, and makes up a perfect tale, wherewith he so haunteth the patient auditor that, after many excuses, he is fain to endure rather the censure of his manners in running away, than the tediousness of an impertinent discourse. His speech is oft broken off with a succession of parentheses, which he ever vows to fill up ere the conclusion, and perhaps would effect it if the other's ears were as unweariable as his tongue. If he see but two men talk and read a letter in the street, he runs to them and asks if he may not be partner of that secret relation: and if they deny it, he offers to tell, since he may not hear, wonders; and then falls upon the report of the Scottish Mine, or of the great fish taken up at Lynn, or of the freezing of the Thames; and after many thanks and dismissions, is hardly entreated silence. He undertakes as much as he performs little. This man will thrust himself forward to be the guide of the way he knows not; and calls at his neighbour's window, and asks why his servants are not at work. The market hath no commodity which he priceth not, and which the next table shall not hear recited. His tongue, like the tail of Samson's foxes, carries firebrands, and is enough to set the whole field of the world on a flame. Himself begins talk of his neighbour at another's board; to whom he bears the first news, and adjures him to conceal the reporter; whose choleric answer he returns to his first host, enlarged with a second edition; so, as it uses to be done in the fight of unwilling mastiffs, he claps each on the side apart, and provokes them to an eager conflict. There can be no act pass without his comment, which is ever far-fetched, rash, suspicious, dilatory. His ears are long, and his eyes quick, but most of all to imperfections; which, as he easily sees, so he increases with intermeddling. He harbours another man's

servant, and amidst his entertainment asks what fare is usual at home, what hours are kept, what talk passeth their meals, what his master's disposition is, what his government, what his guests ; and when he hath by curious inquiries extracted all the juice and spirit of hoped intelligence, turns him off whence he came, and works on anew. He hates constancy as an earthen dulness, unfit for men of spirit, and loves to change his work and his place ; neither yet can he be so soon weary of any place, as every place is weary of him ; for as he sets himself on work, so others pay him with hatred ; and look how many masters he hath, so many enemies ; neither is it possible that any should not hate him, but who knows him not. So then he labours without thanks, talks without credit, lives without love, dies without tears, without pity, save that some say it was pity he died no sooner.

To Mr Milward.

THE PLEASURE OF STUDY.

[Writing to a friend of our own, whose correspondence has fulfilled a very extensive and important mission, the late Dr Harris said that to "the pulpit, the platform, and the press," he would be disposed to add as a fourth power of the age, "the post." We question, however, if of the epistles contained in Bishop Hall's six Decades many were actually transmitted before publication to the friends to whom they are inscribed. It would rather appear as if in penning little essays on literary and theological topics, he had chosen to give them a local habitation or an individual interest by connecting them with some endeared or familiar name. This was the manner of Hall. He was social even in his studies. "Bread eaten in secret" was to him not so pleasant as the morsel which he shared with his neighbour ; and for those

lighter or more limited subjects which did not justify a discussion in the great congregation or an appeal to the general public, he liked to secure at least one special listener. But even without the excursiveness of actual letters, they are sprightly and pleasant compositions; and although we have already in our biographical sketch given one or two specimens, the reader will not object to another.]

I can wonder at nothing more than how a man can be idle; but of all other, a scholar; in so many improvements of reason, in such sweetness of knowledge, in such variety of studies, in such importunity of thoughts. Other artizans do but practise, we still learn: others run still in the same gire, to weariness, to satiety; our choice is infinite: other labours require recreations, our very labour recreates our sports: we can never want either somewhat to do, or somewhat that we would do. How numberless are those volumes which men have written, of arts, of tongues! How endless is that volume which God hath written of the world! wherein every creature is a letter, every day a new page. Who can be weary of either of these? To find wit in poetry, in philosophy profoundness, in mathematics acuteness, in history wonder of events, in oratory sweet eloquence, in divinity supernatural light and holy devotion, as so many rich metals in their proper mines, whom would it not ravish with delight? After all these, let us but open our eyes, we cannot look besides a lesson, in this universal Book of our Maker, worth our study, worth taking out. What creature hath not his miracle? what event doth not challenge his observation? And if, weary of foreign employment, we list to look home to ourselves, there we find a more private world of thoughts, which let us work on anew, more busily, not less profitably; now, our silence is vocal, our solitariness popular, and we are shut up to do good unto many. And if once we be cloyed with our own company, the door of conference is open; here interchange of discourse (besides pleasure) benefits

us; and he is a weak companion from whom we return not wiser. I could envy if I could believe that anchorit, who, secluded from the world, and pent up in his voluntary prison-walls, denied that he thought the day long, whilst yet he wanted learning to vary his thoughts. Not to be cloyed with the same conceit is difficult above human strength; but to a man so furnished with all sorts of knowledge, that according to his dispositions he can change his studies, I should wonder that ever the sun should seem to pass slowly. How many busy tongues chase away good hours in pleasant chat, and complain of the haste of night? What ingenuous mind can sooner be weary of talking with learned authors, the most harmless and sweetest of companions? What a heaven lives a scholar in that at once in one close room can daily converse with all the glorious martyrs and fathers?—that can single out at pleasure either sententious Tertullian, or grave Cyprian, or resolute Jerome, or flowing Chrysostom, or divine Ambrose, or devout Bernard, or (who alone is all these) heavenly Augustine, and talk with them, and hear their wise and holy counsels, verdicts, resolutions; yea (to rise higher), with Isaiah, with learned Paul, with all their fellow-prophets, apostles; yet more, like another Moses, with God Himself, in them both! Let the world contemn us; while we have these delights, we cannot envy them, we cannot wish ourselves other than we are. Besides, the way to all other contentments is troublesome; the only recompense is in the end. To delve in the mines, to scorch in the fire for the getting, for the fining of gold, is a slavish toil; the comfort is in the wedge—to the owner, not the labourers: where our very search of knowledge is delightful. Study itself is our life, from which we would not be barred for a world. How much sweeter, then, is the fruit of study, the conscience of knowledge! in comparison whereof the soul that hath once tasted it easily contemns all human comforts. Go now, ye worldlings, and insult over our

paleness, our neediness, our neglect. Ye could not be so jocund, if you were not ignorant : if you did not want knowledge, you could not overlook him that hath it. For me, I am so far from emulating you, that I profess I had as lief be a brute beast as an ignorant rich man. How is it, then, that those gallants which have privilege of blood and birth, and better education, do so scornfully turn off these most manly, reasonable, noble exercises of scholarship ? An hawk becomes their fist better than a book ; no dog but is a better companion ; anything or nothing, rather than what we ought. Oh, minds brutishly sensual ! Do you think that God made them for disport ? who even in his Paradise would not allow pleasure without work. And if for business, either of body or mind. Those of the body are commonly servile like itself. The mind therefore, the mind only, that honourable and divine part, is fittest to be employed of those which would reach to the highest perfection of men, and would be more than the most. And what work is there of the mind but the trade of a scholar—study ? Let me therefore fasten this problem on our school gates, and challenge all comers, in the defence of it, that, No scholar cannot be truly noble. And if I make it not good, let me never be admitted further than to the subject of our question. Thus we do well to congratulate to ourselves our own happiness ; if other will come to us, it shall be our comfort, but more theirs ; if not, it is enough that we can joy in ourselves, and in Him in whom we are that we are.

Christian Moderation.

[The most characteristic feature of Hall's piety was Christian moderation. Striving for the mastery, he sought to be "temperate in all things." And he was wonderfully successful. As regards his worldly estate, we have already seen how well he knew "how to be abased, and how to abound;" and, just

as he had learned to limit his desires, so he had attained the no less difficult ascendancy over his passions. He was a mild, patient, contented man, and he was a tolerant, catholic, fair-minded theologian, who knew his own mind, and held his own opinion, but did not make his brother an offender for a word. With more extremeness in his views he might have had more enthusiastic admirers, for the "meekness of wisdom" is not a popular attribute; but as Hall's moderation was not the result of either cowardice or lukewarmness, it ought to elevate our esteem for himself. Our extract is from a volume with the above title, and it will answer the additional purpose of shewing the profusion with which he could pour forth his stores of anecdotal illustration. Most of the learned references, with which the margin bristles, we have thought it better to omit.]

Next to the moderation of our pleasures is that of our desires. The true Christian soul, as it can say with David, "Whom have I in heaven but thee? and there is nothing in earth that I desire besides thee;" so it can say with St Paul, "I have learned both to want and to abound, to be full and to be hungry, and in whatsoever state to be therewith content." Our desires, therefore, are both the surest measures of our present estate, and the truest prognostics of our future. Upon those words of Solomon, "As the tree falls so it shall lie," Bernard wittily remarks, How the tree will fall thou shalt soon know by the store and weight of the boughs; our boughs are our desires, on which side soever they grow and sway most, so shall the soul fall. It was a word too good for him that sold his birthright for a mess of pottage, "I have enough, my brother." Jacob himself could have said no more. This moderation argues a greater good than itself; for as nothing comes amiss to that man who holds nothing enough, since "the love of money is the root of all evil" (1 Tim. vi. 10), so he that can

stint his desires is cannon-proof against temptations; whence it is that the best and wisest men have still held themselves shortest. Even he that had more than enough could say, Give me not over much. Who knows not the bare feet and patched cloaks of the famous philosophers amongst the heathen? Plutarch wonders at Cato, that being now old, and having passed both a consulship and triumph, he never wore any garment that exceeded the worth of an hundred pence. It was the wish of learned Erasmus, after the refused offers of great preferments, that he might so order his expenses that he might make all even at his death, so as when he died he might be out of every man's debt, and might have only so much money left as might serve to bring him honestly to his grave. And it was little otherwise, it seems, with the painful and eminent Master Calvin, who, after all his power and prevalence in his place, was found at his death to be worth some fifty pounds sterling,—a sum which many a master gives his groom for a few years' service. Yea, in the very chair of Rome, where a man would least look to meet with moderation, we find Clement IV., when he would place out his two daughters, gave to the one thirty pounds in a nunnery, to the other three hundred in her marriage; and Alexander V., who was chosen pope in the council of Pisa, was wont to say he was a rich bishop, a poor cardinal, and a beggarly pope. The extreme lowliness of Celestin V., who, from an anchoret's cell was fetched into the chair, and gave the name to that order, was too much noted to hold long; he that would only ride upon an ass, whilst his successors mount on shoulders, soon walks on foot to his desert, and thence to his prison. This man was of the diet of a brother of his, Pope Adrian, who caused it to be written on his grave, that nothing fell out to him in all his life more unhappily than that he was advanced to rule.* These are, I confess, mere heteroclites of the

* Adrian VI. “Nihil sibi in vitâ infelicius accidisse, quàm quod imperârit.”

Papacy; the common rule is otherwise. To let pass the report which the Archbishop of Lyons made in the council of Basil, of those many millions which, in the time of Pope Martin, came to the court of Rome out of France alone; and the yearly sums registered in our acts, which out of this island flew thither, above the king's revenues; we know in our time what millions of gold Sixtus V., who changed a neatherd's cloak for a Franciscan's cowl (and, therefore, by virtue of his order, might touch no silver), raked together in five years' space. The story is famous of the discourse betwixt Pope Innocent IV. and Thomas Aquinas. When that great clerk came to Rome, and looked somewhat amazedly upon the mass of plate and treasure which he there saw, "Lo," said the Pope, "you see, Thomas, we cannot say as St Peter did of old, 'Silver and gold have I none.'" "No," said Aquinas, "neither can you command, as he did, the lame man to arise and walk." There was not more difference in the wealth of the time than in the virtue. It was an heroic word of St Paul, "As having all things yet possessing nothing;" and a resolution no less, that rather than he would be put down by the brag of the false teachers among the Corinthians, he would lay his fingers to the stitching of skins for tent-making. What speak I of these meannesses, when he tells us of holy men that wandered about in sheep-skins and goat-skins, in deserts, and mountains, and caves of the earth? Yea, what do I fall into the mention of any of these, when I hear the Lord of life, the God of glory, who had the command of earth and heaven say, "The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests, but the Son of man hath not where to lay his head?" He who could have commanded all the pomp and royalty of the whole world would appear in the form of a servant, that He might sanctify a mean and moderate condition to us. It is true, there can be no certain proportion of our either having or desiring, since the conditions of men are in a vast difference; for that coat which

is too big for a dwarf will not so much as come upon a giant's sleeve : and it is but just and lawful for every man to affect so much as may be sufficient, not only for the necessity of his person, but for the decency of his estate, the neglect whereof may be sordid and deservedly taxable. It is said of Gregory the Great, that he sharply reprov'd Paschasius, bishop of Naples, for that he used to walk down to the sea-side, attended only with one or two of his clergy, without that meet port which his place required. Surely, he that goeth below himself disparageth his vocation, and whilst he would seem humble is no other than careless. But all things considered, he that can cut evenest between want and excess is in the safest, easiest, happiest estate,*—a truth which, if it were duly entertained, would quit men's hearts of a world of vexation, which now they do willingly draw upon themselves ; for he that resolves to be rich and great, as he must needs fall into many snares of sin, so into manifold distractions of cares. It was a true word of wise Bion, in Laertius, who, when he was asked what man lived most unquietly, answered, He that in a great estate affects to be prosperous. In all experience, he that sets too high a pitch to his desires lives upon the rack ; neither can be loosed till he remit of his great thoughts, and resolve to clip his wings and train, and to take up with the present. Very seasonable and witty was that answer which Cyneas, in the story, gave to ambitious Pyrrhus, when that great conqueror began speech of his designs. Well, said Cyneas, when thou hast vanquished the Romans, what wilt thou then do ? I will then, said Pyrrhus, sail over to Sicily. And what wilt thou do, said Cyneas, when that is won ? Then will we, said Pyrrhus, subdue Africa. Well, and when that is effected, what wilt thou, said Cyneas, then do ? Why, then, said Pyrrhus, we will sit down and spend the rest of our time merrily and contentedly. And what hinders thee, said Cyneas, that without

* Seneca de Tranquillit.

all this labour and peril thou canst not now do so beforehand ? Certainly, nothing lies cross the way of our contentation but our own thoughts, and those the all-wise God leaves there on purpose for the just torture of great hearts. It was a truly apostolical and divine counsel that the chosen vessel gives to his Hebrews : “ Let your conversation be without covetousness ; and be content with such things as ye have ; ” which unto his Timothy he limits to food and raiment (1 Tim. vi. 8), and backs it irrefragably with a reason fetched from our first and last estate : “ For we brought nothing into this world, and it is certain we shall carry nothing out.” Lo, we begin and end with nothing ; and no less than all can sate us while we are. Oh the infinite avarice and ambition of men ! the sea hath both bottom and bounds, the heart of man hath neither. “ There are those,” as our Bromiard observes, “ who in a fair pretence of mortification, like soaring kites, fly up from the earth and cry, Fie, fie ! in their flight, as if they scorned these lower vanities, and yet, when they have done, stoop upon the first carrion that comes in their eye : ” false Pharisees, that under the colour of long prayers devour widows’ houses ; pharisaical votaries, that under colour of wilful poverty sweep away whole countries into their corban. One plots for a lordship, another for a coronet ; one hath swallowed a crozier, another a sceptre, a third a monarchy, and a fourth all these. Of all the ambitions that have come to my notice, I do most wonder at that of Maximilian the First, who, being emperor, affected also to be pope ; and for that purpose, in his letter written to the Baron of Lichtenstein, offered the sum of three hundred thousand ducats, besides the pawn of four rich and preciousy stuffed chests, together with the sumptuous pall of his princely investiture ; whereof, said he, after we are seized of the Papacy, we shall have no further use. Though why not, saith Waremundus, as well as Pope Boniface the Eighth, who girded with his sword, and crowned with an imperial diadem, came abroad

magnificently amongst the people, and could openly profess, I am both Cæsar and Pope? Vain men! whither do our restless desires carry us, unless grace and wiser thoughts pinion their wings? Which if we do seriously affect, there is a double remedy of this immoderation. The first is the due consideration of our own condition, both in the shortness and fickleness of our life, and the length and weight of our reckoning. Alas! if all the world were mine, how long could I enjoy it?*" "Thou fool, this night shall they take away thy soul," as was said to the rich projector in the parable, "and then whose shall all these things be?" Were I the great king of Babylon, when I see the hand writing my destiny upon the wall, what should I care for the massive bowls of my cupboard, or the golden roof of my palace? What fool was ever fond of the orient colours of a bubble? who ever was at the cost to gild a mud wall, or to embroider that tent which he must remove to-morrow? Such is my condition here: I must alter, it cannot. It is the best ceremony that I could note in all the pack of those pontifical rites, that a herald burns tow before the new pope, in all the height of his pomp, and cries, Holy father, thus passes the glory of the world! Thus, even thus indeed, the glory passes; the account passes not so soon; it is a long reckoning that remains to be made for great receipts; for we are not the owners, we are the bailiffs or stewards of our whole estates. In the day of our great audit, there is not one penny but must be calculated; and what can the greatness of the sum (passed through our hands) then avail us, other than to add difficulty to the computation, and danger to the accountant? When death shall come roughly to us, in the style that Benedict did to Totila's servant, Lay down that thou bearest, for it is not thine own,† and the great Master of the universal family of the world shall call us to a *redde rationem*

* "Magnitudo non habet certum modum."—Sen. Epist. 43.

† "Depone quod portas, nam non est tuum."

for all that we have received, woe is me! what pleasure shall it be to me that I had much?*" What is the poor horse the better for the carriage of a rich sumpter all day, when at night he shall lie down with a galled back? I hear him that wished to live Cræsus, wishing to die a beggarly cynic that was not worth his shroud. The cheer goes down well till it come to the shot; when that goes too deep, we quarrel at our excess. Oh our madness to doat upon our future repentance!

Occasional Meditations.

[Our specimens we conclude with a few extracts which exhibit our wise, devout, and observant author as he might have been seen at home. These "Occasional Meditations" shew how he walked with God, and talked with his own heart in scenes like those through which we ourselves are passing every day. Like Sturm's "Reflections," St Pierre's "Study of Nature," and similar works, in which our youthful days delighted, they teach us how to read "God's great Book;" and, by the quaint instruction they extract from little things, they shew how a thoughtful mind may hear a sermon in the street-cries of London, and may find a whole museum of lesson-objects in the ornaments of his mantel-shelf and the furniture of his sitting-room. We like the Meditations all the better because they are not overdone. Afterwards the art was carried too far, and books like Brown's "Christian's Journal," Steele's "Tradesman's Calling," and Flavel's "Navigation Spiritualised," oppress us by their minuteness, and tire us by their length.]

The Proem.

I have heedlessly lost, I confess, many good thoughts; these few my paper hath preserved from vanishing; the example whereof may perhaps be more useful than the matter.

* "Melius est minus egere quàm plus habere."—Una ex Reg. Aug.

Our active soul can no more forbear to think, than the eye can choose but see when it is open. Would we but keep our wholesome notions together, mankind would be too rich. To do well, no object should pass us without use. Everything that we see reads us new lectures of wisdom and piety. It is a shame for a man to be ignorant or godless under so many tutors.

For me, I would not wish to live longer than I shall be better for my eyes ; and have thought it thankworthy thus to teach weak minds how to improve their thoughts upon all like occasions. And if ever these lines shall come to the public view, I desire and charge my reader, whosoever he be, to make me and himself so happy as to take out my lesson, and to learn how to read God's great book by mine.

On the Sight of a Dial.

If the sun did not shine upon this dial, nobody would look at it. In a cloudy day it stands like a useless post, unheeded, unregarded ; but when once those beams break forth, every passenger runs to it, and gazes on it.

O God, while thou hidest Thy countenance from me, methinks all Thy creatures pass by me with a willing neglect. Indeed, what am I without Thee ? And if Thou have drawn in me some lines and notes of able endowments, yet if I be not actuated by Thy grace, all is, in respect of use, no better than nothing ; but when Thou renewest the light of Thy loving countenance upon me, I find a sensible and happy change of condition ; methinks all things look upon me with such cheer and observance, as if they meant to make good that word of thine, "Those that honour me, I will honour." Now every line and figure which it hath pleased Thee to work in me serve for useful and profitable direction. O Lord, all the glory is Thine. Give Thou me light ; I shall give others information ; both of us shall give Thee praise.

On a Fair Prospect.

What a pleasing variety is here of towns, rivers, hills, dales, woods, meadows, each of them striving to set forth the other, and all of them to delight the eye! So as this is no other than a natural and real landscape, drawn by that almighty and skilful hand, in this table of the earth, for the pleasure of our view. No other creature besides man is capable to apprehend this beauty. I shall do wrong to him that brought me hither if I do not feed my eyes, and praise my Maker. It is the intermixture and change of these objects that yields this contentment both to the sense and mind.

But there is a sight, oh, my soul, that, without all variety, offers thee a truer and fuller delight—even this heaven above thee. All thy other prospects end in this. This glorious circumference bounds, and circles, and enlightens all that thine eye can see: whether thou look upward, or forward, or about thee, there thine eye alights; there let thy thoughts be fixed. One inch of this lightsome firmament hath more beauty in it than the whole face of the earth; and yet this is but the floor of that goodly fabric, the outward curtain of that glorious tabernacle. Couldst thou but (Oh, that thou couldst!) look within that veil, how shouldst thou be ravished with that blissful sight! There, in that incomprehensible light, thou shouldst see Him whom none can see and not be blessed; thou shouldst see millions of pure and majestic angels, of holy and glorified souls; there, amongst thy Father's many mansions, thou shouldst take happy notice of thine own. Oh, the best of earth, now vile and contemptible! Come down no more, oh, my soul, after thou hast once pitched upon this heavenly glory; or, if this flesh force thy descent, be unquiet till thou art let loose to immortality.

On Occasion of a Red-breast coming into his Chamber,
and Singing.

Pretty bird, how cheerfully dost thou sit and sing, and yet knowest not where thou art, nor where thou shalt make thy next meal, and at night must shroud thyself in a bush for lodging! What a shame is it for me, that see before me so liberal provisions of my God, and find myself set warm under my own roof, yet am ready to droop under a distrustful and unthankful dulness! Had I so little certainty of my harbour and purveyance, how heartless should I be, how careful! how little list should I have to make music to thee or myself! Surely thou camest not hither without a providence. God sent thee, not so much to delight, as to shame me; but all in a conviction of my sullen unbelief, who, under more apparent means, am less cheerful and confident. Reason and faith have not done so much in me as in the mere instinct of nature. Want of foresight makes thee more merry, if not more happy, here, than the foresight of better things maketh me.

O God, thy providence is not impaired by those powers Thou hast given me above these brute things: let not my greater helps hinder me from a holy security and comfortable reliance upon Thee.

On Occasion of a Spider in his Window.

There is no vice in man whereof there is not some analogy in the brute creatures. As amongst us men, there are thieves by land and pirates by sea, that live by spoil and blood: so is there in every kind amongst them variety of natural sharkers; the hawk in the air; the pike in the river; the whale in the sea; the lion, and tiger, and wolf in the desert; the wasp in the hive; the spider in our window.

Amongst the rest, see how cunningly this little Arabian hath spread out his tent for a prey ; how heedfully he watches for a passenger. So soon as ever he hears the noise of a fly afar off, how he hastens to his door ; and if that silly heedless traveller do but touch upon the verge of that unsuspected walk, how suddenly doth he seize upon the miserable booty, and, after some strife, binding him fast with those subtle cords, drags the helpless captive after him into his cave !

What is this but an emblem of those spiritual freebooters that lie in wait for our souls ? They are the spiders, we the flies ; they have spread their nets of sin ; if we be once caught, they bind us fast, and hale us into hell.

Of the Sight of a Rain in the Sunshine.

Such is my best condition in this life. If the sun of God's countenance shine upon me, I may well be content to be wet with some rain of affliction. How oft have I seen the heaven overcast with clouds and tempest ; no sun appearing to comfort me ! yet even those gloomy and stormy seasons have I rid out patiently, only with the help of the common light of the day : at last, those beams have broken forth happily, and cheered my soul. It is well for my ordinary state, if, through the mists of mine own dulness and Satan's temptations, I can descry some glimpse of heavenly comfort : let me never hope, while I am in this vale, to see the clear face of that sun, without a shower. Such happiness is reserved for above : that upper region of glory is free from these doubtful and miserable vicissitudes.

There, O God, we shall see as we are seen. "Light is sown for the righteous, and joy for the upright in heart."

On the Rain and Waters.

What a sensible interchange there is in nature betwixt union and division! Many vapours, rising from the sea, meet together in one cloud: that cloud falls down divided into several drops: those drops run together; and, in many rills of water, meet in the same channels: those channels run into the brook, those brooks into the rivers, those rivers into the sea. One receptacle is for all, though a large one: and all make back to their first and main original.

So it either is, or should be, with spiritual gifts. O God, Thou distiltest thy graces upon us, not for our reservation, but conveyance. Those manifold faculties Thou lettest fall upon several men, Thou wouldest not have drenched up where they light, but wouldest have derived, through the channels of their special vocations, into the common streams of public use, for church or commonwealth.—Take back, O Lord, those few drops Thou hast rained upon my soul, and return them into that great ocean of the glory of Thine own bounty, from whence they had their beginning.

On Occasion of the Lights brought in.

What a change there is in the room since the light came in! yea, in ourselves! All things seem to have a new form, a new life: yea, we are not the same we were. How goodly a creature is light! how pleasing, how agreeable to the spirits of man: no visible thing comes so near to the resembling of the nature of the soul; yea, of the God that made it. As, contrarily, what an uncomfortable thing is darkness! insomuch as we punish the greatest malefactors with obscurity of dungeons, as thinking they could not be miserable enough if they might have the privilege of beholding the light: yea, hell

itself can be no more horribly described than by outward darkness. What is darkness, but absence of light? The pleasure or the horror of light or darkness is according to the quality and degree of the cause whence it ariseth.

And if the light of a poor candle be so comfortable, which is nothing but a little inflamed air gathered about a moistened snuff, what is the light of the glorious sun, the great lamp of heaven! But, much more, what is the light of that infinitely-resplendent Sun of righteousness, who gave that light to the sun, that sun to the world! And if this partial and imperfect darkness be so doleful, which is the privation of a natural or artificial light, how unconceivable dolorous and miserable shall that be which is caused through the utter absence of the all-glorious God, who is the Father of lights! O Lord, how justly do we pity those wretched souls "that sit in darkness and the shadow of death;" shut up from the light of the saving knowledge of thee, the only true God! But how am I swallowed up with horror, to think of the fearful condition of those damned souls, that are for ever shut out from the presence of God, and adjudged to exquisite and everlasting darkness! The Egyptians were weary of themselves in their three days' darkness; yet we do not find any pain that accompanied their continuing night: what shall we say to those woeful souls, in whom the sensible presence of infinite torment shall meet with the torment of the perpetual absence of God?

O Thou, who art the True Light, shine ever through all the blind corners of my soul; and from these weak glimmerings of grace bring me to the perfect brightness of Thy glory.

On the Blowing of the Fire.

We beat back the flame, not with a purpose to suppress it, but to raise it higher, and to diffuse it more.

Those afflictions and repulses which seem to be discouragement

ments are indeed the merciful incitements of grace. If God did mean judgment to my soul, he would either withdraw the fuel, or pour water upon the fire, or suffer it to languish for want of new motions; but now that He continues to me the means, and opportunities, and desires of good, I shall misconstrue the intentions of my God, if I shall think His crosses sent rather to damp than to quicken His Spirit in me.

O God, if Thy bellows did not sometimes thus breathe upon me in spiritual repercussions, I should have just cause to suspect my estate; those few weak gleeds of grace that are in me might soon go out, if they were not thus refreshed; still blow upon them, till they kindle; still kindle them, till they flame up to Thee.

On the Sight of a Crow pulling off Wool from the Back of a Sheep.

How well these creatures know whom they may be bold with! That crow durst not do this to a wolf or a mastiff. The known simplicity of this innocent beast gives advantage to this presumption.

Meekness of spirit commonly draws on injuries. The cruelty of ill natures usually seeks out those, not who deserve worst, but who will bear most. Patience and mildness of spirit is ill bestowed where it exposes a man to wrong and insultation. Sheepish dispositions are best to others, worst to themselves. I could be willing to take injuries, but I will not be guilty of provoking them by lenity. For harmlessness, let me go for a sheep; but whosoever will be tearing my fleece, let him look to himself.

On the Hearing of the Street-cries in London.

What a noise do these poor souls make in proclaiming their commodities! Each tells what he hath, and would have all

hearers take notice of it : and yet, God wot, it is but poor stuff that they set out with so much ostentation. I do not hear any of the rich merchants talk of what bags he hath in his chests, or what treasures of rich wares in his storehouse ; every man rather desires to hide his wealth, and, when he is urged, is ready to dissemble his ability.

No otherwise is it in the true spiritual riches. He that is full of grace and good works affects not to make show of it to the world, but rests sweetly in the secret testimony of a good conscience, and the silent applause of God's Spirit witnessing with his own ; while, contrarily, the venditation of our own worth, or parts, or merits, argues a miserable indigence in them all.

O God, if the confessing of Thine own gifts may glorify Thee, my-modesty shall not be guilty of a niggardly unthankfulness, but, for ought that concerns myself, I cannot be too secret. Let me so hide myself that I may not wrong Thee, and wisely distinguish betwixt Thy praise and my own.

On the Sight of a Dark Lantern.

There is light indeed, but so shut up as if it were not ; and when the side is most open, there is light enough to give direction to him that bears it, none to others ; he can discern another man by that light which is cast before him, but another man cannot discern him.

Right such is reserved knowledge ; no man is the better for it but the owner. There is no outward difference betwixt concealed skill and ignorance, and when such hidden knowledge will look forth, it casts so sparing a light as may only argue it to have an unprofitable being, to have ability without will to good, power to censure, none to benefit. The suppression or engrossing of those helps which God would have us to impart, is but a thief's lantern in a true man's hand.

O God, as all our light is from Thee, the Father of lights, so make me no niggard of that poor rush-candle Thou hast lighted in my soul; make me more happy in giving light to others than in receiving it into myself.

On the Hearing of a Swallow in the Chimney.

Here is music, such as it is, but how long will it hold? When but a cold morning comes in, my guest is gone, without either warning or thanks. This pleasant season hath the least need of cheerful notes; the dead of winter shall want, and wish them in vain.

Thus doth an ungrateful parasite; no man is more ready to applaud and enjoy our prosperity, but when with the times our condition begins to alter, he is a stranger at least. Give me that bird which will sing in winter, and seek to my window in the hardest frost. There is no trial of friendship but adversity. He that is not ashamed of my bonds, not daunted with my checks, not aliened with my disgrace, is a friend for me; one dram of that man's love is worth a world of false and inconstant formality.

On the Sight of a Fly burning itself in the Candle.

Wise Solomon says, "The light is a pleasant thing;" and so certainly it is; but there is no true outward light which proceeds not from fire. The light of that fire, then, is not more pleasing than the fire of that light is dangerous; and that pleasure doth not more draw on our sight, than that danger forbids our approach. How foolish is this fly, that, in a love and admiration of this light, will know no distance, but puts itself heedlessly into that flame wherein it perishes! How many bouts it fetched, every one nearer than other, ere it made this last venture! and now that merciless fire, taking

no notice of the affection of an over-fond client, hath suddenly consumed it.

Thus do those bold and busy spirits who will needs draw too near unto that inaccessible light, and look into things too wonderful for them ; so long do they hover about the secret counsels of the Almighty, till the wings of their presumptuous conceits be scorched, and their daring curiosity hath paid them with everlasting destruction.

O Lord, let me be blessed with the knowledge of what Thou hast revealed ; let me content myself to adore Thy Divine wisdom in what Thou hast not revealed. So let me enjoy Thy light, that I may avoid Thy fire.

On the Singing of the Birds in a Spring Morning.

How cheerfully do these little birds chirp and sing, out of the natural joy they conceive, at the approach of the sun and entrance of the spring, as if their life had departed, and returned with those glorious and comfortable beams !

No otherwise is the penitent and faithful soul affected to the true Sun of righteousness, the Father of lights. When He hides His face, it is troubled, and silently mourns away that sad winter of affliction ; when He returns, in His presence is the fulness of joy ; no song is cheerful enough to welcome Him.

O Thou who art the God of all consolation, make my heart sensible of the sweet comforts of Thy gracious presence, and let my mouth ever shew forth Thy praise.

THE CIVIL WAR AND THE PROTECTORATE.

IF not the happiest time in English history, the middle of the seventeenth century may be deemed the golden age of English theology. It is true that it was a time of many sects and much fanaticism. It was then that the Fifth Monarchy, and many wild illusions, found adherents amidst the excited but ill-instructed multitude; and it was then that the absurdities and impieties were vented which Thomas Edwards has preserved in his unpleasant catalogue of the "Errors of the Sectaries." But it was then, also, that men like Hall and Ussher, Lightfoot and Pocock, Owen and Baxter, Manton and Goodwin, Bryan Walton and Patrick Young, were laying on the altar those gifts of erudition and consecrated genius which are still preserved among the most precious things in the Church's treasury. It was then that those most systematic and most carefully considered of Protestant symbols, the Westminster Confession and Catechisms, were compiled. It was then that gigantic undertakings like the "Critici Sacri," Pool's "Synopsis," and Walton's "Polyglott," were projected, and found a patronage which probably no other period before or since would have yielded. And it was then that such immortal contributions were made to our sacred literature as "The Art of Holy Living," and "The Saints' Everlasting Rest," "The Pilgrim's Progress," and the "Paradise Lost."

Nor was it a mere passion for theological science. There were circumstances in the time which helped to make men serious. Before the Civil War broke out, and during the dismal years when it raged, there was much to make thoughtful Englishmen desire "a better country;" and whatever hypocrisy might mingle with the enforced gravity of the Pro-

tectorate, our land, probably, never contained so many citizens who made it the business of their lives to prepare for eternity. Even those whose names have come down to us chiefly in connexion with law, arms, merchandise, medicine, were sometimes best known to their contemporaries as the distinguished adherents of the various religious communions; and sufficient memorials of the age have been preserved to shew us that its Christian professors were no strangers to the life and power of godliness. As the best introduction to the theology of the period, we shall begin with a few examples of its piety; and our first illustration shall be an English gentleman, whom the exigencies of the times constrained to be a soldier, and whose portrait is thus sketched by his devoted wife and gifted biographer, the noble-minded Lucy Apsley:—

The Good Soldier: Colonel Hutchinson.

“To number his virtues is to give the epitome of his life, which was nothing else but a progress from one degree of virtue to another, till in a short time he arrived to that height which many longer lives could never reach; and had I but the power of rightly disposing and relating them, his single example would be more instructive than all the rules of the best moralists, for his practice was of a more Divine extraction, drawn from the Word of God, and wrought up by the assistance of His Spirit; therefore in the head of all his virtues I shall set that which was the head and spring of them all, his Christianity—for this alone is the true royal blood that runs through the whole body of virtue, and every pretender to that glorious family who hath no tincture of it is an impostor and a spurious brat. This is that sacred fountain which baptizeth all the gentle virtues that so immortalise the names of Cicero, Plutarch, Seneca, and all the old philosophers; herein they are regenerated, and take a new name and nature. Dug up in the

wilderness of nature, and dipped in this living spring, they are planted and flourish in the paradise of God.

“By Christianity I intend that universal habit of grace which is wrought in a soul by the regenerating Spirit of God, whereby the whole creature is resigned up into the Divine will and love, and all its actions directed to the obedience and glory of its Maker. As soon as he had improved his natural understanding with the acquisition of learning, the first studies in which he exercised himself were the principles of religion, and the first knowledge he laboured for was a knowledge of God, which by a diligent examination of the Scripture, and the several doctrines of great men pretending that ground, he at length obtained. Afterwards, when he had laid a sure and orthodox foundation in the doctrine of the free grace of God given us by Jesus Christ, he began to survey the superstructures, and to discover much of the hay and stubble of men’s inventions in God’s worship, which his spirit burned up in the day of their trial. His faith being established in the truth, he was full of love to God and all His saints. He hated persecution for religion, and was always a champion for all religious people against all their great oppressors. He detested all scoffs at any practice of worship, though such a one as he was not persuaded of it. Whatever he practised in religion was neither for faction nor advantage, but contrary to it, and purely for conscience’ sake. As he hated outsides in religion, so could he worse endure those apostasies and those denials of the Lord and base compliances of His adversaries, which timorous men practise under the name of prudent and just condescensions to avoid persecution. Christianity being in him as the fountain of all his virtues, and diffusing itself in every stream, that of his prudence falls into the next mention. He from a child was wise, and sought to by many that might have been his fathers for counsel, which he could excellently give to him-

self and others; and whatever cross event in any of his affairs may give occasion to fools to overlook the wisdom of the design, yet he had as great a foresight, as strong a judgment, as clear an apprehension of men and things as any man. He had rather a firm impression than a great memory, yet he was forgetful of nothing but injuries. His own integrity made him credulous of other men's, till reason and experience convinced him; and he was as unapt to believe cautions which could not be received without entertaining ill opinions of men; yet he had wisdom enough never to commit himself to a traitor, though he was once wickedly betrayed by friends whom necessity and not mistake forced him to trust. He was as ready to hear as to give counsel, and never pertinacious in his will when his reason was convinced. There was no opinion which he was most settled in, either concerning divine or human things, but he would patiently and impartially hear it debated. In matters of faith his reason always submitted to the Word of God, and what he could not comprehend, he would believe because it was written; but in all other things, the greatest names in the world could never lead him without reason: he would deliberate when there was time, but never, by tedious dispute, lost an opportunity of anything that was to be done. He would hear as well as speak, and yet never spoke impertinently or unseasonably. He very well understood his own advantages, natural parts, gifts, and acquirements, yet so as neither to glory of them to others, nor overvalue himself for them; for he had an excellent virtuous modesty, which shut out all vanity of mind, and yet admitted that true understanding of himself which was requisite for the best improvement of all his talents. He no less understood and was more heedful to remark his defects, imperfections, and disadvantages, but that too only to excite his circumspection concerning them, not to damp his spirit in any noble enterprise. He had a

noble spirit of government, both in civil, military, and domestic administrations, which forced even from unwilling subjects a love and reverence of him, and endeared him to the souls of those who rejoiced to be governed by him. He had a native majesty that struck an awe of him into the hearts of men, and a sweet greatness that commanded love. He had a clear discerning of men's spirits, and knew how to give every one their just weight. He contemned none that were not wicked, in whatever low degree of nature or fortune they were otherwise: wherever he saw wisdom, learning, or other virtues in men, he honoured them highly, and admired them to their full rate, but never gave himself blindly up to the conduct of the greatest master. Love itself, which was as powerful in his as in any soul, rather quickened than blinded the eyes of his judgment in discerning the imperfections of those that were most dear to him. His soul ever reigned as king in the internal throne, and never was captive to his sense; religion and reason, its two favoured counsellors, took order that all the passions kept within their own just bounds, did him good service there, and furthered the public weal. He found such felicity in that proportion of wisdom that he enjoyed, as he was a great lover of that which advanced it—learning and the arts; which he not only honoured in others, but had by his industry arrived to be himself a far greater scholar than is absolutely requisite for a gentleman. He had many excellent attainments, but he no less evidenced his wisdom in knowing how to rank and use them, than in gaining them. He had wit enough to have been subtle and cunning, but he so abhorred dissimulation that I cannot say he was either. Greatness of courage would not suffer him to put on a vizard, to secure him from any; to retire into the shadow of privacy and silence was all his prudence could effect in him. It will be as hard to say which was the predominant virtue in him, as which is so in its own nature.

He was as excellent in justice as in wisdom; nor could the greatest advantage, or the greatest danger, or the dearest interest or friend in the world, prevail on him to pervert justice even to an enemy. He never professed the thing he intended not, nor promised what he believed out of his own power, nor failed the performance of anything that was in his power to fulfil. Never fearing anything he could suffer for the truth, he never at any time would refrain a true or give a false witness; he loved truth so much that he hated even sportive lies and gulleries. He was so just to his own honour that he many times forbore things lawful and delightful to him, rather than he would give any one occasion of scandal. Of all lies he most hated hypocrisy in religion; either to comply with changing governments or persons, without a real persuasion of conscience, or to practise holy things to get the applause of men or any advantage. As in religion so in friendship, he never professed love when he had it not, nor disguised hate or aversion, which indeed he never had to any party or person, but to their sins; and he loved even his bitterest enemies so well, that I am witness how his soul mourned for them, and how heartily he desired their conversion. If he were defective in any part of justice, it was when it was in his power to punish those who had injured him; whom I have so often known him to recompense with favours instead of revenge, that his friends used to tell him, if they had any occasion to make him favourably partial to them, they would provoke him by an injury. He was as faithful and constant to his friends as merciful to his enemies: nothing grieved him more than to be obliged where he could not hope to return it. He, that was a rock to all assaults of might and violence, was the gentlest, easiest soul to kindness, of which the least warm spark melted him into anything that was not sinful.

“Nor was his soul less shining in honour than in love.

Piety being still the bond of all his other virtues, there was nothing he durst not do or suffer, but sin against God ; and therefore, as he never regarded his life in any noble and just enterprise, so he never staked it in any rash or unwarrantable hazard. He was never surprised, amazed, nor confounded with great difficulties or dangers, which rather served to animate than distract his spirits. He had made up his accounts with life and death, and fixed his purpose to entertain both honourably, so that no accident ever dismayed him, but he rather rejoiced in such troublesome conflicts as might signalise his generosity. A truer or more lively valour there never was in any man, but in all his actions it ever marched in the same file with wisdom. He understood well, and as well performed when he undertook it, the military art in all parts of it ; he naturally loved the employment, as it suited with his active temper more than any, conceiving a mutual delight in leading those men that loved his conduct. And when he commanded soldiers, never was man more loved and revered by all that were under him ; for he would never condescend to them in anything they mutinously sought, nor suffer them to seek what it was fit for him to provide, but prevented them by his loving care ; and while he exercised his authority no way but in keeping them to their just duty, they joyed as much in his commands as he in their obedience. He was very liberal to them, but ever chose just times and occasions to exercise it. I cannot say whether he were more truly magnanimous or less proud ; he never disdained the meanest person, nor flattered the greatest ; he had a loving and sweet courtesy to the poorest, and would often employ many spare hours with the commonest soldiers and poorest labourers, but still so ordering his familiarity as it never raised them to a contempt, but entertained still at the same time a reverence with love of him ; he ever preserved himself in his own rank, neither being proud of it so as to despise any inferior, nor letting fall that just

decorum which his honour obliged him to keep up. He was as far from envy of superiors as from contemning them that were under him; he was above the ambition of vain titles, and so well contented with the even ground of a gentleman, that no invitation could have prevailed upon him to advance one step that way; he loved substantial not airy honour. As he was above seeking or delighting in empty titles for himself, so he neither denied nor envied any man's due precedency, but pitied those that took a glory in that which had no foundation of virtue. As little did he seek after popular applause, or pride himself in it, if at any time it cried up his just deserts; he more delighted to do well than to be praised, and never set vulgar commendations at such a rate as to act contrary to his own conscience or reason for the obtaining them; nor would he forbear a good action which he was bound to, though all the world disliked it, for he ever looked on things as they were in themselves, not through the dim spectacles of vulgar estimation. As he was far from a vain affectation of popularity, so he never neglected that just care that an honest man ought to have of his reputation, and was as careful to avoid the appearances of evil as evil itself; but if he were evil spoken of for truth or righteousness' sake, he rejoiced in taking up the reproach, which all good men that dare bear their testimony against an evil generation must suffer. Though his zeal for truth and virtue caused the wicked, with the sharp edges of their malicious tongues, to shave off the glories from his head, yet his honour, springing from the fast root of virtue, did but grow the thicker and more beautiful for all their endeavours to cut it off. He was as free from avarice as from ambition and pride. Never had any man a more contented and thankful heart for the estate that God had given, but it was a very narrow compass for the exercise of his great heart. He loved hospitality as much as he hated riot; he could contentedly be without things beyond his reach, though he took

very much pleasure in all those noble delights that exceeded not his faculties. In those things that were of mere pleasure, he loved not to aim at that he could not attain; he would rather wear clothes absolutely plain than pretend to gallantry, and would rather choose to have none than mean jewels or pictures, and such other things as were not of absolute necessity. He would rather give nothing than a base reward or present, and upon that score he lived very much retired, though his nature was very sociable, and delighted in going into and receiving company; because his fortune would not allow him to do it in such a noble manner as suited with his mind. He was so truly magnanimous, that prosperity could never lift him up in the least, nor give him any tincture of pride or vain-glory, nor diminish a general affability, courtesy, and civility, that he always shewed to all persons. When he was most exalted, he was most merciful and compassionate to those that were humbled. At the same time that he vanquished any enemy, he cast away all his ill-will to him, and entertained thoughts of love and kindness as soon as he ceased to be in a posture of opposition. He was as far from meanness as from pride, as truly generous as humble, and shewed his noble spirit more in adversity than in his prosperous condition; he vanquished all the spite of his enemies by his manly suffering, and all the contempts they could cast at him were their shame, not his."

The Christian Citizen: John Rowe of Crediton.

Mr ROWE, born in the year made memorable by the destruction of the Spanish Armada, lived to see the restoration of Charles II., and all those threescore years and ten (1588-1660) he spent in the county of Devon, most of them in the little town of Crediton. Holding a position of some influence, with a high reputation for judgment and probity, he was much

resorted to by his neighbours in their perplexities; and in arbitrating matters, which would otherwise have gone to the courts of law, he not only administered substantial justice, but often succeeded in making foes once more friends—a satisfaction seldom vouchsafed to the wearers of the ermine robe. A few years after his death appeared a short but interesting biography, from which we transcribe the following passages:—

“ When he awoke in the morning, if it were before the ordinary time he was wont to rise, his manner was to spend some time in meditation, and the subject of his meditation for the most part was somewhat of the great work of redemption; and he employed his thoughts principally to meditate on the eternal sacrifice of the Lord Jesus, which was offered up to the Father for the taking away of the sins of His people; and according to this his own practice he would counsel his children, every morning to take a turn at the cross of Christ, and to think of His sufferings, and that would be a means to make them love Christ the more. When he was rising, and dressing himself in the morning, he would let fall some holy instructions or other on them that were about him. After he was ready, his first work was to retire himself into his closet, where he spent a considerable time in reading, meditation, and prayer. His daily practice was to read every morning some part of the Scriptures, with some commentary thereupon, and after that to meditate on what he had read, and being much taken with the spirituality and judiciousness of Calvin’s Expositions, he made the greatest use of him to help him in the understanding of the Scriptures.

“ After he had thus finished his private exercise of prayer and meditation on the word he had read, he was wont to call together his family, and communicate unto them what he had learned from his own meditation, and the expositions of godly divines on the word that he had read; and whatever his

worldly occasions had been, he would scarce ever omit this exercise with his family, but every morning would open some portion of the Scripture to them, and give them some holy exhortation from it; and this was his practice for twenty or thirty years together. Such was his modesty and humility in the managing of this work, that although he was of a great judgment himself, of long experience, and had a deep insight into the things of God, yet he would say he would not take upon him to interpret the meaning of such or such a text, but he would acquaint them what he had learned from godly divines. By this constant course of reading, and daily perusing the expositions of divines, joined together with his own meditation, he became a man expert and mighty in the Scriptures: so that when he came to speak to his family, he would open the Scriptures with much clearness and solidity, and the Lord endued him with a wonderful ability to make things plain and familiar to the capacity of the meanest. And when he came to make applications of things to those of his own family, he would be sure to consider what every one's condition did require. Those whom he feared to be still in the state of nature, he would lay open to them the danger of their condition, and what a sad thing it was for them to remain out of Christ; and whatever the matter was he had been speaking of, his exhortation would be sure always to centre in this, to press them to look after Christ, in whom the Father had laid up all grace, and from whom they must expect to receive all grace. His exhortations were set on with a wonderful strange authority; there was so great a presence of God with him, that many (besides those of his own family) who came occasionally to be in his house will have cause to bless God for him to eternity.

“ After he had spent a quarter of an hour or a little more in this way of exhortation, he would close up the morning's exercise with prayer, in which he would not be long, but his

prayer was so substantial, that he would comprehend the whole of religion in a short prayer.

“ In the evening before supper, if he could obtain any liberty, he would spend some time in reading the works of some eminent divine. He took most delight in Dr Preston’s books; and he had been so conversant in them, that most of the eminent passages in his writings became very familiar with him. After that he betook himself to his constant course of prayer and meditation. After supper he would cause his children and the young scholars that were in his family (of which he was never without some for many years, who were sent to the Grammar-school, and were placed by their parents in his family, to enjoy the benefit of his instructions and holy example,) to read each of them a chapter one by one: when this was done, he would call together the whole family, and then he would spend the rest of the evening in catechising of them, or else in repetition of some sermon that had been preached on the week day.

“ When the Sabbath was approaching, his care was to prepare for it, and he would endeavour so to order his worldly affairs, as that he might have his business dispatched in season, and so have the more liberty in the evening to set his heart in order for the duties of the Sabbath. When the Sabbath was come, he would spend most of the morning in secret prayer and meditation; and he was wont to be shorter in the morning’s exercises with his family upon that day than at other times, that so they might not be hindered from the public ordinances. His care was to be at the beginning of public worship, and he was wont to say it was more fit that they should wait for the minister, than that he should wait for them; and he would often mention that example and speech of Cornelius, ‘ We are all here present before God, to hear all things that are commanded thee of God.’ When the morning sermon was done, the little time he had before dinner he would

spend in perusing his notes of the sermon, and meditating on what had been delivered; as soon as dinner was ended, he would repeat the sermon to his family; after that was done, the time of public worship in the afternoon drew on, then he would hasten to the congregation. When public worship was ended, he would first spend a considerable time in secret; the rest of the evening was spent in the repetition of the sermon that was preached in the afternoon, and calling his family to an account of the things they had learned.

“ He was very tender and compassionate to them that were under temptation and distress of conscience, and several that were under trouble of mind did resort to him, and some did abide in his family for a season, the better to enjoy the benefit of his prayers and counsels; and the Lord was pleased so far to hear his prayers, and to bless what he spake to them, as they went away with more peace and satisfaction.

“ And as he bare a tender respect to others in their temptations, so he was not without his own temptations; it is true, his assurance touching his estate, that remained firm and unshaken. Once, indeed, he said, in a sickness he had a very strong assault from the enemy, but it was but short. The temptation was, that he was an hypocrite, and all that he had done was in hypocrisy; hereupon the Lord put it into his heart, that suppose it were so, yet now he should cast himself upon the grace of God in Christ, and immediately the temptation vanished. But though he had not many assaults of this kind, yet he was not without his other temptations. The great temptation that he complained of in his elder years was infidelity. A year or two before his death, he complained to a near relation that he had been troubled with temptations that were very grievous and bitter to him, and the temptation was, whether there was such a one as Christ or no, and whether there had been such actions done by him. The next morning after the temptation had been upon him, these words were

dropped into him, 'I was crucified for thee, I have shed my blood for thee;' this brake and melted his heart exceedingly, that when his temptation was of so grievous a nature, that the Lord should so condescend unto him, and when he spake of it, he spake of it with tears.

"He had also several other conflicts, insomuch that he once brake out into this expression: 'Oh, it is hard keeping up until we come to heaven, it is hard fighting.' Another passage he had to this purpose: 'Before we receive the crown, we must strive and finish our course; temptations will arise, but blessed is the man that endureth temptation, for when he is tried he shall receive the crown of life.' He said he had been ten years striving against one corruption, and at last the Lord brake the neck of it. Another time he said, I have been striving against the height of my spirit these forty years. And as he had his inward conflicts, so he was seldom without some outward trial or affliction. . . . His afflictions made him pray much, and that was his constant course, when any great trial or affliction befell him, to set apart some time to seek God in an extraordinary manner. His great prayer when he was under affliction was, that he might be made partaker of God's holiness by it. When his family had been visited with the small-pox, he said, he had been mightily stirred up to pray that this visitation might end in the reformation of the family, and that they might set to the work of God with all their might; and this was usually the fruit of all his afflictions, to quicken him to more activity in the ways of God. When one of his relations had been sick, he wrote thus to him:— 'Truly I perceive the Lord's mind is to wean us from the world and from self; now the Lord accomplish the good pleasure of His will in us to the utmost, that we may cleave unto Him wholly and fully by the wisdom and strength of the Lord Jesus in us; be not dismayed at your afflictions, God will turn them to good.' A few years before his death, the Lord was

pleased to try him by suffering his house to be on fire; this fire happened on a Saturday night, about ten of the clock in the night, his family being the most of them in bed, and himself asleep. Being awakened out of sleep by some that first descried the danger, and called upon him to arise for his preservation, the first thing that the Lord put into his thoughts was, that in the midst of judgment he would remember mercy; and the Lord was pleased to answer his prayer eminently, for only his out-houses were consumed, and his dwelling-house was preserved, which yet was joining with the other, and in an apparent danger, but that the providence of God was wonderfully seen in its preservation. Many of his friends and neighbours, and of the poor people of the town, came to his assistance in this time of distress, and though all his goods were removed out of the house, and those which were poor and necessitous might have taken several things, yet such was the love and reverence which the people of the place did generally bear to him, and the experience they had of his charity and readiness to do them good, that there was not one that had a heart or an hand to take anything that was his, but all his goods that were carried forth were preserved entire, without so much as the loss of any one thing. But this did not comfort him so much as that the fire was quenched so seasonably, and things so soon set in order, by the help of his friends, as that he and his family had the liberty to attend upon the ordinances the next day, and to keep the Sabbath according to his wonted manner."

A Sister of Charity: Lady Falkland.

The young and gallant Lord Falkland, who fell in the first battle of Newbury, February 20, 1643, was survived by his wife, Lettice, a daughter of Sir Richard Morison. The three years of her widowhood* abounded in prayers and alms-deeds,

* She died February 1646, aged 35.

of which a contemporary memorial was written in the form of a letter to her mother. Mrs Hutchinson, from whom we have already quoted so largely, was a republican lady; Lady Falkland was a royalist. It is the advantage of our remoter day that we can admire the devotion and self-sacrifice of each.

“ Her first and grand employment was, to read and understand, and then (to the utmost of her strength) to practise our most blessed Saviour’s sermon upon the mount, in the fifth, sixth, and seventh chapters of St Matthew’s gospel; and having read over a most complete (though compendious) comment upon that sermon, she set forthwith upon the work of practising it, and began with those virtues to which the beatitudes are annexed.

“ And her mercifulness was none of those virtues which she could at all conceal from us. Much of her estate (we saw) given yearly to those of her kindred, which were capable of charity from her; and some of her near neighbours, who were very old, and not able to work, or very young, and not fit for work, were wholly maintained by her: to other poor children she contributed much, both for their spiritual and their temporal well-being, by erecting a school for them, where they were to be taught both to read and to work. Much care she took that no man, or woman, or child should want employment, that their own hands might bring them in a competent subsistence; and accounted that the best contrivement of her estate, which set most poor people on work; for if it were to their profit, she little regarded her own detriment in it.

“ So that her principal care herein was to keep them from idleness, that root of all sin and wickedness; for by another method she might have received more profit, and thereby have been better able to relieve them, though by this only she was able to set them on work.

“ A most eminent piece of mercifulness this, where temporal and spiritual mercy went together, and wisdom guided both.

“And for the poor at home, and for strangers at the door, she was very charitable in feeding the hungry, and refreshing the faint and weak ; and for clothing the naked. In some extremities you should see this lady herself go up and down the house, and beg garments from her servants’ backs (whom she requited soon after with new), that the poor might not go naked or cold from her door ; so that she was not only a liberal almoner to the poor, but also an earnest solicitor for them ; and when it was objected, that many idle and wicked people were, by this course of charity, relieved at her house, her answer was ; ‘I know not their hearts, and in their outward carriage and speech they all appear to me good and virtuous ; and I had rather relieve five unworthy vagrants, than that one member of Christ should go empty away.’ And for harbouring strangers, the many inconveniences ordinarily ensuing upon it could not deter her from it ; sometimes for some weeks together they were entertained by her.

“And since her death, I hear of plentiful relief here, at London and at Oxford, sent privately to prisons and needy persons, with a strict charge that it should not be known from whence it came ; she would not have her left hand know what her right hand gave.

“And this her mercifulness could not be bounded within the limits of friends, it extended itself to her enemies too : when there were many of them taken prisoners by the king’s soldiers, and in great need, she consulted how she might send relief to them ; and when it was answered, that such an act would raise jealousies (in some) of her loyalty to his majesty, she replied, ‘No man will suspect my loyalty because I relieve these prisoners, but he would suspect my Christianity if he would see me relieve a needy Turk or Jew. However, I had rather be so misunderstood than that any of mine enemies should perish for want of it.’

“But beyond all, her mercifulness towards the sick was

most laudable : her provision of antidotes against infection, and of cordials and several sorts of physic for such of her neighbours as should need them, amounted yearly to very considerable sums ; and though in distributing such medicinal provisions her hand was very open, yet it was close enough in applying them—her skill, indeed, was more than ordinary, and her wariness too.

“ When any of the poor neighbours were sick, she had a constant care that they should neither want such relief nor such attendance as their weak condition called for, and (if need were) she hired nurses to serve them ; and her own frequent visiting of the poorest cottages, and her ready service to them on their sick-bed, argued as great humility as mercifulness in her ; yet the books of spiritual exhortations she carried in her hand to these sick persons declared a further design she had therein, of promoting them towards heaven, by reading to them, and by administering words of holy counsel to them. ‘ There is no season more fit,’ she would say, ‘ for sowing good seed than this ; while the ground of their hearts is softened with sorrow and sickness.’ And to gain this advantage it was that she was so frequent a visitor of the sick, going day after day to their bed-side. This honourable lady hath been observed sitting in a cottage, waiting the sick-woman’s leisure, till the slumbers and fits were over, that she might read again to her, and finish the work she had begun.’

“ For meekness, also, she was most eminent. She was second to none of her sex and age, I believe, among us, for perspicuity of understanding and clearness of judgment ; yet as far from self-conceit as from ignorance : her way, indeed, was upon debates, to object till all arguments she could think on to the contrary were satisfied ; and when that was once done, no cavil was heard, but her assent readily given ; and this ready submission of her judgment to the best reasons, I mention for the meekness of her understanding. Herein this lady excelled

some of the chiefest rabbies, that her knowledge did not puff up, but edify.

“ And her understanding leading the way in meekness, her will cheerfully followed in it too : as soon as her understanding was satisfied her will bowed presently and obeyed : she seldom denied to do what she was convinced was fit to be done.

“ The greater difficulty was with her affections. Her natural temper, she would oft complain, inclined her to anger ; and being so well aware of it, she most diligently observed herself, and did in a great degree conquer that froward inclination ; and that good measure of meekness (in this kind) which she attained unto was the more commendable, because of the many great difficulties she met with in it.

“ And now, after the exercise of all these virtues in this high degree, such a poverty of spirit was apparent in her, as was most admirable—upon all occasions bewailing her weaknesses, and lamenting her spiritual wants. There were some about her who had an holy emulation to be like her in these and such like graces and virtues, and she hath now and then overheard them, wishing that they were as forward as she ; and her constant reply was, ‘ Oh, ye are not so backward ! yet, wish yourselves better ; ye know not how vile and corrupt my heart is.’ So that in some respects she accounted herself the greatest of sinners ; in no respect would she esteem better of herself than of the least of saints—a well-wisher towards holiness, and a beginner still.

“ Thus she daily practised these graces and virtues to which our Saviour annexed such special blessings, and studied to be still more and more perfect in them, with as much diligence as the scholar doth his lesson, and with as much success and good speed too.

“ And from this sermon of our blessed Saviour she learned that duty of prayer ; and her chief practice therein she could not conceal from us neither, which was as follows :—

“First, she spent some hours every day in her private devotions and meditations, and these were called, I remember, by those of her family, her busy hours,—prayers, her business : Martha’s employment was her recreation, she had spare hours for it—Mary’s was her business.

“Then her maids came into her chamber early every morning, and ordinarily she passed about an hour with them in praying, and catechising, and instructing them ; to these secret and private prayers, the public morning and evening prayers of the Church, before dinner and supper, and another form (together with reading Scriptures and singing psalms) before bedtime, were daily and constantly added.

“And she undertakes also that most difficult task of taming the tongue ; and as it is necessary with unruly beasts, she begins roughly with it, ties it up with a most strong resolution, and scarce suffers it to speak, lest she should offend with her tongue : thus for some while it was straitened, and then she loosed it a little with these two cautions :—

“First, that it should never speak evil of any man, though truly, but only upon a design of charity, to reclaim him from that evil ; and because it is not ordinary to reclaim any vicious person in his absence, therefore her charge is peremptory to her tongue, that it never should speak evil of any man, were he most notoriously vicious, if he were absent, and not like to be amended by it : a strict rule this, yet verily I persuade myself, that for a long time before her death she most punctually observed it. She accounted it a crime to speak evil falsely of any man ; and it went for a slander with her (as well it might) to speak evil truly of any one, unless it were in love.

“The second caution her tongue had was that, as much as was possible, it should keep in every idle word, and speak out only that which was to edification.

“The Thessalonians were famous for speaking to the edification one of another (1 Thess. v. 11) ; and this Thessalonian lan-

guage our good lady studied, with as much diligence and earnestness as we ordinarily study a deep science or a gainful mystery ; and now she is very slow to speak (as the apostle exhorts), and, where she cannot rule the discourse to edification, she sits silent, and refrains even from good words, though it be pain and grief to her.

“ She was most respectful to her superiors ; and most courteous and affable towards inferiors ; and very cautious lest she should give offence to one or other, either in word or gesture ; and as cautious too, lest any of them should take offence at any speech or look of hers towards them ; ‘ for either way,’ said she, ‘ in offences given or taken God is offended.’ And her humility in begging forgiveness from others was most singular. Of late, your ladyship knows, she seldom slept till she had asked forgiveness as well as blessing from you : if she had offended you, she thought your pardon necessary ; if not, it was no cumbrance to have supernumerary pardons from you lying by her.

“ But to see this honourable lady begging forgiveness from her inferiors and servants (as she often did) for her angry words to them, or her chiding frowns upon them, was that which put us all to shame and to astonishment. Now and then, when she had expressed no anger outwardly, yet their pardon she would desire, ‘ Because,’ said she, ‘ somewhat I felt within myself too like anger against you, though I suppressed it as soon as I could.’

“ More than once or twice of late she brought her gift to the altar (was in her closet upon her knees towards prayer), and there she remembered that her brother might possibly have somewhat against her (for such a word, or such a look, or a neglective silence a little before), and she left her gift at the altar, and went, and was reconciled (asked pardon), and then came and offered ; so that her chief care was still to lift up in prayer pure hands without wrath : if there were any wrath in her against others, or any in others against her, she would have it allayed before she offered her gift of prayer.”

A Joyful Departure: The Rev. John Janeway.

Which of our readers is unacquainted with the "Token for Children?" Its author, the Rev. James Janeway, had an elder brother John, a singularly pious and promising young minister, who died in 1657, and of whom he has given a most impressive and affecting biography. Few in so short a time have done so much for God, and seldom has a dying bed been so visibly the gate of heaven.

"And now the time drew nigh wherein Mr Janeway's longings should be satisfied; he was called to his last work; and, truly, his deportment in it was honourable, his conduct so eminently gracious, so meek, patient, fruitful, joyful, and thankful, that it made all his friends stand and wonder, as being abundantly above their experience and reading; and those Christians who saw him, could not but admire God in him, and look upon him as one of the most singular instances of rich grace; and even bless God that their eyes ever saw, or their ears ever heard, such things, and had such a sensible demonstration of the reality of invisible things.

"His body was now shaken again, and he fell into a deep consumption. After he had been a while sick, a sudden dimness seized upon his eyes; by and by his sight quite failed, and there was such a visible alteration in him, that he and others judged these things to be the symptoms of death approaching. But when he was thus taken, he was not in the least surprised; but was lifted up with joy to think what a life he was going to, looking upon death itself as one of his Father's servants, and his friend, that was sent as a messenger to conduct him safely to His glorious palace.

"When he felt his body ready to faint, he called to his mother, and said, 'Dear mother, I am dying; but I beseech you be not troubled, for I am, through mercy, quite above

the fears of death; it is no great matter. I have nothing troubles me but the apprehension of your grief. I am going to Him whom I love above life.'

"But it pleased the Lord to raise him again a little out of his fainting fit, for his Master had yet more work for him to do before he must receive his wages. Although his outward man decayed apace, yet he was renewed in the inward man day by day: his graces were never more active, and his experiences were never greater. When one should have thought he would have been taken up with his distemper, and that it had been enough for him to grapple with his pains, then he quite forgot his weakness, and was so swallowed up with the life to come, that he had scarcely leisure to think of his sickness.

"For several weeks together I never heard the least word that savoured of any complaint of weariness under the hand of God, except his eager desire to be with Christ be counted complaining, and his haste to be in heaven be called impatience. Now was the time when one might have seen heaven and the glory of another world realised to sense. His faith grew exceedingly, and his love was proportionable, and his joys were equal to both.

"Oh, the rare attainments! The high and divine expressions that dropped from his mouth! I have not words to express what a strange, triumphant, angelic frame he was in, for some considerable time together. It was a very heaven upon earth to see and hear a man admiring God at such a rate, as I never heard any, nor ever expect to hear or see more, till I come to heaven. Those that did not see, cannot well conceive what a sweet frame he was in, for at least six weeks before he died. His soul was almost always filled with joy unspeakable and full of glory. How oft would he cry out, 'Oh that I could but let you know what I now feel! Oh that I could shew you what I see! Oh that I could express the thousandth part of that

sweetness that I now find in Christ! You would all then think it well worth the while to be religious. Oh, my dear friends, we little think what Christ is worth upon a death-bed! I would not for a world, nay, for millions of worlds, be now without Christ and a pardon. I would not for a world live any longer; the very thought of a possibility of recovery makes me even tremble.'

"When one came to visit him, and told him that he hoped it might please God to raise him again, and that he had seen many a weaker man restored to health, and that lived many a good year after: 'And do you think to please me,' said he, 'by such discourse as this? No, friend, you are much mistaken in me, if you think that the thoughts of life, and health, and the world, are pleasing to me. The world hath quite lost its excellency in my judgment. Oh, how contemptible a thing is it in all its glory, compared with the glory of that invisible world which I now live in the sight of! And as for life, Christ is my life, health, and strength; and I know I shall have another kind of life when I leave this. I tell you it would incomparably more please me, if you should say to me, You are no man for this world; you cannot possibly hold out long; before to-morrow you will be in eternity. I tell you, I do so long to be with Christ, that I could be contented to be cut in pieces, and to be put to the most exquisite torments, so I might but die, and be with Christ. Oh, how sweet is Jesus! "Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly." Death, do thy worst! Death hath lost its terribleness. Death, it is nothing. I say, death is nothing (through grace) to me. I can as easily die as shut my eyes or turn my head and sleep: I long to be with Christ; I long to die.' That was still his note.

"His mother and brethren standing by him, he said, 'Dear mother, I beseech you as earnestly as ever I desired anything of you in my life, that you would cheerfully give me up to Christ; I beseech you, do not hinder me, now I am going to

rest and glory. I am afraid of your prayers, lest they pull one way and mine another.'

"And then turning to his brethren, he spoke thus to them: 'I charge you all, do not pray for my life any more; you do me wrong if you do. Oh, that glory, the unspeakable glory that I behold! My heart is full, my heart is full! Christ smiles, and I cannot but smile. Can you find in your heart to stop me, who am now going to the complete and eternal enjoyment of Christ? Would you keep me from my crown? The arms of my blessed Saviour are open to embrace me; the angels stand ready to carry my soul into His bosom. Oh, did you but see what I see, you would all cry out with me, How long, dear Lord; "come, Lord Jesus, come quickly?" Oh, why are His chariot-wheels so long in coming?'

"And all this while he lay like a triumphing conqueror, smiling and rejoicing in spirit.

"Though he was towards his end, commonly in a triumphant joyful frame; yet sometimes even he had some small intermissions in which he would cry out, 'Hold out, faith and patience; yet a little while and your work is done.' And when he found not his heart wound up to the highest pitch of thankfulness, admiration, and love, he would with great sorrow bemoan himself, and cry out in this language:—'And what's the matter now, O my soul? What wilt thou, canst thou thus unworthily slight this admirable and astonishing condescension of God to thee? Seems it a small matter that the great Jehovah should deal thus familiarly with this worm; and wilt thou pass this over as a common mercy? What meanest thou, O my soul, that thou dost not constantly adore and praise this rare, strong, and unspeakable love! O my soul, doth God deal thus familiarly with man, and are his humble, zealous, and constant love, praise, and service too good for God? Why, O my soul, art not thou swallowed up every moment with this free, unparalleled, everlasting love?'

“And then he broke out again into another triumphant ecstasy of praise and joy, in some such words as these :— ‘Stand astonished, ye heavens, and wonder, O ye angels, at this infinite grace ! Was ever any under heaven more indebted to free grace than I ? Doth God use to do thus with His creatures ? Admire Him for ever and ever, O ye redeemed ones ! Oh those joys, the taste of which I have ! The everlasting joys which are at His right hand for evermore ! Eternity, eternity itself is too short to praise this God in. Oh, bless the Lord with me ; come let us shout for joy, and boast in the God of our salvation ! Oh, help me to praise the Lord, for His mercy endureth for ever !’

“I verily believe that it exceeds the highest rhetoric to set out to the life what this heavenly creature did then deliver. I say again, I want words to speak, and so did he : for he saw things unutterable : but yet so much he spake, as justly drew the admiration of all that saw him ; and I heard an old experienced Christian and minister say it again and again, that he never saw, nor read, nor heard the like. Neither could we ever expect to see the glories of heaven more demonstrated to sense in this world. He talked as if he had been in the third heaven, and broke out in such words as these :—‘Oh, He is come, He is come ! Oh, how sweet, how glorious is the blessed Jesus ! How shall I do to speak the thousandth part of His praises ! Oh, for words to set out a little of that excellency ! But it is inexpressible. Oh, how excellent, glorious, and lovely is the precious Jesus ! He is sweet, He is altogether lovely.

“‘Oh, my friends, stand by and wonder ; come, look upon a dying man : I cannot myself but stand and wonder ! Was there ever a greater kindness ? Was there ever a more sensible manifestation of rich grace ? Oh, why me, Lord, why me ? If this be dying, dying is sweet. Let no true Christians ever be afraid of dying. Oh, death is sweet to me ! This bed is soft. Oh, that you did but see and feel what I do ! Come,

and behold a dying man more cheerful than ever you saw any healthy man in the midst of his sweetest enjoyments. Oh, sirs, worldly pleasures are pitiful, poor, sorry things, compared with one glimpse of this glory, which shines so strongly into my soul! Oh, why should any of you be so sad, when I am so glad? This, this is the hour that I have waited for.'

"Every particular person had a faithful affectionate warning. And the good minister who was so much with him, used this as an argument to persuade him to be willing to live a little longer, and to be patient, to tarry God's leisure, saying, 'Surely God hath something for you to do that is yet undone: some word of exhortation to some poor soul, that you have forgot.'

"The truth of it is, he was so filled with the love of Christ that he could scarcely bear absence from Him a moment. He knew that he should be capable of bearing greater glory above than he could here. It was the judgment of some who were with him, that his heart was not only habitually but actually set on God all the day long; and nothing of human frailty that could be thought a sin did appear for some time, except it were his ardent desire to die, and the difficulty he felt to bring himself to be willing to stay below heaven.

"He was wont every evening to take his leave of his friends, hoping not to see them till the morning of the resurrection; and he desired that they would not fail to make sure of a comfortable meeting at our Father's house in the other world.

"One rare passage I cannot omit, which was this:—That when ministers or Christians came to him, he would beg of them to spend all the time they had with him in praise. 'Oh, help me to praise God; I have now nothing else to do from this time to eternity, but to praise and love God. I have what my soul desires upon earth: I cannot tell what to pray for, but what I have graciously given me. The wants that

are capable of being supplied in this world are supplied. I want but one thing, and that is a speedy lift to heaven. I expect no more here, I cannot desire more, I cannot bear more. Oh, praise, praise, praise that infinite boundless love that hath, to a wonder, looked upon my soul, and done more for me than thousands of His dear children! Oh, bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me bless His holy name! Oh, help me, help me, oh, my friends, to praise and admire Him that hath done such astonishing wonders for my soul! He hath pardoned all my sins, He hath filled me with His goodness, He hath given me grace and glory, and no good thing hath He withheld from me.

“ ‘Come, help me with praises. All that’s little: come, help me, oh, ye glorious and mighty angels, who are so well skilled in this heavenly work of praise! Praise Him all ye creatures upon the earth, let everything that hath being help me to praise Him. Hallelujah, hallelujah, hallelujah! Praise is now my work, and I shall be engaged in that sweet employment for ever. Bring the Bible, turn to David’s Psalms, and let us sing a psalm of praise. Come, let us lift up our voice in the praise of the Most High; I with you as long as my breath doth last, and when I have none I shall do it better.’

“ And then turning to some of his friends who were weeping, he desired them rather to rejoice than weep upon his account. It may justly seem a wonder how he could speak so much as he did, when he was so weak; but the joy of the Lord did strengthen him.

“ In this sickness, the Scriptures that he took much delight in were the 14th, 15th, 16th, and 17th of St John. The 54th of Isaiah was very refreshing also to him; he would repeat that word, ‘With everlasting mercies will I gather,’ with abundance of joy.

“ He commended the study of the promises to believers, and desired that they would be sure to make good their claim to

them, and then they might come to the wells of consolation and drink their fill thereof.

“According to his desire, most of the time that was spent with him was spent in praise ; and he would still be calling out, ‘ More praise still ! Oh, help me to praise Him ; I have done with prayer, and all other ordinances ; I have almost done conversing with mortals. I shall presently behold Christ Himself, who died for me, and loved me, and washed me in His blood.

“ ‘ I shall, before a few hours are over, be in eternity, singing the song of Moses and the song of the Lamb. I shall presently stand upon Mount Zion, with an innumerable company of angels, and the spirits of the just made perfect, and Jesus, the Mediator of the new covenant. I shall hear the voice of much people, and be one amongst those who shall say, Hallelujah, salvation, glory, honour, and power unto the Lord our God ; and again we shall say, Hallelujah. And yet a very little while, and I shall sing unto the Lamb a song of praise, saying, Worthy art Thou to receive praise, who wast slain, and hast redeemed us to God by Thy blood, out of every kindred, and tongue, and people, and nation ; and hast made us unto our God kings and priests, and we shall reign with thee for ever and ever.

“ ‘ Methinks I stand, as it were, with one foot in heaven, and the other upon earth ; methinks I hear the melody of heaven, and by faith I see the angels waiting to carry my soul to the bosom of Jesus, and I shall be for ever with the Lord in glory. And who can refuse to rejoice in all this !’

“The day before his death he looked somewhat earnestly upon his brother James, who stood by him very sad, of whom he judged that he was putting up some ejaculations to God upon his account. ‘ I thank thee, dear brother, for thy love,’ said he ; ‘ thou art now praying for me, and I know thou lovest me dearly : but Christ loveth me ten thousand times more

than thou dost. Come and kiss me, dear brother, before I die.' And so with his cold dying lips he kissed him, and said, 'I shall go before, and I hope thou shalt follow after to glory.'

"Though he was almost always praising God, and exhorting those who were about him to mind their everlasting concerns, and secure an interest in Christ, and though he slept but very little for some nights, yet he was not in the least impaired in his mind, but his actions were all decent, and becoming a man; and his discourse to a spiritual understanding was highly rational, solid, and divine. And so he continued to the last minute of his life.

"A few hours before his death he called all his relations and brethren together, that he might give them one solemn warning more, and bless them, and pray for them, as his breath and strength would allow; which he did with abundance of authority, affection, and spirituality, which take briefly as it follows:—

"First, he thanked his dear mother for her tender love to him, and desired that she might be in travail to see Christ formed in the souls of the rest of her children, and see of the travail of her soul, and meet them with joy in that great day.

"Then he charged all his brethren and sisters in general, as they would answer it before God, that they should be dutiful to their dear mother. As for his eldest brother William, at whose house he lay sick, his prayer was, that he might be swallowed up of Christ and love to souls; and be more and more exemplary in his life, and successful in his ministry, and finish his course with joy.

"The next brother's name was Andrew, a citizen of London, who was with him, and saw him in his triumphant state; but his necessary business calling him away, he could not then be present; yet he was not forgot, but he was thus blessed:—
'The God of heaven remember my poor brother at London.

The Lord make him truly rich, in giving him the pearl of great price, and making him a fellow-citizen with the saints, and of the household of God ; the Lord deliver him from the sins of that city ; may the world be kept out of his heart, and Christ dwell there. Oh, that he may be as his name is, a strong man, and that I may meet him with joy !'

"Then he called his next brother, whose name was James (to whom he hoped God had made him a spiritual father), to whom he thus addressed himself :—'Brother James, I hope the Lord hath given thee a goodly heritage ; the lines are fallen to thee in pleasant places ; the Lord is thy portion. I hope the Lord hath shewed thee the worth of Christ. Hold on, dear brother ; Christ, heaven, and glory are worth striving for : the Lord give thee more abundance of His grace.'

"Then his next brother Abraham was called, to whom he spoke to this purpose :—'The blessing of the God of Abraham rest upon thee, the Lord make thee a father of many spiritual children.'

"His fifth brother was Joseph, whom he blessed in this manner :—'Let Him bless thee, O Joseph, that blessed him that was separated from his brethren. Oh, that His everlasting arms may take hold on thee ! It is enough, if yet thou mayest live in His sight. My heart hath been working towards thee, poor Joseph ; I am not without hopes that the arms of the Almighty will embrace thee. The God of thy father bless thee with the blessing of heaven above.'

"The next was his sister Mary, to whom he spoke thus :—'Poor sister Mary, thy body is weak, and thy days will be filled with bitterness ; thy name is Marah ; the Lord sweeten all with His grace and peace, and give thee health in thy soul. Be patient, make sure of Christ, and all is well.'

"Then his other sister, whose name was Sarah, was called, whom he thus blessed :—'Sister Sarah, thy body is strong and healthful ; oh, that thy soul may be so too ! The Lord

make thee first a wise virgin, and then a mother in Israel ; a pattern of modesty, humility, and holiness.’

“Then another brother, Jacob, was called, whom he blessed after this manner :—‘The Lord make thee an Israelite indeed, in whom there is no guile ! Oh, that thou mayest learn to wrestle with God, and like a prince mayest prevail, and not go without the blessing.’

“Then he prayed for his youngest brother Benjamin, who was then but an infant :—‘Poor little Benjamin ! Oh, that the Father of the fatherless would take care of thee, poor child, that thou, who never sawest thy father upon earth, mayest see him with joy in heaven. The Lord be thy Father and portion ; mayest thou prove the son of thy mother’s right hand, and the joy of her age.

“‘Oh, that none of us may be found amongst the unconverted in the day of judgment ! Oh, that every one of us may appear (with our honoured father and dear mother) before Christ with joy, that they may say, Lord, here are we, and the children which Thou hast graciously given us ! Oh, that we may live to God here, and live with Him hereafter !

“‘And now, my dear mother, brethren, and sisters, farewell ; I leave you for a while, and I commend you to God, and to the word of His grace, which is able to build you up, and to give you an inheritance among all them that are sanctified.

“‘And now, dear Lord, my work is done. I have finished my course, I have fought the good fight ; and henceforth there remaineth for me a crown of righteousness ! Now come, dear Lord Jesus, come quickly.’

“Then that godly minister came to give him his last visit, and to do the office of an inferior angel, to help to convey his blessed soul to glory, who was now even upon Mount Pisgah, and had a full sight of that goodly land at a little distance. When this minister spoke to him, his heart was in a mighty flame of love and joy, which drew tears of joy from that

precious minister, being almost amazed to hear a man just dying, talk as if he had been with Jesus and in the immediate presence of God. Oh, the smiles that were then in his face, and the unspeakable joy that was in his heart! One might have read grace and glory in such a man's countenance. Oh, the praise, the triumphant praise, that he put up! And every one must speak praise about him, or else they did make some jar in his harmony.

“And now his desires soon were to be satisfied; he saw death coming apace to do his office; his jaws were loosened more and more, and quivered greatly; his hands and feet were as cold as clay, and a cold sweat was upon him. But, oh! how glad was he when he felt his spirit just a-going! Never was death more welcome to any mortal, I think. Though the pangs of death were strong, yet that far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory made him endure those bitter pains with much patience and courage. In the extremity of his pains, he desired his eldest brother to lay him a little lower, and to take away one pillow from him, that he might die with more ease. His brother replied that he durst not for the world do any thing that might hasten his death a moment. Then he was well satisfied, and did sweetly resign himself up wholly to God's disposal. And after a few minutes, with a sudden motion gathering up all his strength, he gave himself a little turn on one side, and in the twinkling of an eye departed to the Lord, sleeping in Jesus.

“He died June 1657, aged 23-4, and was buried in Kels-hall Church, in Hertfordshire.”

GEORGE SANDYS.*

The reader may possibly recal the name of George Sandys

* Born at Bishop's Thorpe, Yorkshire, 1577; died at Bexley, Kent, 1643. We give those authors who died during this period. Some of their works bear a much earlier date.

as one of the two pupils of Richard Hooker, who paid their old friend a pilgrimage of affection at his joyless parsonage of Drayton Beauchamp; and they will remember the name of his father as the great Elizabethan Archbishop of York, from whose fluent and lively sermons we have given some specimens. As Fuller says, "He proved a most accomplished gentleman and an observant traveller, who went as far as the sepulchre at Jerusalem, and hath spared other men's pains in going thither, by bringing the Holy Land home to them: so lively in his descriptions thereof, with his passage thither and return thence. He lived to be a very aged man, whom I saw in the Savoy, anno 1641, having a youthful soul in a decayed body; and I believe he died soon after."

It was in the year 1610 that this accomplished scholar and poet set out on his travels; and a few paragraphs from his tour in the Holy Land may interest those who have performed the journey themselves, or who are familiar with the narratives of recent travellers.

Pilgrims, Camels, and Arabs.

"Upon the 4th of March we departed from Cairo in the habits of pilgrims: four of us English, consorted with three Italians; of whom one was a priest, and another a physician. For ourselves, we hired three camels with their keepers; two to carry us, and the third for our provision. We also hired a Copt for half-a-dollar a-day, to be our interpreter, and to attend on us. Our provision for so long a voyage we bore along with us—viz., biscuit, rice, raisins, figs, dates, almonds, olives, oil, sherbets, &c.; buying pewter, brass, and such-like implements, as if to set up housekeeping. Our water we carried in goat-skins. We rid in shallow cradles (which we bought also), two on a camel, arbour'd above, and covered with linen, to us exceeding uneasy, not so to the people of these countries, who

sit cross-legged with a natural facility. Amongst us were divers Jewish women, in the extremity of their age, undertaking so wearisome a journey only to die at Jerusalem ; bearing along with them the bones of their parents, husbands, children, and kinsfolk, as they do from all other parts, when they can conveniently. The merchants brought with them many negroes, not the worst of their merchandise. These they buy of their parents, some thirty days' journey above [Cairo], and on the west side of the river. As the wealth of others consists in the multitudes of cattle, so theirs in the multitude of their children, whom they part from with as little passion, never after to be seen or heard of, regarding more the price than condition of their slavery.

“The whole caravan being now assembled, consists of a thousand horses, mules, and asses, and of five hundred camels. These are the ships of Arabia ; their seas are the desert : a creature created for burden. Six hundredweight is his ordinary load ; yet will he carry a thousand. When in lading or unlading he lies on his belly, and will rise (as it is said) when laden proportionably to his strength, nor suffers more to be laid on him. Four days together he will travel without water ; for a necessity, fourteen. When in a journey they cram them with barley dough. Their pace slow, and intolerable hard, being withal unsure of foot, where never so little slippery or uneven. They are not made to amend their paces, when weary, with blows ; but are encouraged by songs, and the going before of their keepers. About their necks they hang certain charms included in leather, and writ by their der-vishes, to defend them from mischances, and the poison of ill eyes.

“Having with two days' rest refreshed them, now to begin the worst part of their journey, on the tenth of March we entered the main deserts, a part of Arabia Petraea, a barren and desolate country, bearing neither grass nor trees, save only

here and there a few palms, which will not forsake these forsaken places. That little that grows on the earth is wild hyssop, whereupon they do pasture their camels—a creature content with little—whose milk and flesh is their principal sustenance. They have no water that is sweet, all being a mere wilderness of sand, the winds having raised high mountains, which lie in drifts, according to the quarters from whence they blow. About midnight (the soldiers being in the head of the caravan), these Arabs assailed our rear. The clamour was great, and the passengers, together with their leaders, fled from their camels. I and my companion, imagining the noise to be only an encouragement to one another, were left alone, yet preserved from violence. They carried away with them divers mules and asses, laden with drugs, and abandoned by their owners, not daring to stay too long, nor cumber themselves with too much luggage, for fear of the soldiers. These are descended of Ishmael, called also Saracens, from ‘Sahara,’ which signifieth a desert, and ‘saken,’ to inhabit. They dwell in tents, which they remove like walking cities, for opportunity of prey and benefit of pasturage. They acknowledge no sovereign: not worth the conquering, nor can they be conquered: retiring to places impassable for armies, by reason of the rolling sands and penury of all things: a nation from the beginning unmixed with others; boasting of their nobility, and at this day hating all mechanical sciences. They hang about the skirts of the habitable countries, and, having robbed, retire with a marvellous celerity. Those that are not detected persons frequent the neighbouring villages for provision, and traffic without molestation: they not daring to entreat them evilly. They are of mean stature, raw-boned, tawny, having feminine voices: of a swift and noiseless pace; behind you, ere aware of them. Their religion is Mohammedanism, glorying in that that the impostor was their countryman: their language extending as far as that religion extendeth. They ride on swift horses,

not misshapen, though lean, and patient of labour. They feed them twice a-day with the milk of camels; nor are they esteemed of if not of sufficient speed to overtake an ostrich. Of these there are store in the deserts. They keep in flocks, and oft affright the stranger passenger with their fearful screeches, appearing afar off like a troop of horsemen. Their bodies are too heavy to be supported with their wings, which, useless for flight, do serve them only to run the more speedily. They are the simplest of fowls, and symbols of folly. What they find they swallow, though without delight, even stones and iron. When they have laid their eggs, not less great than the bullet of a culverin (whereof there are great numbers to be sold in Cairo), they leave them, and, unmindful where, sit on those they next meet with. The Arabs catch the young ones, running apace as soon as disclosed, and, when fatted, do eat them : so do they some part of the old, and sell their skins with the feathers upon them. They ride also on dromedaries, like in shape but less than a camel, of a jumping gait and incredible speed. They will carry a man (yet unfit for burden) a hundred miles a-day; living without water, and with little food satisfied. If one of these Arabians undertakes your conduct, he will perform it faithfully; neither will any of the nation molest you. They will lead you by unknown nearer ways, and further in four days than you can travel by caravan in fourteen."

The Holy Sepulchre.

"Just in the midst stands the glorified sepulchre, a hundred and eight feet distant from Mount Calvary; the natural rock surmounting the sole of the temple abated by art, and hewn into the form of a chapel. In the midst of the floor there is a stone about a foot high and a foot and a half square, whereon they say that the angel sate, who told the two Marys that our

Saviour was risen. But St Matthew saith that he sate on the great stone which he had rolled from the mouth of the sepulchre, and which, it is said, the Empress caused to be conveyed to the Church of St Saviour, standing where once stood the palace of Caiaphas. Out of this a passage through the midst of the rock, exceeding not three feet in height and two in breadth, having a door of gray stone, with hinges of the same, undivided from the natural, affordeth a way to creep through into a second concave, about eight foot square, and as much in height, with a roof of the solid rock, but lined for the most part with white marble. On the north side a tomb of the same, which possesseth one half of the room, a yard in height, and made in the form of an altar; insomuch as not above three can abide there at once; the place no larger than affording a liberty for kneeling. It is said that long after the resurrection the tomb remained in that form wherein it was when our Saviour lay there; when at length, by reason of the devouter pilgrims, who continually bore away little pieces thereof (relics whereunto they attributed miraculous effects), it was inclosed within a grate of iron. But a second inconvenience—which proceeded from the tapers, hair, and other offerings thrown in by votaries, which defiled the monument—procured the pious Helena to enclose the same within this marble altar, which now belongeth to the Latins; whereon they only say mass, yet free for other Christians to exercise their private devotions; being well set forth, and having on the far side an antique and excellent picture demonstrating The Resurrection. Over it perpetually burneth a number of lamps, which have sullied the roof like the inside of a chimney, and yield unto the room an immoderate fervour. Thousands of Christians perform their vows and offer their tears here yearly, with all the expressions of sorrow, humility, affection, and penitence. It is a frozen zeal that will not be warmed with a sight thereof. And oh! that I could retain the effects that it wrought, with an unfaint-

ing perseverance, who then did dictate this hymn to my Redeemer:—

Saviour of mankind, Man, Emmanuel,
 Who sinless died for sin; who vanquish'd hell;
 The first-fruits of the grave; whose life did give
 Light to our darkness; in whose death we live;
 Oh! strengthen Thou my faith, convert my will,
 That mine may Thine obey; protect me still,
 So that the latter death may not devour
 My soul, seal'd with thy seal. So, in the hour
 When Thou (whose body sanctified this tomb,
 Unjustly judged,) a glorious Judge shalt come
 To judge the world with justice, by that sign
 I may be known and entertained for Thine."

Hereafter we hope to shew that George Sandys was a true poet—as, indeed, the foregoing lines sufficiently indicate. But this may be the proper place to insert the following fine composition occasioned by his Travels, but first published, as far as we know, at the end of his Poems, 1638. The Scripture metaphor, "wings of the morning," is beautifully turned to account in the couplet,

"To where the morning with perfum'd wings
 From the high mountains of Pauchæa springs."

The Traveller's Thanksgiving.

"O Thou, who all things hast of nothing made,
 Whose hand the radiant firmament display'd,
 With such an undiscern'd swiftness hurl'd
 About the steadfast centre of the world;
 Against whose rapid course the restless sun
 And wandering flames in varied motions run;
 Which heat, light, life infuse; time, night, and day
 Distinguish; in our human bodies sway:—
 That hung'st the solid earth in fleeting air,
 Vein'd with clear springs, which ambient seas repair;

In clouds the mountains wrap their hoary heads;
 Luxurious valleys clothed with flow'ry meads:
 Her trees yield fruit and shade; with liberal breasts
 All creatures she (their common mother) feasts:—
 Then man Thy image madest; in dignity,
 In knowledge, and in beauty like to Thee:
 Placed in a heaven on earth; without his toil
 The ever-flourishing and fruitful soil
 Unpurchased food produced; all creatures were
 His subjects, serving more for love than fear.
 He knew no Lord, but Thee. But when he fell
 From his obedience, all at once rebel,
 And in his ruin exercise their might:
 Concurring elements against him fight;
 Troops of unknown diseases, sorrow, age,
 And death assail him with successive rage;
 Hell let forth all her furies; none so great
 As man to man; ambition, pride, deceit,
 Wrong arm'd with power, lust, rapine, slaughter reign'd;
 And flatter'd vice the name of virtue gain'd.
 Then hills beneath the swelling waters stood,
 And all the globe of earth was but one flood;
 Yet could not cleanse their guilt: the following race
 Worse than their fathers, and their sons more base;
 Their God-like beauty lost; sin's wretched thrall;
 No spark of their divine original
 Left unextinguish'd; all enveloped
 With darkness; in their bold transgressions dead.

Then Thou didst from the East a light display,
 Which render'd to the world a clearer day;
 Whose precepts from hell's jaws our steps withdraw,
 And whose example was a living law;
 Who purged us with His blood, the way prepared
 To heaven, and those long-chain'd-up doors unbarr'd.

How infinite Thy mercy! which exceeds
 The world Thou madest, as well as our misdeeds!
 Which greater reverence than Thy justice wins,
 And still augments Thy honour by our sins.

Oh, who hath tasted of Thy clemency
 In greater measure, or more oft, than I!

My grateful verse Thy goodness shall display,
 O Thou, who went'st along in all my way!
 Towhere the morning with perfumed wings
 From the high mountains of Panchæa springs,
 To that new-found-out world, where sober night
 Takes from the Antipodes her silent flight;
 To those dark seas where horrid winter reigns,
 And binds the stubborn floods in icy chains;
 To Libyan wastes, whose thirst no showers assuage,
 And where swoln Nilus cools the lion's rage.

Thy wonders in the deep have I beheld;
 Yet all by those on Judah's hills excell'd:
 There where the virgin's Son his doctrine taught,
 His miracles and our redemption wrought:
 Where I by Thee inspired His praises sung;
 And on His sepulchre my offering hung.
 Which way soe'er I turn my face or feet,
 I see Thy glory, and Thy mercy meet.

Met on the Thracian shores, when in the strife
 Of frantic Simoans Thou preserv'dst my life.
 So when Arabian thieves belaid us round,
 And when by all abandon'd, Thee I found.
 That false Sidonian wolf, whose craft put on
 A sheep's soft fleece, and me, Bellerephon,
 To ruin by his cruel letter sent,
 Thou didst by Thy protecting hand prevent.
 Thou savedst me from the bloody massacres
 Of faithless Indians, from their treacherous wars;
 From raging fevers, from the sultry breath
 Of tainted air, which cloy'd the jaws of death;
 Preserved from swallowing seas, when towering waves
 Mix'd with the clouds, and open'd their deep graves.
 From barbarous pirates ransom'd: by those taught,
 Successfully with Salian Moors we fought.

Thou brought'st me home in safety, that this earth
 Might bury me, which fed me from my birth:
 Blest with a healthful age; a quiet mind,
 Content with little; to this work design'd
 Which I at length have finish'd by Thy aid;
 And now my vows have at Thy altar paid."

DR WILLIAM GOUGE.

In the absence of the moderator, the chair of the Westminster Assembly was often filled by a venerable old man, whose countenance, with its union of meekness and majesty, often made beholders think of Moses. This was Dr Gouge, rector of St Ann's, Blackfriars.* With a methodical turn of mind, great conscientiousness, and a keen sense of the value of time, his life had been one of astonishing industry; and, carrying into his sacred profession all the zeal of one who was constitutionally a student, and by the grace of God a devoted servant of Jesus Christ, the achievements of his long life were remarkable. During his nine years of residence at Cambridge, he was never absent from the morning prayers in King's College Chapel, although the hour was half-past five, and although he always read his stated portion of five chapters of the Bible before leaving his chamber. A like allowance of five chapters followed his dinner, and as many more were his last occupation before retiring to rest, so that, if he happened to be wakeful, the hours were beguiled with delightful meditations. To the elucidation and enforcement of the truths contained in that book he had devoted his existence, and in every golden grain extracted from its exhaustless soil he rejoiced as in an immortal spoil. Whilst he was still at King's, a Jew came to Cambridge, and the young scholar seized the opportunity for learning Hebrew, and became such a proficient in the language, that after the Jew's departure, many were glad to take lessons in the sacred tongue from our young rabbi. Like not a few others, he procured a common-place book, and an interleaved Bible; but to fill these repertories needs a continuity and steadfastness which only some rare spirits possess. But these were the attributes of Gouge's mind, and, on the principle, "*nulla dies sine linea*," and by devoting special

* Born in London, November 1, 1575; died there, December 12, 1653.

seasons for the study of the darker and more difficult passages, he became an incomparable textuary. This, in its turn, threw a great attraction around his ministry. "His preaching was always very distinct. First, he opened his text, giving the true and proper sense of it; then gave he the logical analysis of it, and then gathered such observations as naturally flowed from it, and properly and pertinently improved and applied the same. Many have acknowledged that in regard of the logical resolution of his text, he went beyond all that ever they heard, as also in clearing difficult and doubtful places of Scripture as they came in his way. And, as his method was clear, so were his expressions plain, always delivering the solid points of divinity in a style familiar to the capacity of the meanest."

During the forty-five years that he was rector of Blackfriars, it was a wonderfully domestic and pastoral life which this good man led, dwelling in the midst of his own people. Like Romaine and Goode, and others of his eminent successors, he was chosen by the suffrages of the inhabitants, and he and his parishioners lived together in loving seclusion under the very shadow of St Paul's. In the history of city pastorates a scene like the following is rare; it is more like what might have been expected in a rural parsonage:—"On the Sabbath, after his public labours were ended, divers neighbours (wanting helps in their own families) came to his house, where he repeated his sermons after so familiar a manner, that many have professed that they were much more benefited by them in that his repetition than they were in the first hearing of them; for he did not use to read word by word out of notes what he had preached, but by questions and answers would draw from those of his own household such points as were delivered. His exercise being ended, his constant course was to visit such of his parish as were sick, or by pain and weakness were disabled from going to the public ordinances. With

each of them he would discourse on some spiritual and heavenly subject, suitable to their condition, and after that he prayed with them, wherein he had a more than ordinary gift, being able, in apt words and expressions, to commend their several cases unto God, and to put up petitions suitable to their several needs." No wonder that he and his flock became bound up in one another. Londoner as he was, no wonder that he declined any preferment which would remove him from such a sphere, saying, "The height of my ambition is to go from Blackfriars to heaven."

An exposition which he gave every Wednesday attracted great crowds, and such was the fame of it, that visitors from the country felt that they had not completed the tour of London until they had been to "the lecture in the Blackfriars." For the last thirty years of his life the subject of this exposition was the Epistle to the Hebrews; and so congenial was the exercise to both the divine and his audience, that it would seem the interest of neither had flagged until the close of the series, which extended to upwards of a thousand discourses! Truly, the divines of that period were well entitled to the epithet so often given them by their admiring editors, "painful preachers of the Word;" and it says something for congregations which could value those exhaustive expositions of Scripture and those virtual systems of divinity which were so often delivered from the pulpits of the Commonwealth.

The work of Dr Gouge's last days was to prepare the substance of this exposition for the press. Like Bede with the last chapter of John, he arrived at the last chapter of Hebrews; but although in every respite from pain he resumed the labour of love, he hardly finished it. Soon after his death it was published, and alongside of books like Greenhill on Ezekiel, Manton on the Hundred and Nineteenth Psalm, Caryl on Job, and Owen on the Hebrews, Gouge's Commentary survives a

monument of the most theological and biblical era in English history.

In the form in which we have it, the work must be regarded as a volume of outlines, or sermon essence ; and from such a work lengthened extracts would not be generally interesting. The following will give some idea of its minuteness and its logical methods, as well as its Scriptural fulness. The text of the first passage is Heb. iii. 6, and of the next, iii. 12.

The Spiritual House.

“The apostle, to explain that metaphor of an house more fully, addeth this phrase, ‘ Whose house are we.’

“This pronoun (we) may be taken two ways :—

“I. Jointly, for the whole catholic Church, which is the society and communion of all that ever did or shall believe in Jesus Christ.

“II. Distinctly, for every particular believer.

“For the body of a particular professor is said to be the temple of the Holy Ghost (1 Cor. vi. 19).

“In this sense they may be taken for the house of Christ synecdochically, as particular stones of that building : for they are called lively stones (1 Pet. ii. 5).

“Thus the privileges of Christ’s house may belong to every one of them.

“Fitly are saints in the former joint consideration styled an house. For,—

“1. As stones and timber, they are brought together, and fitly laid, and that for God to dwell among them (2 Cor. vi. 16).

“2. As an house is set upon a foundation (Luke vi. 48) : so are saints built upon the foundation of the apostles and prophets, Jesus Christ Himself being the chief corner-stone (Eph. ii. 20).

“3. As Solomon’s temple was beautified and adorned with

silver, gold, variety of pictures, and other ornaments (2 Chron. iii. 4; 1 Kings vi. 29): so saints are decked and adorned with the various graces of God's Spirit (Gal. v. 22, 23).

"4. As an house inhabited hath a governor over them: so the society of saints have one over them who is called the Master of the house (Matt. x. 25).

"5. As in a house there is an household which consisteth of children, servants, and others: so in the Church of God (Matt. xv. 26; Luke xi. 7).

"6. As in a great house there are variety of officers: so in the Church there are stewards, ministers, and others (2 Cor. xii. 28).

"7. As in a well-governed house there are good orders for the good government of it: so in the Church of Christ (1 Tim. iii. 15).

"8. As in a house all needful provision useth to be stored up: so in this house of Christ there is bread of life, water of life, and needful food, and refreshing.

"Singular comforts must needs hence arise to those that are parts and members of this house; and that by reason of—

"1. The sure foundation whereon it is settled (1 Cor. iii. 11).

"2. The fast-knit-ting of the parts of the house together (Eph. ii. 21).

"3. The excellent ornaments thereof, which are the glorious graces of God's Spirit.

"4. The good laws and constitutions for better governing the same, being all contained in the Word of God.

"5. The wise Governor thereof.

"6. The excellent household.

"7. The useful offices in it.

"8. The variety and sufficiency of provisions appertaining thereto.

"That which is expected of such as are of this house, is,—

"1. That they may cleanse themselves from all filthiness of

the flesh and spirit (2 Cor. vii. 1, and vi. 16, 17, 18): otherwise this house of Christ may prove the devil's sty.

"2. That they deck and adorn themselves with the graces of God's Spirit (Col. iii. 12).

"3. That they be subject to their Governor, and to the good orders that He establisheth among them.

"4. That they be content with the place and portion which the Master of the household allots unto them.

"5. That they maintain unity amongst themselves; for an house divided against itself shall not stand (Matt. xii. 25).

"6. That they improve to the best advantage they can the talent which their Lord committeth unto them (Matt. xxv. 20)."

Unbelief.

"Unbelief was the door by which sin first entered into man's heart. For when the devil had said—contrary to God's express word about eating of the tree of knowledge (Gen. ii. 17)—'Ye shall not surely die,' God's word was not believed, and thereupon the first sin was committed (Gen. iii. 4, 5, 6).

"Unbelief makes void all the means which God affordeth to keep evil out of the heart, as are directions, instructions, persuasions, dissuasions, promises, threatenings, blessings, judgments. None of these, nor any other means like these, will any whit at all prevail with an unbelieving heart. The word preached did not profit them, not being mixed with faith in them that heard it (Heb. iv. 2.) There is no grace for which the Word doth not afford sufficient encouragement to labour after it; there is no sin against which the Word doth not afford sufficient ground to forsake it: yet neither the one nor the other are any whit at all available with an unbeliever.

"It is a dangerous thing not to believe men when they declare such truths as are for our good. Instance the case of Gedaliah, wherein his incredulity cost him his own life, and

the lives of all his friends with him (Jer. xl. 14, 16, and xli. 2, 3). Much more dangerous must it needs be not to believe God, all whose words are truth, and for our good, if we rightly use them.

“Many and great are the damages which in Scripture are set down to ensue upon unbelief. Such as these,—

“1. Unbelief hardens men’s hearts against means afforded for their good (2 Kings xvii. 14; Exod. ix. 19, 21).

“2. It keeps them from being established in the way of God (Isa. vii. 9).

“3. It makes them reject those whom God sends (John v. 38; Matt. xxi. 32).

“4. It takes away the profit of God’s Word (Heb. iv. 2).

“5. It perverts the plainest manner of teaching (John iii. 12, and x. 25).

“6. It makes miracles not to be regarded (John xii. 37).

“7. It enrageth men’s minds against the truth (Acts xvii. 5).

“8. It moved the apostles to depart from people (Acts xix. 9).

“9. It makes men unfit to call on God (Rom. x. 4).

“10. Unbelievers can in nothing please God (Heb. xi. 6).

“11. They are no sheep of Christ (John x. 26).

“12. They are under Satan’s power (2 Cor. iv. 4).

“13. To unbelievers nothing is pure (Titus i. 15).

“14. The gifts which Christ bestows upon them are fruitless and without power (Matt. xvii. 20).

“15. Christ’s own power is stinted to them (Matt. xiii. 50).

“16. Unbelief makes men do detestable acts (1 Tim. i. 13).

“17. It was an especial cause of the rejection of the Jews (Rom. xi. 20).

“18. It was the cause of many external judgments (verse 19, Heb. xi. 31), for it makes men run headlong into danger (Exod. xiv. 23).

“19. It excludes from heaven (Heb. iv. 11).

“ 20. It thrusts down to hell (Luke xii. 46 ; Mark xvi. 16 ; John iii. 18 ; 2 Thess. ii. 12 ; Rev. xxi. 8).

“ Can that which is in itself so heinous a sin, and which hath so many fearful effects following it, be accounted an infirmity ? Many do so account unbelief to be, therefore give too much way unto it, and nourish it too much. If we would judge it, as indeed it is, a true, proper sin, an heinous sin, a cause of many other gross sins, a sin most dishonourable to God, and damageable to our own souls, we should take more heed of it, and be more watchful against it.”

ARCHBISHOP USSHER.

In the scholarship of the first half of the seventeenth century, the two Englishmen most renowned throughout Europe were John Selden, the lawyer, and James Ussher, Archbishop of Armagh.* Famed for his vast erudition, in his “*Mare Clausum*,” the successful antagonist of Grotius, second only to Pocock in his knowledge of the eastern languages, by his elucidations of the Arundel Marbles exalted to the highest eminence among classical scholars, occupying the foremost place among archæologists and jurists, and possessor of that costly collection of 8000 volumes which is now the pride of the Bodleian, when Selden came to die, he said, “I have surveyed most of the learning that is among the sons of men, and my study is filled with books and manuscripts on various subjects ; yet out of all these books and papers I cannot recollect any passage whereon I can rest my soul, save one from the sacred Scriptures, which lies most on my spirit. It is this, ‘The grace of God, that bringeth salvation, hath appeared to all men, teaching us that, denying ungodliness and worldly lusts, we should live soberly, righteously, and godly in this present world ; looking for that

* Born at Dublin, January 4, 1580 ; died at Ryegate, Surrey, March 21, 1656.

blessed hope, and the glorious appearing of the great God and our Saviour, Jesus Christ ; who gave himself for us, that he might redeem us from all iniquity, and purify unto himself a peculiar people, zealous of good works.” Archbishop Ussher preached his funeral sermon ; and it was fit that this tribute should be paid to the most learned of English lawyers by the most learned of English divines. It proved nearly the last of his public services. Little more than a year afterwards, at the house of the Countess of Peterborough, the aged prelate was seized with pleurisy, and after a few hours’ illness expired ; having uttered as his last prayer, “ But, Lord, in special, forgive my sins of omission.” Such was the veneration for his vast attainments and his Christian virtues, that the nation responded with delight to the Protector’s order that his funeral should be public. He was interred with great magnificence in Westminster Abbey, and, as a remarkable tribute to one who, amidst all his catholicity, was the brightest ornament of the Church of England, its funeral service, which had been long discontinued, was read at his grave.

Most of Ussher’s works are on ecclesiastical antiquities and profound questions of Christian scholarship. But he was withal an excellent preacher. His fine presence, his tall, upright figure, his grave but gracious countenance, the benevolence of his bearing, and the sweetness of his spirit, carried a powerful prepossession ; but the largeness of his mind, the sobriety of his judgment, and the fame of his piety, gave to his discourses a peculiar emphasis ; and he was much admired by his contemporaries.* Such notion of his style as print can give may be obtained from the following extract.

* In the extensive collection of family papers at Claydon House, Bucks, we observed, with interest, MS. notes of Ussher’s Sermons taken down when he preached before the House of Commons, by Sir R. Verney, and evidently deemed by the pious member of Parliament a treasure worthy of preservation.

Immanuel.

“The holy prophet, in the book of the Proverbs, poseth all such as have not learned wisdom, nor known the knowledge of the holy, with this question, ‘Who hath ascended up into heaven, or descended? who hath gathered the wind in his fists? who hath bound the waters in a garment? who hath established all the ends of the earth? What is his name, and what is his Son’s name, if thou canst tell?’ To help us herein, the Son himself did tell us, when he was here upon earth, that ‘none hath ascended to heaven, but he that descended from heaven, even the Son of man which is in heaven.’ And that we might not be ignorant of His name, the prophet Isaiah did long before foretell, that ‘unto us a Child is born, and unto us a Son is given, whose name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, The mighty God, The everlasting Father, The Prince of peace.’

“Where, if it be demanded how these things can stand together? that the Son of man speaking upon earth, should yet at the same instant be in heaven? that the Father of eternity should be born in time? and that the mighty God should become a child, which is the weakest state of man himself? we must call to mind that the first letter of this great name is Wonderful. When He appeared of old to Manoah, his name was Wonderful, and He did wondrously. But that, and all the wonders that ever were, must give place to the great mystery of His incarnation, and in respect thereof cease to be wonderful; for of this work that may be verified which is spoken of those wonderful judgments that God brought upon Egypt, when He would shew his power, and have His name declared throughout all the earth, ‘Before them were no such, neither after them shall be the like.’

“A notable wonder indeed, and great beyond all comparison, that the Son of God should be made of a woman (Gal. iv. 4),

even made of that woman which was made by Himself (John i. 3; Col. i. 16); that He who had both father and mother, whose pedigree is upon record even up unto Adam, who in the fulness of time was brought forth in Bethlehem, and when He had finished His course was cut off out of the land of the living at Jerusalem, should yet, notwithstanding, be in truth that which His shadow Melchisedec was only in the conceit of the men of his time, 'without father, without mother, without pedigree, having neither beginning of days nor end of life' (Heb. vii. 3; Isa. liii. 8; Mic. v. 2); that His Father should be greater than He (John xiv. 28), and yet He his Father's equal (John v. 18; Phil. ii. 6); that He is before Abraham was (John viii. 58), and yet Abraham's birth preceded His well-nigh the space of 2000 years; and, finally, that He who was David's son should yet be David's Lord—a case which puzzled the greatest rabbies among the Pharisees, who had not yet 'learned this wisdom, nor known this knowledge of the holy' (Matt. xxii. 42, 43, &c.)

"The untying of this knot dependeth upon the right understanding of the wonderful conjunction of the Divine and human nature in the unity of the person of our Redeemer. For by reason of the strictness of this personal union, whatsoever may be verified of either of those natures, the same may be truly spoken of the whole person, from whichsoever of the natures it be denominated. For the clearer conceiving whereof, we may call to mind that which the apostle hath taught us touching our Saviour, 'In him dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead bodily' (Col. ii. 9); that is to say, by such a personal and real union as doth inseparably and everlastingly conjoin that infinite Godhead with his finite manhood in the unity of the self-same individual person.

"He in whom that fulness dwelleth is the person: that fulness which so doth dwell in Him is the nature. Now, there dwelleth in Him not only the fulness of the Godhead, but the

fulness of the manhood also ; for we believe Him to be both perfect God, begotten of the substance of His Father before all worlds, and perfect man, made of the substance of His mother in the fulness of time. And therefore we must hold that there are two distinct natures in Him ; and two so distinct that they do not make one compounded nature, but still remain uncompounded and unconfounded together. But He in whom the fulness of the manhood dwelleth is not one, and He in whom the fulness of the Godhead another ; but He in whom the fulness of both those natures dwelleth is one and the same Immanuel, and consequently it must be believed as firmly that He is but one person.

“ And here we must consider that the Divine nature did not assume a human person, but the Divine person did assume a human nature ; and that of the three Divine persons, it was neither the first nor the third that did assume this nature, but it was the middle person, who was to be the middle one, that must undertake this mediation betwixt God and us ; which was otherwise also most requisite, as well for the better preservation of the integrity of the blessed Trinity in the Godhead, as for the higher advancement of mankind by means of that relation which the second person, the Mediator, did bear unto His Father. For if the fulness of the Godhead should have thus dwelt in any human person, there should then a fourth person necessarily have been added unto the Godhead ; and if any of the three persons beside the second had been born of a woman, there should have been two sons in the Trinity ; whereas now the Son of God and the Son of the Blessed Virgin, being but one person, is consequently but one Son, and so no alteration at all made in the relations of the persons of the Trinity.

“ Again, in respect of us, the apostle sheweth, that for this very end, ‘ God sent his own Son made of a woman, that we might receive the adoption of sons,’ and thereupon maketh this

inference, 'Wherefore thou art no more a servant but a son, and if a son, then an heir of God through Christ' (Gal. iv. 4, 5, 7), intimating thereby, that what relation Christ hath unto God by nature, we being found in Him have the same by grace. By nature He is 'the only begotten Son of the Father' (John i. 14, iii. 16), but this is the high grace He hath purchased for us, that 'as many as received him, to them He gave power,' or privilege, 'to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on his name' (John i. 12). For although He reserve to Himself the pre-eminence, which is due unto Him in a peculiar manner, of being 'the first-born among many brethren' (Rom. viii. 29), yet in Him, and for Him, the rest likewise by the grace of adoption are all of them accounted as first-borns.

"So God biddeth Moses to say unto Pharaoh, 'Israel is my son, even my first-born. And I say unto thee, Let my son go, that he may serve me; and if thou refuse to let him go, behold I will slay thy son, even thy first-born' (Exod. iv. 22, 23). And the whole Israel of God, consisting of Jew and Gentile, is in the same sort described by the apostle to be 'the general assembly and church of the first-born enrolled in heaven' (Heb. xii. 23). For the same reason that maketh them to be sons, to wit, their incorporation into Christ, the self-same also maketh them to be the first-borns; so as (however it fall out by the grounds of our common law) by the rule of the gospel, this consequence will still hold true, 'If children, then heirs, heirs of God, and joint-heirs with Christ' (Rom. viii. 17). And so much for the Son, the person assuming.

"The nature assumed is the seed of Abraham (Heb. ii. 16), the seed of David (Rom. i. 3), the seed of the woman (Gen. iii. 15), the Word (1 John v. 7), the second person of the Trinity being made flesh (John i. 14); that is to say, God's own Son being made of a woman (Gal. iv. 4), and so becoming truly and really the fruit of her (Luke i. 42). Neither did He take the

substance of our nature only, but all the properties also and the qualities thereof; so as it might be said of Him, as it was of Elias and the apostles, that He was a man subject to like passions as we are (James v. 17 ; Acts xiv. 15). Yea, He subjected Himself, in the days of His flesh (Heb. v. 7), to the same weakness which we find in our own frail nature, and was compassed with like infirmities (2 Cor. xiii. 4 ; Heb. ii. 17, 18, iv. 15), and, in a word, in all things was made like unto His brethren, sin only excepted. Wherein yet we must consider, that as He took upon Him, not a human person, but a human nature; so it was not requisite He should take upon Him any personal infirmities, such as madness, blindness, lameness, and particular kinds of diseases, which are incident to some only, and not to all men in general, but those alone which do accompany the whole nature of mankind, such as hungering, thirsting, weariness, grief, pain, and mortality.

“We are further here also to observe in this our Melchisedec (Heb. vii. 3), that as he had no mother in regard of one of His natures, so He was to have no father in regard of the other, but must be born of a pure immaculate virgin. . . .

“With what astonishment, then, may we behold our dust and ashes assumed into the undivided unity of God’s own person, and admitted to dwell here as an inmate under the same roof! and yet in the midst of those everlasting burnings, the bush to remain unconsumed, and to continue fresh and green for evermore! Yea, how should not we with Abraham rejoice to see this day, wherein not only our nature, in the person of our Lord Jesus, is found to dwell for ever in those everlasting burnings; but, in and by Him, our own persons also are brought so nigh thereunto, that God doth set His sanctuary and tabernacle among us, and dwell with us (Lev. xxvi. 11, 12 ; Ezek. xxxvii. 26, 27 ; Rev. xxi. 3); and, which is much more, maketh us ourselves to be the house (Heb. iii. 6), and the habitation (Eph. ii. 22), wherein He is pleased to dwell by His Spirit,

according to that of the apostle, 'Ye are the temple of the living God, as God hath said, I will dwell in them and walk in them, and I will be their God, and they shall be my people' (2 Cor. vi. 16), and that most admirable prayer which our Saviour himself made unto His Father in our behalf, 'I pray not for these alone, but for them also which shall believe on me through their word; that they all may be one, as thou, Father, art in me, and I in thee, that they also may be one in us; that the world may believe that thou hast sent me. I in them, and thou in me, that they may be made perfect in one; and that the world may know that thou hast sent me, and hast loved them as thou hast loved me' (John xvii. 20-23)."

DR JOHN ARROWSMITH.

Trinity College, Cambridge, has had many masters, but probably never one who was so great a divine as Dr John Arrowsmith.* He was a member of the Westminster Assembly, and is said to have had a principal share in the preparation of its Catechisms. His two principal works, the "Armilla Catechetica" and "Theanthropos," are amongst the most precious legacies of the seventeenth century, abounding in lofty thought, fine fancy, devotional feeling, often expressed with great eloquence:—"It is not with truth as with flowers, which we use to smell at for an hour or two, and so throw them away. But for necessary truths—they will not die in your hands. They are not like flowers: they are like gems. Precious stones, that keep a lustre from year to year, they are always shining and bright. Ye may wear them while ye live, and not be weary of them." "There is a glorious life for believers; but it is now hidden, like the sap in the root in the winter time. It is hidden in Christ, who is their glorified Head already." "If ye will ask a question, ask the sun, If

* Born at Gateshead, Durham, March 29, 1602; died at Cambridge, Feb. 1659.

ever it were without its beams. Ask the sun, If it did not shine as soon as it was created. And ask the fountain, If ever it was without its streams. As the sun was never without its beams, nor the fountain without its streams, so God was never without his Son. 'In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God,' both co-existent and eternal." "The person offered in sacrifice was God as well as man. This is a ground whereupon a believer may challenge Satan to say his worst, and do his worst. Let him present God as terrible : let him present me as abominable in the sight of God by reason of my sins : let him aggravate the height of God's displeasure, and the height and depth, and length and breadth of my sins ; I grant all. And against all this I oppose this infinite satisfaction of Christ. Though the justice of God cannot be bribed, yet it may be satisfied. Here is a proportionable satisfaction : here is God answering God."

How we Know that there is a God.

"There are six several acts which every man of understanding is able to exert in a way of contemplation : He may 'respicere,' 'prospicere,' 'susplicere,' 'despicere,' 'inspicere,' and 'circumspicere.' Whosoever shall advisedly exercise any of these will undoubtedly meet with some demonstrations of a Deity ; much more if he be industriously conversant in them all.

"1. If he do 'respicere,' look backward to the creation of the world (which the light of nature will tell him had a beginning), he will see and understand 'the invisible things of God by the things that are made, even His eternal power and Godhead,' as Paul speaks. Basil, therefore, called the world a school, wherein reasonable souls are taught the knowledge of God. In a musical instrument, when we observe divers strings meet in a harmony, we conclude that some skilful musician tuned them. When we see thousands of men in a field, mar-

shalled under several colours, all yielding exact obedience, we infer that there is a general, whose commands they are all subject to. In a watch, when we take notice of great and small wheels, all so fitted as to concur to an orderly motion, we acknowledge the skill of an artificer. When we come into a printing-house, and see a great number of different letters so ordered as to make a book, the consideration hereof maketh it evident that there is a composer, by whose art they were brought into such a frame. When we behold a fair building, we conclude it had an architect; a stately ship, well rigged, and safely conducted to the port, that it hath a pilot. So here. The visible world is such an instrument, army, watch, book, building, ship, as undeniably argueth a God, who was and is the tuner, general, and artificer, the composer, architect, and pilot of it.

“ 2. If he do ‘prospicere,’ look forwards to the rewards and punishments, to be dispensed in another world (which the heathens’ Elysium and Tartarus shew them to have had a slight knowledge of by the light of nature), he cannot but acknowledge some supreme Judge, whom they are dispensed by; and that He is a searcher of hearts, wherein piety and sin do chiefly reside, seeing it were impossible for Him otherwise to pass righteous judgment without mistaking good for evil, and evil for good. Some discourses of Plato, and some verses of Menander, besides many other testimonies, make it appear that the notion of these things was entertained by the wiser sort both of philosophers and poets; and that which they held of a world to come is a topic sufficient to argue from for the being of a God in the world that is.

“ 3. If he do ‘susplicere,’ look upwards to a rank of creatures above himself, I mean good and evil spirits, of which the heathens were not ignorant, witness their large discourses of demons, of intelligences, and of a ‘bonus et malus genius.’ For if such creatures as angels be acknowledged, so good, holy,

wise, and powerful, as they are said to be by all that take notice of them, they must have a Maker better, holier, wiser, and powerfuller than themselves, seeing the cause is always more noble than the effect, and hath that perfection which it communicates much more eminent in itself. If there be devils, whose mischief and might are both of them so confessedly great, there must needs be a God to restrain and countermand them, else the world would soon be turned into a mere hell, full of nothing but abominations and confusion.

“4. If he do ‘despicere,’ look downward to things below himself, whose nature is inferior to that of man, the contemplation of elements, plants, and brute beasts, will extort the confession of a Deity. ‘The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament sheweth his handiwork.’ Nor these alone, which have so much of magnificence in them, but the least fly, if it could be anatomised, would be found to have in it more miracles than parts; such proportion of members, distinction of offices, correspondence of instruments, as speaketh the infinite power and wisdom of the Maker. Well might Job say, as he did, ‘Ask now the beasts, and they shall teach thee; and the fowls of the air, and they shall tell thee: or speak to the earth, and it shall teach thee, and the fishes of the sea shall declare unto thee. Who knoweth not in all these that the hand of the Lord hath wrought this?’

“5. If he do ‘inspicere,’ look within himself, and that either to the composition of his body, or to the dictates of his conscience. We are so ‘fearfully and wonderfully made,’ that the great physician Galen, though an heathen, being amazed at the wisdom which he discovered in the frame of every member in man’s body, could no longer contain himself, but fell to praising the Creator in an hymn. As for conscience, there is nothing more common than for wicked men, after the commission of gross sins, to be inwardly tormented and affrighted by reason of somewhat it suggests, the substance whereof is, that there is

a God, and that He will judge them for what they have done. Calvin tells us of a certain profane fellow who was ranting at his inn, and blasphemously wresting that of the Psalmist, 'The heaven of heavens is the Lord's, and the earth hath he given to the children of men,' as if God left us to do what we list upon earth, confining Himself and His providence to the heavens, thereby, as far as he openly durst, disavowing a Deity; whereupon he was struck suddenly with extreme torments in his body, and began to cry out, 'O God, O God.' So natural it is even for the worst of mankind to acknowledge a God in their extremities, and for others more ingenuous, even among those that want Scripture-light (as Tertullian hath observed), to be frequently saying, 'God seeth; I commend it to God; God will recompense;' which drew from him an exclamation that must be warily understood, 'Oh, the testimony of a soul naturally Christian!'

"6. If he do 'circumspicere,' look round about him to the various occurrences in the world; the great deliverances vouchsafed to some, the great calamities brought upon others, both beyond all expectation. 'The Lord is,' and cannot but be, 'known by the judgments which He executeth;' so by the blessings which He bestoweth. Who can see a Daniel rescued from reasonable lions, unreasonable men, a Moses preserved in an ark of bulrushes, a Noah in a deluge of waters, others in a furnace of fire—who can behold a Pharaoh plagued, an Herod eaten up with worms, an Achitophel making away himself, a Judas bursting asunder in the midst—and not cry out, as it is in the Psalm, 'Verily there is a reward for the righteous, doubtless there is a God that judgeth the earth?' We meet with a passage in Athenæus, not unworthy, as I conceive, to be taken notice of, and recorded here. When at a public meeting in some place of receipt, a beam of the house suddenly falling had dashed out the brains of a notoriously wicked man in the sight of many

bystanders to whom he was known, one Stratonicus brake out into a speech so emphatical in the Greek, as it can hardly be translated without much loss, yet take it thus : ‘Sirs,’ said he, ‘the beam of light which I have convinceth me that there is a God; if any of you be otherwise minded, this beam of wood may suffice to beget in him the same persuasion.’”

Insufficiency of Worldly Science.

“It is insufficient to render men either holy or happy. For when the worldly-wise have dived into the bottom of Nature’s sea, they are able to bring up from thence, instead of these pearls of price, nothing but hands-full of shells and gravel. Knowledge, indeed, and good parts managed by grace, are like the rod in Moses’ hand, wonder-workers; but turn to serpents when they are cast upon the ground, and employed in promoting earthly designs. Learning in religious hearts, like that gold in the Israelites’ ear-rings, is a most precious ornament; but if men pervert it to base wicked ends, or begin to make an idol of it, as they did a golden calf of their ear-rings, it then becomes an abomination. Doubtless these later times, wherein so many knowing men are of a filthy conversation, and have joined feet of clay to their heads of gold, would have afforded good store of additional observations to him that wrote the famous book concerning ‘The Vanity of Sciences,’ which appeareth in nothing more than their inability to produce suitable deportment in such as enjoy them, without which there can be no solid foundation laid for true happiness.

“Wherefore bethink thyself at length, O deluded world, and write over all thy school-doors, ‘Let not the wise man glory in his wisdom;’ over all thy court-gates, ‘Let not the mighty man glory in his might;’ over all thy exchanges and banks, ‘Let not the rich man glory in his riches.’ Write upon thy looking-glasses that of Bathsheba, ‘Favour is deceitful,

and beauty is vain;' upon thy mews and artillery-yards that of the Psalmist, 'God delighteth not in the strength of an horse, he taketh not pleasure in the legs of a man;' upon thy taverns, inns, and alehouses, that of Solomon, 'Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging, and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise;' upon thy magazines and wardrobes, that of our Saviour, 'Lay not up for yourselves treasures on earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal.' Write upon thy counting-houses that of Habakkuk, 'Wo to him that increaseth that which is not his, how long? and to him that ladeth himself with thick clay;' thy play-houses that of Paul, 'Lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God;' thy banqueting-houses that of the same holy apostle, 'Meats for the belly and the belly for meats, but God shall destroy both them and it;' yea, upon all thine accommodations that of the Preacher, 'All is vanity and vexation of spirit.'"

NEHEMIAH ROGERS.

A contemporary and neighbour of Arrowsmith was Nehemiah Rogers; for he was "pastor of the congregation at Messing in Essex," and a prebendary of Ely. But where he was born and when he died, we cannot tell; although, from the silence of Neale and the other Nonconformist historians, we surmise that he did not live to witness the Restoration. For such acquaintance as we have with "The Parable of the Lost Groat" (in his *Bibliotheca*, Watts prints it "Lost Goat," naturally enough, as it comes immediately after "The Parable of the Lost Sheep"), and the other pithy publications of this homely and vivacious divine, we are indebted to a friend learned in the best literature of that fruitful time. Among the passages which he has marked out for us, we select the two following:—

Diligence.

“The blessing of God doth so follow it, that more have been made honourable by their diligence than by their birth. ‘The hand of the diligent maketh rich,’ saith Solomon, and in another place, ‘The soul of the diligent shall be made fat;’ and elsewhere, ‘The hand of the diligent shall bear rule.’ From servants many have grown to be masters, from hirelings to be officers, through their diligence—as we see in Jacob, Joseph, David, with many more. Witness also the Romans, who raised their commonwealth thereby, and stood not upon terms of blood: some of them were fetched from the plough; some from other places mean and base. Cicero, Fabius, Quintius, and others, witness these things. Justinus, of a diligent herd-boy became a diligent soldier; of a diligent soldier, a great commander; of a commander, the emperor of the world, and one of the best. The kings of Hungary were derived from Lechus the Second, who was a husbandman, in remembrance whereof he caused his wooden soles or shoes to be reserved in his castle, for all posterity to remember how, and in what sort, he came first into court. And, if we should come nearer home, how many judges and bishops of this land, of mean descent, have risen to honour by it! Thus diligence is ever accompanied with a blessing, which should it miss of here, yet it shall have a sure reward from God. If through thy diligence thy five talents be made ten, over ten cities God will make thee ruler.

“As for the brand of infamy and disgrace that is set upon negligence and sloth, it is very great. ‘He that is negligent in his business,’ saith Solomon, ‘is the brother of a waster’ (Prov. xviii. 9); that is, he shall as certainly (though it may be not so speedily) come to misery and poverty. And (Prov. xxii. 29), ‘A man diligent in his business shall stand before kings, he shall not stand before mean men;’ as if he should say (for the antithesis notes as much), such as are not diligent shall have

the baser and meaner sort their companions, and be clothed with rags instead of robes; as he also speaketh in another place. Oh, then, let us fall in love with diligence! Which way can we cast our eyes and want arguments? Look up to heaven, and without diligence no getting thither; for that crown we must run, and strive, and work. Look down to hell, and without diligence no escaping that; prayers and tears must help to quench those flames. Look upon the earth, and without diligence no blessing can be hoped for from it. God speed the plough! let the land miss his tillage, and where is the increase? but the oftener it is turned, compassed, and ploughed, the surer it proves to the husbandman's content.

“We read in story of one *Furius Cresinus*, a Roman, who was accused of witchcraft in drawing away the fat of other men's land into his own, for that every year he had great crops, and his neighbours small or none: this they thought came by enchantment, and thereof he was questioned in judgment. The poor man brings with him all his tools of husbandry, heavy mattocks, weighty ploughshares, full-fed oxen, all his irons much bigger and stronger than his neighbours', and, lastly, his daughter, a strong and big maid, who was his helper in his business, and setting all these before his judges and accusers, cried out in these words, ‘*Hæc sunt, Quirites, veneficia mea!*’ This daughter, these oxen, these tools, are the instruments of my witchcraft, and besides these I use none, and these with diligence I apply. This is the way to have great and good crops both of grain and grace, if thou lay thy hand with diligence to the plough, and have fitting instruments. But withal, ever with the ploughman be looking up upon the sun; and with the pilot, who, as he holdeth his hand upon the stern, hath his eye upon the star. For it is good ground, a good husbandman, and God's blessing, that brings good crops whether for soul or body.”

The Weighing Machine.

“We have lost our weight. Being put in the balance, we are found many grains too light. Hence saith David, ‘Every man at his best estate is altogether vanity.’ Every power of his soul comes far short of due righteousness. The mind is blind (Eph. v. 8), vain (Eph. iv. 17, 18), foolish (Titus iii. 3), fleshly (Col. ii. 18). The memory is weak and feeble, apt to forget good (1 Cor. ii. 14), strong to evil, yea, altogether averse and rebellious (Jer. xviii. 12, and xlv. 16, 17). The conscience defiled (Titus i. 15), benumbed (Eph. iv. 19), turmoiled (John viii. 9; 1 John iii. 10), doubting (Rom. xiv. 23), erroneous (Mark x. 19, 20; John xvi. 2), superstitious (Matt. xv. 2, 3). Our affections are all unruly and disordered (Gal. v. 24; James iv. 1, 2, 3). Our joy, our fear, our hope, our love, &c., are impurely and unholily moved in us, being carried after evil and unlawful objects; or not contained within due limits, for the manner and measure of them. And thus, likewise, the members of man’s body, they are now become instruments of sin, either to stir up sin in the soul (Gen. iii. 6, and vi. 2; Matt. v. 28, 29), or else to execute it, being conceived (Rom. vi. 13, 19, and Rom. iii. 13), where we see the apostle proves it by an induction of particulars: ‘Their throat is an open sepulchre; with their tongues they have used deceit; the poison of asps is under their lips: their mouth is full of cursing and bitterness: their feet are swift to shed blood: destruction and misery are in all their ways:—there is no fear of God before their eyes,’ &c. And thus he who by creation was but a little lower than the angels is now degraded and become lower than the lowest creature, and being put in the balance with them will be found lighter than they. He is become like the beasts that perish (Ps. xlix. 20), yea, inferior unto them; they are his schoolmaster and preferred before him (Isa. i. 3; Jer. viii. 7). Neither is he degraded only beneath pro-

fitable, but also the unprofitable creatures, and is put in the balance with vipers (Matt. iii. 7), serpents and adders (Ps. lviii. 4, 5), roaring lions and evening wolves (Zeph. iii. 3), and with bears robbed of their whelps (Prov. xvii. 12). And not holding out weight with these, he is compared to things of an inferior nature: as trees (Matt. iii. 10, and vii. 18), to thorns (Luke vi. 44), to leaves (Isa. lxiv. 6), to reeds (Matt. xi. 7; Isa. xxxvi. 6), to thistles (2 Kings xiv. 9), to grass (Isa. xl. 6, 7). Still he is found too light, and therefore compared with things yet more base: as chaff (Psal. i. 5), dross (Isa. i. 22; Prov. xxvi. 23), lead and tin (Ezek. xxii. 18). And yet wanting, the Holy Ghost descends to things more vile, comparing him to a potter's vessel (Isa. lxiv. 8), yea, to such a vessel as is for a dishonourable use (Rom. ix. 21), and unto (not so good) sherds and broken vessels, good for nothing (Ps. ii. 8), to earth (Jer. xxii. 29, Heb. vi. 7), to dung, the rottenest and vilest earth (Job xx. 7), to dust and ashes (Gen. xviii. 27). With these man is not found able to lie in balance, wherefore he is brought into comparison with smoke (Ps. cii. 4, and xxxvii. 20), and clouds without water carried about of the winds (Jude 12); with water (Rev. xvii. 1, 15), and with one drop of a bucket (Isa. xl. 15); with foam upon the waters (Hosea x. 7); with a very vapour which appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away (James iv. 14). Still these are with the heaviest: put him into the balance with things more light, as with a dream in the night (Job xx. 8), with a tale that is told (Ps. xc. 7), with a shadow that passeth away, and continueth not (Ps. cxliv. 4, Job xiv. 2), and yet he cannot bear it. What weights shall we next put into the scales? There is nothing left. Let us then weigh him with nothing, and we shall find that all nations upon earth are less than nothing, vanity (Isa. xl. 17); yea, they are lighter than vanity, as David testifieth (Ps. lxxii. 9), 'Surely men of low degree are vanity, and men of high degree are a lie; to be laid in the balance, they are altogether

lighter than vanity.' Would you, then, have man's just weight? David gives it to you, If you put men of all degrees, high and low, in one balance, and vanity in the other, they will mount up (as the word imports), that is, be lighter than vanity itself; but if you put a lie in the one scale and them in the other, then you have their just weight to a hair; for all men are liars, yea, a lie itself. And thus our weight is gone."

WALTER CRADOCK.*

This fervid and warm-hearted Welshman was for some time minister of Allhallows, London; but his chief work was done in the principality, where he was the means of turning multitudes from darkness to light, and amongst others the illustrious Vavasor Powell. Some will fear that the statements in the following sermon are too free and unguarded; but it must be remembered that the preacher's object is single. He is anxious, for the time being, to keep the eye of his audience directed solely to the goodwill, the graciousness, the godlike munificence of mercy in the gospel; and we believe that many would be both holier and happier men if they looked more in that sunward direction. At all events, it is interesting to know the kind of preaching which was owned from on high to the salvation of many souls in London and Wales two hundred years ago.†

Glad Tidings from Heaven to the Worst of Sinners on Earth.

"Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature."

"The word gospel is the old English word God-spel, that is, good speech, good news, good hearing, good tidings; and in a

* Born in Monmouthshire, 1600; died, 1659.

† We have preferred the useful abridgement given in the "Stirling Tracts," No 416, to the more diffuse original.

peculiar sense in Scripture, it is taken for the good tidings of grace and salvation by Jesus Christ.

“ In the Old Testament there was a little gospel in the prophecies, and gospel in the sacrifices, and gospel in the visions, but law mingled with the gospel. In the New Testament, especially after the resurrection of Jesus Christ, when he went up to heaven, there was perfect gospel or only good news and glad tidings, for the bad news were now all gone. And so it is to be understood here, ‘Go preach the gospel.’ As if He should say, ‘I do not bid you go and give them, now good news and then bad, a little of the law and a little of the gospel; but go preach the *gospel* emphatically, that which is merely, purely gospel; for now Christ is risen, and the gospel in its purity and simplicity is erected.’

“ ‘Preach the gospel to every creature,’ saith Christ. That is, I will now have no distinction of persons. I do not now say, Take heed of the way of the Samaritans; but go which way you will; go to the Gentiles, to sinners, to any man or woman that you call creatures, barbarians, Scythians, bond or free; go and preach the gospel to them; bring them glad tidings, that Jesus Christ hath brought life, and grace, and salvation freely for them. So that I come to this lesson, ‘that the ministry of the gospel contains nothing but glad tidings, good news even to the worst of sinners.’

“ Creatures that were so bad that they could not be called men and women, yet glad tidings are to be preached to them, saith Christ. The ministry of the gospel, if rightly dispensed, doth not contain a little of good news in it, but perfect good news to the heart of the worst of sinners. For this is the proper difference between the law and the gospel. The law speaks good news only to the righteous—‘If thou doest well, thou shalt be rewarded.’ It speaks well to the righteous man, as a righteous man. But the gospel is quite contrary. The proper object of all the good that the gospel brings, is to a man as a

sinner; not as a regenerate man, or a righteous man, or a humble man—but as a sinner. And here is the excellency of the gospel—the more sinful any man is, the more suitable the gospel is to him; the more sin abounds, grace abounds much more; therefore, you read that they that had the benefit of the gospel are they that are called ungodly—‘He justifieth the ungodly.’ They are called ‘aliens, strangers, enemies, without strength, the chief of sinners.’ Thus to enemies, aliens, strangers, lost ones, unrighteous, ungodly, and the like, the gospel brings perfect good news—glad tidings of life, and grace, and salvation, by Jesus Christ.

“The gospel holds forth to poor sinners that there is a love, an eternal love, an infinite love, in God’s breast to them. A man might think that God would hate such an one as I am; and reason would think that love should proceed from something amiable in the object, some beauty or bounty; but God sees me to be wicked and sinful, and therefore reason would think that God must damn me, world without end. The gospel comes to such a sinner, and tells him that the case is otherwise. It is not so, poor sinful man or woman; and though God hates sin above all things in heaven or hell, yet God loved thee, knowing what thou wert. God hath an infinite, special love to thy poor soul, yet hates thy sin: ‘God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son.’ There was a love in God, out of which He gave His Son Jesus Christ to die for us. This, the gospel, and the Spirit of God in it, reveals to the poor soul—‘When I was an enemy to God, He was my friend; when I hated Him, He loved me; nay, before I was, God had thoughts of an infinite, eternal love to me.’

“The gospel holds forth to a sinner, that as God had an infinite love towards him, so it was not a cold love that ended in nothing; but out of this love God would send His Son Jesus Christ into the world to save sinners. This is one of the main principles of the gospel, that the Father out of His love sent

His own Son, the image of His person, the Son of His love and delight, into this world, to lay down His life for sinners.

“It holds out to us that as the Father out of His love sent the Son, so Jesus Christ actually and really is come into the world and took our nature upon Him, soul and body, and the infirmities of both, and sanctified our nature that He took, and in that nature became our surety, a public person for us, an advocate, a second Adam. All these are good news to poor sinners, every part of them.

“Then the gospel tells you that Jesus Christ, as He died for our sins, so He rose again for our justification; whereby poor sinners are assured that they are justified and freed from all their sins, and whereby they shall rise to grace here and to glory hereafter. Every tittle of this is glad tidings to poor sinners.

“Then the gospel tells you that, after His resurrection, He conversed with His disciples, giving them instructions how they should order the churches of God, and preach the gospel to the end of the world; that He went up into heaven, and as soon as He came there, sent His Holy Spirit to us to unite us to Himself, to be our intelligencer, to make known the heart of Christ to us, to lead us into all truth, and comfort us in all distresses; that when He went up to heaven, He made way for poor sinners to come there, and that there He intercedes for us, and succours us, and pities us, who are in the flesh as He once was; that in due time He will come again from heaven as He went, and bring a crown with Him, and subdue all His people's enemies, and give them the same glory that He hath. The gospel tells you, moreover, that all this love, and grace, and mercy, and salvation, by Jesus Christ, here and in heaven, is made sure to us by an everlasting covenant, sure and perfect in every point. Put all together, and from the first to the last, you shall not find in the ministry of the gospel, if it be truly and soundly opened, any syllable but

what is wholesome and comfortable, and sweet and glad tidings to the worst sinners.

“When the gospel commands anything, it doth not bid you do them, or else you shall be damned, as the law did, but the gospel saith thus—Thou poor drunkard, or thou proud woman, here is a gracious God that hath loved you, and hath sent Jesus Christ to die for you; here is everlasting redemption and salvation by Him, just because you are sinners, and for no other reason in the world. Thus the gospel speaks. And these are no bad news to hear of my duty—to hear that the Lord Jesus Christ commands me—when I see salvation sure. I work not for life as those under the law, for the law is a ‘voice of words’ (Heb. xii. 10). So I see salvation is sure, hell and damnation shut out, God my Father, and I his child. I am in an everlasting covenant, and there is nothing in heaven or hell that shall be able to separate me from the love of God. Now I am redeemed from mine enemies, and without fear, as the Scripture saith, why should I not serve Him, and study to do what He commands me? When the gospel bids thee do, it gives thee power to do. It is not a voice of words, as that on Mount Sinai. That had a voice, but gave no power. It gave no strength, and the people were not able to hear the word. But the voice of the gospel is a voice of power. Therefore, whatever the gospel commands, it gives a sweet power to the heart to do the same; and then it is no bad news. If a man bid me pay a thousand pounds to my neighbour, and give me a thousand pounds in my hand, it is easy to do it.

“Some man will say, the gospel, for the most part, brings good news; but then it is only if I believe. To answer this—if the gospel held forth Christ and salvation only to those that believe, it were little better tidings than the law. But the gospel saith not, Bring faith with thee, and then here is all grace and salvation. No; the gospel expects not that any

sinner should of himself bring faith, for he hath it not. But the gospel, as it brings salvation, so it breeds faith in the heart of a sinner. The same word that makes known salvation, begets faith in the heart to receive it. The God that gives His alms, gives a purse to carry it. Therefore, when I hear of grace, and glory, and salvation, by Jesus Christ, I must not consider where I shall have a vessel to carry it home—where I shall have faith to receive it; but it carries the vessel with it, and I go and take the promise; and by the Holy Spirit that same gospel that brought the grace will work faith, or else it were as harsh as the law. Therefore, never stand off about faith; for He that gives grace and salvation will work faith (Eph. ii. 8).

“This, then, is the door of the gospel, the very entrance into Christian religion, the first stone in the Christian building. There is a kind of devotion and profession; but it is not built according to the gospel. If you would walk according to the gospel, learn this lesson first, that God gives life and salvation through Christ to sinners as sinners. Though they be hard-hearted, backsliding, the chief of sinners, yet, as long as they be sinners, and but sinners, they may always look upon Jesus Christ, and salvation in His hand ready to be bestowed upon them. This is a truth that thou must learn, and be taught it of God, or else thou canst not go one step into the profession of the gospel; for, beloved, till you know and learn this, you will be like men in the dark, you will be groping for Christ Jesus, but you will never be grafted into Him, you will never be knit to Christ.”

RICHARD BAXTER : THE INDUSTRIOUS INVALID.

THE birthplace of Richard Baxter was Eaton-Constantine, a village near the foot of the Wrekin, in Shropshire, and not far from the Severn. Here his father had a small estate, deeply involved in debt, and here the most famous of the Nonconformists was born on the morning of the Lord's day, November 12, 1615, during the time of public worship.

In one of his controversial works Baxter has given a vivid picture of the moral and spiritual condition of his native district. "The people were of two sorts. The generality seemed to mind nothing seriously but the body and the world; they went to church, and would answer the parson in responds, and thence go to dinner, and then to play. They never prayed in their families, but some of them going to bed would say over the Creed and the Lord's Prayer, and some of them the 'Hail Mary.' All the year long not a serious word of holy things, or the life to come, that I could hear of, proceeded from them. They read not the Scripture, nor any good book or catechism. Few of them could read, or had a Bible. They were of two ranks. The greater part were good husbands, as they called them, and savoured of nothing but their business or interest in the world: the rest were drunkards; most were swearers, but not equally. Both sorts seemed utter strangers to any more of religion than I have named, and loved not to hear any serious talk of God, or duty, or sin, or the gospel, or judgment, or the life to come; but some more hated it than others. The other sort were such as had their consciences awakened to some regard of God and their everlasting state; and, according to the various measures of their understanding, did speak and live as serious in the Christian faith, and would

much inquire what was duty, and what was sin, and how to please God, and to make sure of salvation. They read the Scripture, and such books as 'The Practice of Piety,' and Dent's 'Plain Man's Pathway,' and 'Dod on the Commandments.' They used to pray in their families, and alone; some on the book, and some without. They would not swear, nor curse, nor take God's name lightly. They feared all known sin. They would go to the next parish church to hear a sermon when they had none at their own; would read the Scripture on the Lord's day when others were playing. These were, where I lived, about the number of two or three families in twenty, and these by the rest were called Puritans, and derided as hypocrites and precisians, that would take on them to be holy. Yet not one of them ever scrupled conformity to bishops, liturgy, or ceremonies; and it was godly conformable ministers that they went from home to hear." *

The neighbourhood was all that Queen Elizabeth or King James could have wished; or, if it exceeded her Majesty's allowance, "two preachers enough for one county," in complying with her kinsman's Book of Sports, it shewed an excess of loyalty. The May-pole was erected beside a great tree near the dwelling of Baxter's father, and as soon as the reader had rushed through the morning prayer, the congregation turned out to the village-green, and the dancing began. With intermissions at meal-time, it continued till dusk, and pious householders, like the elder Baxter, trying to instruct their families, were sadly disturbed by the pipe and the tabor, and the shouts of unhallowed revelry. And if any seriousness lingered in the place, it could hardly be ascribed to the clergy. In Eaton-Constantine the incumbent was nearly eighty years of age, and never preached. He could repeat the prayers by heart, and got one year a day-labourer, and another year a tailor to read the lessons. His successors in the church and

* "The True History of Councils, enlarged and defended," pp. 90, 91.

the school were an actor, who left the stage for the pulpit, an attorney's clerk, who had sotted himself into such poverty that he was obliged to take orders for a maintenance, and similar characters, “who read common prayer on Sunday and holy days, and tumbled on the week days, and whipped the boys when they were drunk, so that we changed them very oft.”

Amidst these adverse influences Baxter spent his childhood. Often on the Lord's day, as he heard the merry music, he sighed with a secret impatience to join the pastime, and, in despite of better knowledge, he often robbed orchards, told lies, and gambled with his play-fellows for little sums of money. But on the whole his conscience was tender. His father's solemn exhortations, and the reading of the Bible, helped to restrain him from evil; and an earthquake, which happened when he was ten years of age, impressed his mind with “awful thoughts of the dreadful God.” But it was not till he was about fifteen that these impressions deepened and grew definite. With some other boys he had been stealing apples, and, whilst his mind was in a state of more than ordinary disquiet, he read a very awakening book, called Bunny's “Resolution.” Its earnest appeals brightened to his apprehension many truths with which he had before been familiar; and they so brought home to his thoughts the folly of sinning, and the misery of the wicked, and the weight of things eternal, that for many a day he moved about carrying a world of anxiety and foreboding within. The little book had shut him up in a valley of trouble, but as yet there had opened in his Achor no door of hope. Bunny, like his Romish original, Parsons, dwelt little on the love of God, and the work of Christ. But in the midst of these gloomy days there came to the door a poor pedlar selling books. His stock chiefly consisted of ballads, but he had one good book, “The Bruised Reed,” by Dr Richard Sibbs. The elder Baxter

bought it, and to his son it proved an opportune evangelist. In the pages of this wise, gentle, and richly Scriptural theologian, he began to see the grace of God, and his own obligations to the Friend of sinners; and the perusal of one of Perkins's works, lent him by a servant, helped to extend his views and establish his faith. "And thus," as he tells us, "without any means but books, was God pleased to resolve me for Himself." Nor is it wonderful that, as he elsewhere remarks, "the use that God made of books above ministers to the benefit of my soul, made me somewhat excessively in love with good books, so that I thought I had never enow, but scraped up as great a treasure of them as I could."

He soon resolved to become a minister, but in his father's straitened circumstances, it was a very desultory and unsatisfactory education that he was able to command. The university was beyond his attainment. He had no turn for mathematics; he never became an adept in Greek or Hebrew; but he learned enough of Latin to read the schoolmen and the Western fathers; and, like other theologians, he could write in it with fearful facility. But his favourite studies were logic and metaphysics. His subtile genius revelled in distinctions and definitions, and, as he "could never endure confusion," he welcomed a science of which the professed object was method. To a public teacher precision in the use of terms is an invaluable habit, and perhaps this was the greatest advantage which Baxter derived from his study of Aquinas, Durandus, and Occam. The masters in the art of reasoning are few. The intellectual elevation which commands a wide horizon, and which takes into account exceptional cases and remote results, is rarer than the inferential faculty which is adroit in deducing conclusions from conceded premises, and very much rarer than the lynx-eyed acumen which observes and improves the weak points of an adversary. Baxter was constitutionally a disputant, and was destined to spend half-a-century in controversial campaigns;

as is usual with all combatants, constantly deploring the necessity of warfare, but as uniformly crying, Ha, ha! to the sound of the trumpet; and he brought into the field a wonderful amount of wariness, agility, and persistency; an extensive knowledge of polemical tactics, and an enormous artillery-train of theological erudition and scholastic appliances; but although he won some battles, and silenced many an adversary, he established few positions, and effected no permanent conquests. There were no lists which he scrupled to enter, nor was there any champion so doughty as not to taste at some period or other the point of his spear; but, owing to some defect of judgment or mental discipline, his victories were singularly barren. He now and then took a prisoner, but he hardly ever made a convert; and, although his life was spent in clearing up other people's "confusion," it has not been his lot, like Edwards and Butler, to leave new light on any dark subject; or, like Chillingworth and Horsley, to make an end of any controverted matter.

But, although his own instincts and the temptations of the time soon hurried Baxter into the wordy war, it was with no polemical purposes that he entered the ministry. Nor is it as a theological pamphleteer that posterity has agreed to revere and cherish his memory. Perhaps no man ever began to preach with feelings of deeper solemnity and intenser earnestness than those with which, at the age of twenty-three, he first ascended the pulpit—a solemnity and earnestness which knew no intermission nor abatement till the latest hour of life, and which, in the midst of that most serious of all our centuries, have left his name pre-eminent, like Giotto's Campanile,

“A silent finger pointing to heaven.”

Of this abiding earnestness the source assuredly was God's own Spirit keeping his mind in continual contact with the great realities; but, subordinate to and coincident with this

best and highest influence, there were solemnising agencies in his own personal circumstances. His early home was a grave-one. His boyhood was haunted by the fears and forebodings of a sensitive conscience, and, when at last some rays of light and hope broke in, they struggled through the stained glass of a semi-Romish treatise; nor would it appear as if his mind had ever wakened up to the re-assuring aspect of God in the gospel, so fully as it was alive to the "powers of the world to come," and the tremendous alternatives suspended on the present fleeting existence. Above all, he was a PERPETUAL INVALID. He was hardly grown up when his health began to droop, and for two years he was thought to be dying of consumption, and lingered on, "with the calls of approaching death at one ear, and the questionings of a doubtful conscience at the other." And although he did not die of consumption, he was doomed never to know a day of health again. His body was often racked with excruciating pain, but his usual complaints were those dull and dreary ailments which sap the strength and exhaust the spirits. Defying the skill of six-and-thirty doctors, and reducing his attenuated frame to little better than a museum of morbid anatomy, the first wonder is, that amidst the premature old age which they induced he survived for half-a-century; and another and a greater wonder is, that the strong and ardent spirit was daily a conqueror over this daily dying. Losing much time in the requirements of a careful regimen, and on no one morning of a lengthened life waking up to the sensation of perfect soundness, so intent was he on his beloved studies, that no Englishman of that century has left behind him such memorials of industry; and, as far as concerns the practical efficacy of his ministrations, there can be no doubt that much of their urgency and beseeching importunity was owing to the abiding recollection, "The Lord is at hand." As he has told us in his metrical autobiography:—

“ The frequent sight of death’s most awful face
 Rebuked my sloth, and bid me mend my pace.
 This call’d me out to work while it was day,
 And warn poor souls to turn without delay;
 Resolving speedily Thy Word to preach,
 With Ambrose I at once did learn and teach;
 Still thinking I had little time to live
 My fervent heart to win men’s souls did strive;
 I preach’d as never sure to preach again,
 And as a dying man to dying men!
 Oh, how should preachers men’s repenting crave,
 Who see how near the church is to the grave!
 And see that while we preach and hear we die,
 Rapt by swift time to vast eternity!
 What statues, or what hypocrites are they
 Who, between sleep and wake, do preach and pray;
 As if they fear’d wakening the dead,
 Or were but lighting sinners to their bed;
 Who speak of heaven and hell as on a stage,
 And make the pulpit but a parrot’s cage;
 Who teach as men that care not much who learns,
 And preach in jest to men that sin in earnest!”

After labouring for a year at Dudley, and nearly two years at Bridgenorth in Shropshire, in 1641 Baxter was transferred to Kidderminster, the town with which his name is now indissolubly associated. At his first coming, his reputation as a Puritan raised “the rabble” of the town against him, and for a time he was in danger from the assaults and threatenings of the unscrupulous mob; but soon the holy elevation of his character overawed the most abandoned, and never did an English town exhibit such a transformation as the result of one man’s labours as Kidderminster exhibited after the twenty years of Baxter’s ministry. As he himself has told us:—

“My public preaching met with an attentive, diligent auditory. The congregation was usually full, so that we were fain to build five galleries after my coming thither—the church itself being very capacious, and the most commodious and con-

venient that ever I was in. Our private meetings also were full. On the Lord's day there was no disorder to be seen in the streets; but you might hear a hundred families singing psalms and repeating sermons as you passed through the streets. When I came thither first, there was about one family in a street that worshipped God and called on His name; and when I came away there were some streets where there was not past one family in the side of a street that did not so, and that did not, by professing serious godliness, give us hopes of their sincerity; and those families which were the worst, being inns and alehouses, usually some persons in each house did seem to be religious. Though our administration of the Lord's Supper was so ordered as displeased many, and the far greater part kept away themselves, yet we had six hundred that were communicants, of whom there were not twelve that I had not good hopes of as to their sincerity."

One of the most interesting passages in his "Life and Times" is the enumeration of the causes which he deemed chiefly conducive to this great success:

"One advantage was that I came to a people that never had any awakening ministry before, but a few cold formal sermons of the curate; for if they had been hardened under a powerful ministry, and been sermon-proof, I should have expected less.

"Another advantage was, that at first I was in the vigour of my spirits, and had naturally a familiar, moving voice, which is a great matter with the common hearers; and doing all in bodily weakness, as a dying man, my soul was the more easily brought to seriousness, and to preach as a dying man to dying men. For drowsy formality and customariness do but stupify the hearers, and rock them asleep. It must be serious preaching which must make men serious in hearing and obeying it.

"Another advantage was, that most of the bitter enemies of godliness in the town, that rose in tumults against me before,

in their very hatred of Puritans, had gone out into the wars, into the king's armies, and were quickly killed, and few of them ever returned again; and so there were few to make any great opposition to godliness.

“Another, and the greatest advantage was, the change that was made in public affairs by the success of the wars. . . . I bless God, who gave me, under an usurper [Cromwell] whom I opposed, such liberty and advantage to preach the gospel with success, which I cannot have under a king to whom I have sworn and performed true subjection and obedience. Sure I am that when it became a matter of reputation and honour to be godly, it abundantly furthered the successes of the ministry. Yea, and I shall add this much more for the sake of posterity, that, as much as I have said and written against licentiousness in religion, and for the magistrates' power in it, and though I think that land most happy whose rulers use their authority for Christ, as well as for the civil peace—yet, in comparison of the rest of the world I shall think that land happy that hath but bare liberty to be as good as they are willing to be; and, if countenance and maintenance be but added to liberty, and tolerated errors and sects be but forced to keep the peace, and not to oppose the substantial of Christianity, I shall not hereafter much fear such toleration, nor despair that truth will bear down adversaries.

“And the holy, humble, blameless lives of the religious sort were a great advantage to me. The malicious people cared not to say, You professors here are as proud and covetous as any; but the blameless lives of godly people did shame opposers and put to silence the ignorance of foolish men, and many were won by their good conversation.

“Our unity and concord were a great advantage, and our freedom from those sects and heresies which many other places were infected with. We had not pastor against pastor, nor

church against church, nor sect against sect, nor Christian against Christian ; but we were all of one mind, and mouth, and way.

“Another furtherance of my work was the writings which I wrote, and gave among them. Some small books I gave each family, one of which came to about eight hundred, and of the bigger I gave fewer. Every family that was poor, and had not a Bible, I gave a Bible to. And I had found myself the benefit of reading to be so great, that I could not but think it would be profitable to others.

“And it was a great advantage to me that my neighbours were of such a trade as allowed them to read or talk of holy things. For the town liveth upon the weaving of Kidderminster stuffs ; and, as they stand in their loom, they can set a book before them, or edify one another ; whereas ploughmen and many others are so wearied, or continually employed, either in the labours or the cares of their callings, that it is a great impediment to their salvation. Freeholders and tradesmen are the strength of religion and civility in the land ; and gentlemen, and beggars, and servile tenants, are the strength of iniquity. Their constant converse and traffic with London doth much promote civility and piety amongst tradesmen.

“And it was a great advantage to me that at last there were few that were bad but some of their relations were converted. Many children did God work upon at fourteen, or fifteen, or sixteen years of age ; and thus did marvellously reconcile the minds of the parents and elder sort to godliness. They that would not hear me, would hear their own children. Many that would not be brought to it themselves, were proud that they had understanding, religious children. And we had some old persons of near eighty years of age, who are, I hope, in heaven, and the conversion of their own children was the chief means to overcome their prejudice, and old customs, and conceits.

“Another great help to my success was the fore-described work of personal conference with every family apart, and catechising and instructing them. That which was spoken to them personally, and put them sometimes upon answers, awakened their attention, and was more easily applied than public preaching, and seemed to do much more upon them.”

In this retrospect Baxter says little about his preaching, which assuredly was more conducive to his singular usefulness as a minister than all other helps united. With his tall and slender figure, his melting voice, his beaming eye—with a saintly smile shining through his ascetic and pain-worn features—with an aspect which spoke more of another world than of this one, and with that veneration which in good men’s minds encircled his person—his very appearance in the pulpit awakened a profound impression, which never failed to be deepened as, taking up some topic of weightiest import, he set it before his auditory, in language, plain, vivid, and unmistakable: and as he proceeded to descant on the claims and perfections of that God who was evidently his dearest friend and chiefest joy, and on the vast concerns of that eternity from which he looked like a returning sojourner; and, as with an accumulation of argument, remonstrance, persuasion, which seemed as if it could never cease, he kept urging their immortal interests and their immediate duty on men who envied the blessed speaker, and who felt that there was only One other who had shewn greater compassion for their souls, he often left the excited throng dissolved in a passion of universal tenderness, and reluctant to leave the spot which had brought them so near the gate of heaven. Of popularity, in its best and safest form, he enjoyed an abundant share. Even at Dudley, the first sphere of his labours, the rough and almost savage miners were attracted to his ministry in such multitudes, that the church could not hold them. They hung like bees around the doors and windows, and climbed on the very

leads; and even one short year sufficed to work a notable reformation among these drunken and brawling pitmen. The unprecedented work which he was allowed to accomplish in Kidderminster has been already noticed; and even a hundred years after—in the days of Joseph Williams, and Benjamin Fawcett, and Job Orton—the result was still perceptible. And in London, wherever he was expected—whether it were the morning lecture in Cripplegate, or preaching before “the Parliament men” in St Margaret’s, Westminster, or before the Lord Mayor in St Paul’s—no building could contain the thronging multitude; and of those who came within range of the preacher’s voice, few could ever utterly forget the emotions which, for once at least in their lives, had been awakened by his sacred oratory.

We may wonder that one thus gifted should have cared for other work than preaching; and, even if he did prefer the study to the pulpit, we may be pardoned for regretting that he who in print could preach so well, gave the strength of his mind to controversy. But the saddest of our regrets must be, that despotism and irreligion united should have silenced such a man and the two thousand of England’s ministers who were baptized with a kindred spirit. As an inducement to comply with the restored hierarchy, he was offered the see of Hereford. With his views of diocesan Prelacy, he could not accept the mitre, but he petitioned earnestly for leave to continue his labours in his beloved Kidderminster. To this request Charles II. would willingly have acceded, but a bad man is weak when he falls into the hands of a bigot; and, just as Belshazzar could not deliver Daniel from his own courtiers, so Charles could not deliver Richard Baxter out of the hands of Bishop Morley. He was obliged to retire from Worcestershire, and leave his flock, of nearly four thousand souls, to the care of a superannuated and incompetent place-holder.

For a year after his deprivation he was allowed to preach at

St Dunstan's, of which Dr Bates was still incumbent, and in other churches of London. But to such a man the pulpit had now become a post of considerable peril, for every denunciation of the sins too common at court was construed into sedition. So far, however, was this faithful evangelist from being either a political or ecclesiastical firebrand, that he scandalised some of his brethren by accepting the honorary and profitless appointment of one of his Majesty's chaplains, and offended others by subscribing a declaration that he would not preach against the doctrines and ceremonies of the Church as long as he used the archbishop's licence. The following occurrence, which happened at this period of his ministry, throws incidental light at once on his popularity and his self-possession :—

“The congregation's being crowded was that which provoked envy to accuse me ; and one day the crowd did drive me from my place. It fell out that at St Dunstan's church, in the midst of sermon, a little lime and dust, and perhaps a piece of a brick or two, fell down in the steeple or belfry near the boys, so that they thought the steeple and church were falling, which put them all into so confused a haste to get away, that the noise of their feet in the galleries sounded like the falling of the stones. The people crowded out of doors ; the women left some of them a scarf, and some a shoe behind them, and some in the galleries cast themselves down upon those below, because they could not get down the stairs. I sat down in the pulpit, seeing and pitying their vain distemper ; and as soon as I could be heard, I entreated their silence, and went on. The people were no sooner quieted, and got in again, and the audience composed, but some who stood upon a wainscot bench, near the communion-table, brake the bench with their weight, so that the noise renewed the fear again, and they were worse disordered than before. One old woman was heard at the church door asking forgiveness of God for not taking the first warning, and promising, if God would deliver her this once, she

would take heed of coming hither again. When they were again quieted, I went on ; but the church having before an ill name, as very old, rotten, and dangerous, it put the parish upon a resolution to pull down all the roof, and build it better, which they have done with so great reparation of the walls and steeple, that it is now like a new church, and much more commodious for the hearers."

The Act of Uniformity, requiring re-ordination from ministers not episcopally ordained, an abjuration of the Solemn League and Covenant, an oath of canonical obedience, and strict conformity with the rites and ceremonies of the Church of England, came into operation in 1662 ; and although the period for compliance was extended to the 24th of August, Baxter ceased to preach on the 25th of May. One reason for discontinuing his ministry so early was, his wish to evince his loyalty, as some doubt had been raised as to the construction of the Act ; another object was, to shew his brethren that his mind was made up ; and no doubt, in considering their own course, some would be influenced by knowing betimes the decision of Mr Baxter.

A fortnight after "black Bartholomew-day," our author, now in his forty-seventh year, took a step for which he had never found time in his busy and anxious pastorate : he married. His wife was a Miss Margaret Charlton, a young lady whom the illustrious Howe describes as of "a strangely vivid wit, with very sober conversation," and whose exalted devotion made her an appropriate help-meet to one whose remaining life was to be a succession of privation and suffering.

Their first home was Acton, where Baxter had a neighbour and friend in Judge Hale. But no degree of loyalty or inoffensiveness could then protect a Nonconformist from molestation. He attended his parish church, and received the communion according to the forms of the Church of England ; but he was accused of holding a conventicle, and was thrown into Clerken-

well prison. Here his wife exerted herself to provide for his comfort, and his friends came in crowds to see him ; but, his room being over the prison gate, he could get little rest at night, and, what he grudged more, his daily levee left him no leisure for study. After some time, he was discharged, owing to a flaw in the "mittimus."

Our limits will not allow us to trace this good man through all the chequered scenes which followed—to his lodging among the green and pleasant lanes of Totteridge, associated in Baxter's mind, however, with smoky apartments, high winds, and sciatic pains ; to his more commodious residence in Bloomsbury ; to his conventicle, first in Pinner's Hall, then in Fetter Lane, next in St James's Market, and finally in Oxenden Street. Nor can we detail all the vexations—the arrests and distrainings—to which he was subjected for preaching the gospel ; till, after hiding his library for a while, at last he was obliged to sell it. But the culminating point is too characteristic of the times to be omitted, and too important for us to remember, in order that we may be sufficiently thankful for our modern privileges. In 1685 he published a Paraphrase on the New Testament in which occurred several expressions appearing to reflect on the Established clergy. On these an indictment was founded, and for these he was tried before Lord Chief Justice Jeffreys and three other judges. Of the judicial drama which followed, it is impossible to give a livelier representation than has already been exhibited by England's most brilliant historian.

"When the trial came on at Guildhall, a crowd of those who loved and honoured Baxter filled the court. At his side stood Doctor William Bates, one of the most eminent of the Nonconformist divines. Two Whig barristers of great note, Pollexfen and Wallop, appeared for the defendant. Pollexfen had scarce begun his address to the jury, when the Chief Justice broke forth : ' Pollexfen, I know you well. I will set a mark on you. You are the patron of the faction. This is an old

rogue, a schismatical knave, a hypocritical villain. He hates the Liturgy. He would have nothing but long-winded cant without book ;' and then his lordship turned up his eyes, clasped his hands, and began to sing through his nose, in imitation of what he supposed to be Baxter's style of praying—'Lord, we are Thy people, Thy peculiar people, Thy dear people.' Pollexfen gently reminded the court that his late Majesty had thought Baxter deserving of a bishopric. 'And what ailed the old blockhead, then,' cried Jeffreys, 'that he did not take it?' His fury now rose almost to madness. He called Baxter a dog, and swore that it would be no more than justice to whip such a villain through the whole city. Wallop interposed, but fared no better than his leader. 'You are in all these dirty causes, Mr Wallop,' said the judge. 'Gentlemen of the long robe ought to be ashamed to assist such factious knaves.' The advocate made another attempt to obtain a hearing, but to no purpose. 'If you do not know your duty,' said Jeffreys, 'I will teach it you.' Wallop sat down, and Baxter himself attempted to put in a word. But the Chief Justice drowned all expostulation in a torrent of ribaldry and invective, mingled with scraps of Hudibras. 'My Lord,' said the old man, 'I have been much blamed by dissenters for speaking respectfully of bishops.' 'Baxter for bishops,' cried the judge ; 'that's a merry conceit, indeed ! I know what you mean by bishops—rascals like yourself, Kidderminster bishops, factious, snivelling Presbyterians.' Again Baxter essayed to speak, and again Jeffreys bellowed 'Richard ! Richard ! dost thou think we will let thee poison the court ? Richard ! thou art an old knave. Thou hast written books enough to load a cart, and every book as full of sedition as an egg is full of meat. By the grace of God, I'll look after thee. I see a great many of your brotherhood waiting to know what will befall their mighty Don. And there,' he continued, fixing his savage eyes on Bates,

“there is a doctor of the party at your elbow. But, by the grace of God Almighty, I will crush you all.” Baxter held his peace. But one of the junior counsel for the defence made a last effort, and undertook to shew that the words of which complaint was made, would not bear the construction put on them by the information. With this view he began to read the context. In a moment he was roared down; “You sha’n’t turn the court into a conventicle.” The noise of weeping was heard from some of those who surrounded Baxter. “Snivelling calves!” said the judge. Witnesses to character were in attendance, and among them were several clergymen of the Established Church. But the Chief Justice would hear nothing. “Does your lordship think,” said Baxter, “that any jury will convict a man on such a trial as this?” “I warrant you, Mr Baxter,” said Jeffreys: “don’t trouble yourself about that.” Jeffreys was right. The sheriffs were the tools of the government. The juries, selected by the sheriffs from among the fiercest zealots of the Tory party, conferred for a moment, and returned a verdict of guilty. “My lord,” said Baxter, as he left the court, “there was once a Chief Justice who would have treated me very differently.” He alluded to his learned and virtuous friend, Sir Matthew Hale. “There is not an honest man in England,” answered Jeffreys, “but looks upon you as a knave.”

“The sentence was, for those times, a lenient one. What passed in conference among the judges cannot be certainly known. It was believed among the Nonconformists, and is highly probable, that the Chief Justice was overruled by his three brethren. He proposed, it is said, that Baxter should be whipped through London at the cart’s tail. The majority thought that an eminent divine, who, a quarter of a century before, had been offered a mitre, and who was now in his seventieth year, would be sufficiently punished for a few sharp words by fine and imprisonment.”*

* Macaulay’s “History of England,” vol. i.

Four years before this, he had lost his saintly and heroic partner; and in the King's Bench he had not the ministering angel to cheer him who had beguiled his captivity in Clerkenwell. But the venerable confessor was not forgotten during his eighteen months of durance. Many reverential and sympathising visits were paid him by affectionate friends and admiring disciples. Among these last we find the name of Matthew Henry. The young student writes to his Broad Oak home in Shropshire: "I went into Southwark, to Mr Baxter. I found him in pretty comfortable circumstances, though a prisoner. He is in as good health as one can expect, and, methinks, looks better and speaks heartier than when I saw him last. The token you sent he would by no means be persuaded to accept, and was almost angry when I pressed it, from one outed as well as himself. He said he did not use to receive; and I understand since, his need is not great."*

After his release from prison, till the close of his life, he resided in Charter-house Square, and preached every Lord's-day in the meeting-house of his friend, Mr Sylvester. His last effort in preaching so exhausted the small remainder of vitality that he nearly expired in the pulpit; and, doubtless, as Dr Bates remarks, "it would have been his joy to be transfigured in the mount." But he was able to creep home; and until he took to his bed, he kept his door open to receive all who came to his family worship, and the feeble but earnest exhortations which he there delivered. At last he felt the approaches of death, and could rise no more. Of such a man, in such circumstances, every utterance is memorable; and not the least memorable are those which, in the vestibule of eternity, identify with the lowliest of penitents and the latest of converts, the mighty theologian and the saint of sixty years' standing. "'God be merciful to me a sinner.' I bless God that this is left on record in the gospel as an effectual prayer."

* Sir J. B. Williams' "Memoirs of M. Henry," p. 22.

“God may justly condemn me for the best duty I ever did ; all my hopes are from His free mercy in Christ.” When waking from a slumber, he said, “I shall rest from my labours ;” a minister added, “And your works will follow you ;” but he answered, “No works ! I will leave out works, if God will grant me the other.” And when a friend recalled the great good which had been done by his writings, he replied, “I was but a pen in God’s hand ; and what praise is due to a pen ?” “Almost well,” was the answer to inquiries how he did ; and at last, on Tuesday, the 8th of December 1691, he entered into the rest which remains for the people of God. His funeral was attended by a concourse of distinguished persons of various ranks, including many of the ministers of the Church of England ; and a spectator tells how the train of mourning coaches extended from Merchant Taylor’s Hall, whence the procession set out, to the gate of Christ Church, where his body lies buried.

The threescore years and fifteen of this good man’s pilgrimage included the most eventful period of our national history, and joined the old Elizabethan England to the England that now is ; for although James was on the throne when Baxter was in the cradle, it was practically the England of the Tudors on which his eyes first opened. But he lived to see great changes. He lived to see the practical despotism of both Tudors and Stuarts replaced by a constitutional monarchy. He lived to see the despised and persecuted Puritanism within the Church of England expand into a dominant Presbyterianism, and after another interval of suppression, emerge in the shape of modern Nonconformity. And he lived to see the principle of religious toleration—in his younger days the heresy of an insignificant handful—practically, though grudgingly, recognised by the laws of England. And it is curious to think who all were Baxter’s contemporaries ; but sure and certain he lived alongside of Pope and Addison, as well as Shakspeare ;

of Isaac Watts, as well as Giles Fletcher and George Herbert ; of Sir Robert Walpole, as well as Sir Walter Raleigh. When he was a boy, the model preacher was Bishop Andrews ; in his old age, the lights of the pulpit were Bates, and South, and Francis Atterbury. His own ministry commenced under the primacy of Laud ; and when he closed it, Tillotson had ascended the throne of Canterbury.

But Baxter was the citizen of a kingdom which cannot be moved, and the times which passed over him wrought little change on his theology, his temperament, or even his mode of expression. Retaining many of his "Baxterian" opinions to the last, during all these long years he withal maintained his intense and affectionate grasp of that truth supreme which alone is saving ; and as long as breath and being lasted, he continued to urge it with unabating fervour on the minds of men ; and amidst all the changes in public taste, he continued to write the same copious, manly, unfettered English which made his earliest works precocious, and which, even now, prevents them from being obsolete. His practical writings fill four great folios, and have been reprinted in twenty-two octavos ; and were his controversial treatises collected, they would occupy a space at least twice as large ;* good work, surely, for a constant invalid, and one who was, during his best days, a busy pastor ; but of all his hundred and sixty-eight separate publications, there is not one which, in a life of leisure, we should deem it a hardship to read through, and scarcely one through which the reader might not hope to be made wiser and better.

"Deposit one of those gray folios on a resting-place equal

* "The works of Bishop Hall amount to ten volumes octavo ; Lightfoot's extend to thirteen ; Jeremy Taylor's to fifteen ; Dr Goodwin's would make about twenty ; Dr Owen's extend to twenty-eight ; Richard Baxter's, if printed in a uniform edition, could not be comprised in less than sixty volumes, making more than from thirty to forty thousand closely printed octavo pages."—*Orme's Life of Baxter*, p. 785.

to that venerable burden," says the eloquent Professor of Modern History at Cambridge, "then call up the patient and serious thoughts which its very aspect should inspire, and confess that among the writings of uninspired men, there are none better fitted to awaken, to invigorate, to enlarge, or to console the mind which can raise itself to such celestial colloquy. True, they abound in undistinguishable distinctions; the current of emotion, when flowing most freely, is but too often obstructed by metaphysical rocks and shallows, or diverted from its course into some dialectic winding; one while the argument is obscured by fervent expostulation; at another, the passion is dried up by the analysis of the ten thousand springs of which it is compounded; here is a maze of subtleties to be unravelled, and there a crowd of the obscurely learned to be refuted. The unbroken solemnity may now and then shed some gloom on the traveller's path, and the length of the way may occasionally entice him to slumber; but where else can be found an exhibition, at once so vivid and so chaste, of the diseases of the human heart—a detection so fearfully exact of the sophistries of which we are first the voluntary, and then the unconscious victims—a light thrown with such intensity on the madness and the woe of every departure from the rules of virtue—a development of those rules at once so comprehensive and so elevated—counsels more shrewd or more persuasive—or a proclamation more consolatory of the resources provided by Christianity for escaping the dangers by which we are surrounded, of the eternal rewards she promises, or of the temporal blessings she imparts, as an earnest and a foretaste of them?" *

* "Essays in Ecclesiastical Biography," by the Right Honourable Sir J. Stephen, vol. ii. pp. 53, 54.

SPECIMENS.

[THE first book which Baxter wrote * was his best—"The Saints' Everlasting Rest ; or, A Treatise of the Blessed State of the Saints in their Enjoyment of God in Glory." In his autobiography he tells us, "When I was weakened with great bleeding, and left solitary in my chamber at Sir John Cooke's in Derbyshire, without any acquaintance but my servant, and was sentenced to death by the physicians, I began to contemplate more seriously on the everlasting rest which I apprehended myself to be just on the borders of. And that my thoughts might not too much scatter in my meditation, I began to write something on that subject, intending but the quantity of a sermon or two ; but being continued long in weakness, where I had no books nor better employment, I followed it on till it was enlarged to the book in which it is published."† The book thus begun at Sir John Cooke's was continued in similar circumstances of bodily weakness at Sir Thomas Rous's. The service which it has rendered to the Church of God is great beyond all calculation ; and its usefulness has been tenfold increased by the abridgment published in 1758 by the Rev. Benjamin Fawcett, in which the ardent thoughts and burning words of the original have been admirably preserved, and the effect of the whole greatly enhanced by the omission of notes, parentheses, and digressions. In this, its condensed form, we give the conclusion.]

* The "Aphorisms on Justification" was the first book he published. Both appeared in 1649.

† "Life and Times," part i. p. 108.

Aspiration.

“O my soul, look above this world of sorrows! Hast thou so long felt the smarting rod of affliction, and no better understood its meaning? Is not every stroke to drive thee hence? Is not its voice, like that to Elijah, ‘What doest thou here?’ Dost thou forget thy Lord’s prediction, ‘In the world ye shall have tribulation, in Me ye may have peace.’ Ah! my dear Lord, I feel Thy meaning; it is written in my flesh, engraved in my bones. My heart Thou aimest at; Thy rod drives, Thy silken cord of love draws; and all to bring it to Thyself. Lord, can such a heart be worth Thy having? Make it worthy, and then it is Thine; take it to Thyself, and then take me. This clod hath life to stir, but not to rise. As the feeble child to the tender mother, it looketh up to Thee, and stretcheth out the hands, and fain would have Thee take it up. Though I cannot say, ‘My soul longeth after Thee;’ yet I can say, I long for such a heart. ‘The spirit is willing, the flesh is weak.’ My spirit cries, ‘Let Thy kingdom come,’ or let me come to Thy kingdom; but the flesh is afraid Thou shouldst hear my prayer, and take me at my word. O blessed be Thy grace! which makes use of my corruptions to kill themselves; for I fear my fears, and sorrow for my sorrows, and long for the greater longings; and thus the painful means of attaining my desires increase my weariness, and that makes me groan to be at rest.

“Indeed, Lord, my soul itself is in a strait, and what to choose I know not; but Thou knowest what to give: ‘To depart and be with Thee is far better;’ but to abide in the flesh seems needful. Thou knowest I am not weary of Thy work, but of sorrow and sin; I am willing to stay while Thou wilt employ me, and despatch the work Thou hast put into my hands; but, I beseech Thee, stay no longer when this is done; and while I must be here, let me be still amending and ascending; make

me still better, and take me at the best. I dare not be so impatient, as to importune to cut off my time, and snatch me hence unready ; nor would I stay when my work is done, and remain here sinning while my brethren are triumphing. Thy footsteps bruise this worm, while those stars shine in the firmament of glory. Yet I am Thy child as well as they ; Christ is my head as well as theirs ; why is there, then, so great a distance ? But I acknowledge the equity of Thy ways ; though we are all children, yet I am the prodigal, and therefore more fit in this remote country to ‘feed on husks,’ while they are ‘always with Thee,’ and possess Thy glory. They were once themselves in my condition, and I shall shortly be in theirs. They were of the lowest form, before they came to the highest ; they suffered before they reigned ; they ‘came out of great tribulation, who are now before Thy throne ;’ and shall not I be content to come to Thy crown as they did ; and to ‘drink of their cup,’ before I ‘sit with them in the kingdom ?’

“Lord, I am content to stay Thy time, and go Thy way, so Thou wilt exalt me also in Thy season, and take me into Thy barn, when Thou seest me ripe. In the meantime I may desire, though I am not to repine ; I may believe and wish, though not make any sinful haste ; I am willing to wait for Thee, but not to lose Thee ; and when Thou seest me too contented with Thine absence, then quicken my languid desires, and blow up the dying spark of love ; and leave me not till I am able unfeignedly to cry out, ‘As the hart panteth after the water-brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God. My soul thirsteth for God, for the living God : when shall I come and appear before God ? My conversation is in heaven, from whence I look for the Saviour.’ My affections are ‘set on things above, where Christ sitteth, and my life is hid. I walk by faith, and not by sight ; willing rather to be absent from the body and present with the Lord.’

“What interest hath this empty world in me? and what is there in it that may seem so lovely, as to entice my desires from my God, or make me loth to come away! Methinks, when I look upon it with a deliberate eye, it is a howling wilderness, and too many of its inhabitants are untamed monsters: I can view all its beauty as deformity; and drown all its pleasures in a few penitent tears; or the wind of a sigh will scatter them away. Oh, let not this flesh so seduce my soul, as to make it prefer this weary life before the joys that are about Thy throne! And though death itself be unwelcome to nature, yet let Thy grace make Thy glory appear to me so desirable, that the King of Terrors may be the messenger of my joy. Let not my soul be ejected by violence, and dispossessed of its habitation against its will; but draw it to Thyself by the secret power of Thy love, as the sunshine in the spring draws forth the creatures from their winter cells; meet it half way and entice it to Thee, as the loadstone doth the iron, and as the greater flame attracts the less! Dispel, therefore, the clouds that hide Thy love from me; or remove the scales that hinder mine eyes from beholding Thee; for the beams that stream from Thy face, and the foretaste of Thy great salvation, and nothing else can make a soul unfeignedly say, ‘Now let thy servant depart in peace.’

“But it is not Thy ordinary discoveries that will here suffice; as the work is greater, so must Thy help be. Oh, turn these fears into strong desires, and this lothness to die into longings after Thee! While I must be absent from Thee, let my soul as heartily groan, as my body doth under its want of health! If I have any more time to spend on earth, let me live as without the world in Thee, as I have sometimes lived as without Thee in the world! While I have a thought to think, let me not forget Thee; or a tongue to move, let me mention Thee with delight; or a breath to breathe, let it be after Thee, and for Thee; or a knee to bend, let it daily bow

at Thy footstool; and when by sickness Thou confinest me, do Thou 'make my bed, number my pains, and put all my tears into thy bottle.'

"As my flesh desired what my spirit abhorred, so now let my spirit desire that day which my flesh abhorreth; that my friends may not with so much sorrow wait for the departure of my soul, as my soul with joy shall wait for its own departure! Then 'let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his;' even a removal to that glory that shall never end! Then let Thy convoy of angels bring my departing soul among the perfected 'spirits of the just,' and let me follow my friends that have died 'in Christ' before me; and while my sorrowing friends are weeping over my grave, let my spirit repose with Thee in rest! and while my corpse shall lie rotting in the dark, let my soul be in 'the inheritance of the saints in light!' O Thou that 'numberest the very hairs of my head,' number all the days that my body lies in the dust; and Thou that 'writest all my members in thy book,' keep an account of my scattered bones!

"O my Saviour, hasten the time of Thy return; 'send forth thy angels,' and let that dreadful, joyful trumpet sound! Delay not, lest the living give up their hopes; delay not, lest earth should grow like hell, and Thy Church, by division, be all crumbled to dust; delay not, lest Thy enemies get advantage of Thy flock, and lest pride, hypocrisy, sensuality, and unbelief prevail against Thy little remnant, and share among them Thy whole inheritance, and when Thou comest Thou find not faith on the earth; delay not, lest the grave should boast of victory, and, having learned rebellion of its guest, should refuse to deliver Thee up Thy due! Oh, hasten that great resurrection-day, when Thy command shall go forth, and none shall disobey! when 'the sea and the earth shall yield up their hostages, and all that sleep in the grave shall awake, and the dead in Christ shall rise first;' when the seed which Thou sowest corruptible

shall come forth incorruptible ! and graves that received rottenness and dust shall return Thee glorious stars and suns ! Therefore dare I lay down my carcass in the dust, intrusting it, not to a grave, but to Thee ; and therefore my flesh shall rest in hope, till Thou shalt raise it to the possession of everlasting rest. Return, O Lord, how long ? Oh, let Thy kingdom come ! Thy desolate bride saith, Come ! for Thy Spirit within her saith, Come ; and teacheth her thus to ‘ pray with groanings which cannot be uttered ! ’ Yea, the whole creation saith, Come ; ‘ waiting to be delivered from the bondage of corruption into the glorious liberty of the children of God.’ Thou Thyself hast said, ‘ Surely I come quickly. Amen. Even so, come, Lord Jesus ! ’ ”

Thus, reader, I have given thee my best advice for maintaining a heavenly conversation. If thou canst not thus meditate methodically and fully, yet do it as thou canst ; only be sure to do it seriously and frequently. Be acquainted with this heavenly work, and thou wilt, in some degree, be acquainted with God ; thy joys will be spiritual, prevalent, and lasting, according to the nature of their blessed object ; thou wilt have comfort in life and death ; when thou hast neither wealth, nor health, nor the pleasure of this world, yet wilt thou have comfort : without the presence or help of any friend, without a minister, without a book, when all means are denied thee, or taken from thee, yet mayest thou have vigorous, real comfort. Thy graces will be mighty, active, and victorious ; and daily joy, which is thus fetched from heaven, will be thy strength. Thou wilt be as one who stands on the top of an exceeding high mountain ; he looks down on the world as if it were quite below him ; fields and woods, cities and towns, seem to him but little spots. Thus despicably wilt thou look on all things here below. The greatest princes will seem but as grasshoppers ; the busy, contentious, covetous world but as a heap of

ants. Men's threatenings will be no terror to thee ; nor the honours of this world any strong enticement : temptations will be more harmless, as having lost their strength ; and afflictions less grievous, as having lost their sting ; and every mercy will be better known and relished. It is now, under God, in thy own choice, whether thou wilt live this blessed life or not ; and whether all this pains I have taken for thee shall prosper or be lost. If it be lost through thy laziness, thou thyself wilt prove the greatest loser. O man ! what hast thou to mind, but God and heaven ? Art thou not almost out of this world already ? Dost thou not look every day when one disease or other will let out thy soul ? Does not the grave wait to be thine house ; and worms to feed upon thy face and heart ? What if thy pulse must beat a few strokes more ! what if thou hast a little longer to breathe, before thou breathe out thy last ! a few more nights to sleep, before thou sleepest in the dust ! Alas ! what will this be, when it is gone ? And is it not almost gone already ? Very shortly thou wilt see thy glass run out, and say to thyself, " My life is done ! My time is gone ! 'Tis past recalling ! There's nothing now but heaven or hell before me ! " Where, then, should thy heart be now, but in heaven ? Didst thou know what a dreadful thing it is, to have a doubt of heaven when a man is dying—it would rouse thee up. And what else but doubt can that man do, that never seriously thought of heaven before ?

Some there be that say, " It is not worth so much time and trouble, to think of the greatness of the joys above ; so that we can make sure they are ours, we know they are great." But as these men obey not the command of God, which requires them to have " their conversation in heaven," and to " set their affections on things above ;" so they wilfully make their own lives miserable, by refusing the delights which God hath set before them. And if this were all, it were a small matter : see what abundance of other mischiefs follow the

neglect of these heavenly delights ! This neglect will damp, if not destroy, their love to God ; will make it unpleasant to them to think or speak of God, or engage in His service ; it tends to pervert their judgments concerning the ways and ordinances of God ; it makes them sensual and voluptuous ; it leaves them under the power of every affliction and temptation, and is a preparative to total apostasy ; it will also make them fearful and unwilling to die. For who would go to a God or a place he hath no delight in ? Who would leave his pleasure here, if he had not better to go to ? Had I only proposed a course of melancholy, and fear, and sorrow, you might reasonably have objected. But you must have heavenly delights, or none that are lasting. God is willing you should daily walk with him, and fetch in consolations from the everlasting fountain ; if you are unwilling, even bear the loss ; and when you are dying, seek for comfort where you can get it, and see whether fleshly delights will remain with you ; then conscience will remember in spite of you, that you were once persuaded to a way for more excellent pleasures, pleasures that would have followed you through death, and have lasted to eternity.

As for you whose hearts God hath weaned from all things here below, I hope you will value this heavenly life, and take one walk every day in the New Jerusalem. God is your love and your desire ; you would fain be more acquainted with your Saviour ; and I know it is your grief, that your hearts are not nearer to Him, and that they do not more feelingly love and delight in Him. Oh, try this life of meditation on your heavenly rest. Here is the mount on which the fluctuating ark of your souls may rest. Let the world see by your heavenly lives, that religion is something more than opinions and disputes, or a talk of outward duties. If ever a Christian is like himself, and answerable to his principles and profession, it is when he is most serious and lively in this duty.

As Moses, before he died, went up into mount Nebo, to take a survey of the land of Canaan; so the Christian ascends the mount of contemplation, and by faith surveys his rest. He looks upon the glorious mansions, and says, "Glorious things are deservedly spoken of thee, thou city of God!" He hears, as it were, the melody of the heavenly choir, and says, "Happy is the people that are in such a case; yea, happy is that people, whose God is the Lord!" He looks upon the glorious mansions, and says, "Glorious things are spoken of thee, thou city of God!" He hears, as it were, the melody of the heavenly choir, and says, "Happy is the people that are in such a case; yea, happy is that people whose God is the Lord!" He looks upon the glorified inhabitants, and says, "Happy art thou, O Israel! who is like unto thee, O people, saved by the Lord, the shield of thy help, and who is the sword of thine excellency?" When he looks upon the Lord himself, who is their glory, he is ready, with the rest, to fall down and worship Him that liveth for ever and ever, and say, "Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty, who was, and is, and is to come! Thou art worthy, O Lord, to receive glory, and honour, and power!" When he looks on the glorified Saviour, he is ready to say Amen, to that new song, "Blessing, and honour, and glory, and power, be unto Him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb for ever and ever: For Thou wast slain, and hast redeemed us to God by Thy blood, out of every kindred, and tongue, and people, and nation; and hast made us unto our God, kings and priests!" When He looks back on the wilderness of this world, He blesses the believing, patient, despised saints; He pities the ignorant, obstinate, miserable world; and for himself he says, as Peter, "It is good to be here;" or, as Asaph, "It is good for me to draw near to God, for, lo, they that are far from Thee shall perish." Thus, as Daniel in his captivity, daily opened his window towards Jerusalem, though far out of sight,

when he went to God in his devotions, so may the believing soul, in this captivity of the flesh, look towards "Jerusalem which is above." And as Paul was to the Colossians, so may the believer be with the glorified spirits, "though absent in the flesh, yet with them in the spirit, joying and beholding their heavenly order." And as the lark sweetly sings while she soars on high, but is suddenly silenced when she falls to the earth, so is the frame of the soul most delightful and divine while it keeps in the view of God by contemplation. Alas, we make there too short a stay, fall down again, and lay by our music!

But O thou merciful Father of spirits, the attractive of love, and ocean of delights, draw up these drowsy hearts unto Thyself, and keep them there till they are spiritualised and refined; and second Thy servant's weak endeavours, and persuade those that read these lines to the practice of this delightful, heavenly work! Oh, suffer not the soul of Thy most unworthy servant to be a stranger to those joys which he describes to others; but keep me, while I remain on earth, in daily breathings after Thee, and in a believing, affectionate walking with Thee! And when Thou comest, let me be found so doing; not serving my flesh, nor asleep with my lamp unfurnished; but waiting and longing for my Lord's return! Let those who shall read these heavenly directions, not merely read the fruit of my studies, but the breathing of my active hope and love; that if my heart were open to their view, they might there read the same most deeply engraven with a beam from the face of the Son of God; and not find vanity, or lust, or pride within, when the words of life appear without; that so these lines may not witness against me; but, proceeding from the heart of the writer, may be effectual, through Thy grace, upon the heart of the reader, and so be the savour of life to both! Amen.

Expostulation.

[Baxter's power was a pathetic pleading with sinners on behalf of their own souls. Of this there are specimens never to be forgotten in his "Call to the Unconverted;" his "Now or Never;" and his "Compassionate Counsel to Young Men." From the former of these we give a quotation unabridged.]

What say you, unconverted sinners? Have you any good reasons to give why you should not turn, and presently turn with all your hearts? Or will you go to hell in despite of reason itself? Bethink you what you do in time, for it will shortly be too late to bethink you. Can you find any fault with God, or His work, or His wages? Is He a bad master? Is the devil, whom you serve, a better? or is the flesh a better? Is there any harm in a holy life? Is a life of worldliness and ungodliness better? Do you think in your consciences that it would do you any harm to be converted and live a holy life? What harm can it do you? Is it harm to have the Spirit of Christ within you, and to have a cleansed, purified heart? If it be bad to be holy, why doth God say, "Be ye holy, for I am holy"? Is it evil to be like God? Is it not said, that "God made man in his image"? Why, this holiness is His image: this, Adam lost; and this Christ, by His word and Spirit, would restore to you, as He doth to all that He will have. Why were you "baptized into the Holy Ghost," and why do you baptize your children into the Holy Ghost, as your Sanctifier, if you will not be sanctified by Him, but think it a hurt to you to be sanctified? Tell me truly, as before the Lord, though you are loth to live a holy life, had you not rather die in the case of those that do so than of others? If you were to die this day, had you not rather die in the case of a converted man, than of an unconverted? of a holy and heavenly man, than of a carnal, earthly man? and

would you not say as Balaam, "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his"? And why will you not now be of the mind that you will be of then? First or last you must come to this, either to be converted, or to wish you had been when it is too late.

But what is it that you are afraid of losing if you turn? Is it your friends? you will but change them; God will be your friend, and Christ and the Spirit will be your friends, and every Christian will be your friend. You will get one friend that will stand you in more stead than all the friends in the world could have done. The friends you lose would but have enticed you to hell, but could not have delivered you; but the friend you get will save you from hell, and bring you to His own eternal rest.

Is it your pleasures that you are afraid of losing? You think you shall never have a merry day again if once you be converted. Alas, that you should think it a greater pleasure to live in foolish sports and merriments, and please your flesh, than live in the believing thoughts of glory, and in the love of God, and in "righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost," in which the state of grace consisteth! If it be a greater pleasure for you to think of your lands and inheritance, if you were lord of all the country, than it is for a child to play at pins; why should it not be a greater joy to you to think of the kingdom of heaven being yours, than of all the riches or pleasures of the world? As it is but foolish childishness that makes children so delight in baubles that they would not leave them for all your lands, so it is but foolish worldliness, and fleshliness, and wickedness, that makes you so much delight in your houses and lands, and meat, and drink, and ease, and honour, as that you would not part with them for the heavenly delights. But what will you do for pleasure when these are gone? Do you not think of that? When your pleasures end in horror, and go out like a taper, the pleasures

of the saints are then at the best. I have had myself but a little taste of the heavenly pleasures in the forethoughts of the blessed approaching day, and in the present persuasions of the love of God in Christ; but I have taken too deep a draught of earthly pleasure: so that you may see, if I be partial, it is on your side. And yet I must profess, from that little experience, that there is no comparison: there is more joy to be had in a day (if the sun of life shine clear upon us) in the state of holiness, than in a whole life of sinful pleasures. I had "rather be a door-keeper in the house of God, than to dwell in the tents of wickedness." "A day in His courts is better than a thousand any where else." The mirth of the wicked is like the laughter of a madman that knows not his own misery; and therefore Solomon saith of laughter, "It is mad; and of mirth, What doeth it?" "It is better to go to the house of mourning, than to go to the house of feasting; for that is the end of all men, and the living will lay it to his heart. Sorrow is better than laughter; for by the sadness of the countenance the heart is made better. The heart of the wise is in the house of mourning; but the heart of fools is in the house of mirth. It is better to hear the rebuke of the wise, than to hear the song of fools; for as the crackling of thorns under a pot, so is the laughter of the fool." Your loudest laughter is but like that of a man that is tickled: he laughs when he has no cause of joy, and it is a wiser thing for a man to give all his estate, and his life, to be tickled to make him laugh, than for you to part with the love of God, and the comforts of holiness, and the hopes of heaven, and to cast yourselves into damnation, that you may have your flesh tickled with the pleasure of sin for a little while. Judge, as you are men, if this be a wise man's part. It is but your carnal unsanctified nature that makes a holy life seem grievous to you, and a course of sensuality seem more delightful; if you will but turn, the Holy Ghost will give you another nature

and inclination, and then it will be more pleasant to you to be rid of your sin, than now it is to keep it; and you will then say, that you knew not what a comfortable life was till now, and that it was never well with you, till God and holiness were your delight.

If you will go to hell, what remedy? God here acquits himself of your blood; it shall not lie on Him if you be lost. A negligent minister may draw it upon him; and those that encourage you, or hinder you not in sin, may draw it upon them; but be sure of it, it shall not lie upon God. Saith the Lord concerning His unprofitable vineyard, "Judge, I pray you, betwixt Me and My vineyard, what could have been done more to My vineyard, that I have not done in it?" When He had planted it in a fruitful soil, and fenced it, and gathered out the stones, and planted it with the choicest vines, what should He have done more to it? He hath made you men, and endowed you with reason; He hath furnished you with all external necessaries—all creatures are at your service; He hath given you a righteous, perfect law. When you had broken it, and undone yourselves, He had pity on you, and sent His Son by a miracle of condescending mercy to die for you, and be a sacrifice for your sins, and He "was in Christ reconciling the world to himself."

The Lord Jesus hath made you a deed of gift of himself, and eternal life with Him, on the condition you will but accept it, and return. He hath on this reasonable condition offered you the free pardon of all your sins; He hath written this in His Word, and sealed it by His Spirit, and sent it you by His ministers; they have made the offer to you a hundred and a hundred times, and called you to accept it, and to turn to God. They have in His name entreated you, and reasoned the case with you, and answered all your frivolous objections. He hath long waited on you, and stayed your leisure, and suffered

you to abuse Him to His face. He hath mercifully sustained you in the midst of your sins ; He hath compassed you about with all sorts of mercies ; He hath also intermixed afflictions to remind you of your folly, and call you to your wits, and His Spirit has been often striving with your hearts, and saying there, “Turn, sinner, turn to Him that calleth thee. Whither art thou going ? What art thou doing ? Dost thou know what will be the end ? How long wilt thou hate thy friends, and love thine enemies ? When wilt thou let go all, and turn and deliver thyself up to God, and give thy Redeemer the possession of thy soul ? When shall it once be ?” These pleadings have been used with thee, and when thou hast delayed, thou hast been urged to make haste, and God hath called to thee, “To-day, while it is called to-day, harden not thy heart ; why not now, without any more delay ?” Life hath been set before you ; the joys of heaven have been opened to you in the gospel ; the certainty of them hath been manifested, the certainty of the everlasting torments of the damned hath been declared to you ; unless you would have had a sight of heaven and hell, what could you desire more ? Christ hath been, as it were, set forth crucified before your eyes. You have been a hundred times told that you are but lost men till you come unto Him ; as oft you have been told of the evil of sin, of the vanity of sin, the world, and all the pleasures and wealth it can afford ; of the shortness and uncertainty of your lives, and the endless duration of the joy or torment of the life to come. All this, and more than this, have you been told, and told again, even till you were weary of hearing it, and till you could make the lighter of it, because you had so often heard it, like the smith’s dog, that is brought by custom to sleep under the noise of the hammers, and when the sparks do fly about his ears ; and though all this have not converted you, yet you are alive, and might have mercy to this day, if you had but hearts to entertain it. And now let reason itself be the judge, whether

it be the fault of God or you, if after all this you will be unconverted and be damned. If you die now, it is because you will die. What should be said more to you, or what course should be taken that is likelier to prevail? Are you able to say, and make it good, "We would fain have been converted and become new creatures, but we could not; we would fain have forsaken our sins, but we could not; we would have changed our company, and our thoughts, and our discourse, but we could not?" Why could you not, if you would? What hindereth you, but the wickedness of your hearts? Who forced you to sin, or who did hold you back from duty? Had not you the same teaching, and time, and liberty to be godly, as your godly neighbours had? Why, then, could not you have been godly as well as they? Was the church shut against you, or did you not keep away yourselves, or sit and sleep, or hear as if you did not hear? Did God put in any exceptions against you in His Word, when He invited sinners to return; and when He promised mercy to those that do return? Did He say, "I will pardon all that repent except thee?" Did He shut thee out from the liberty of His holy worship? Did He forbid you to pray to Him, any more than others? You know He did not. God did not drive you away from Him, but you forsook Him, and ran away yourselves, and when He called you to Him you would not come. If God had excepted you out of the general promise and offer of mercy, or had said to you, "Stand off, I will have nothing to do with such as you; pray not to Me, for I will not hear you: if you repent never so much, and cry for mercy never so much, I will not regard you:" if God had left you nothing to trust to but desperation, then you had a fair excuse; you might have said, "To what end do I repent and turn, when it will do no good?" But this was not your case; you might have had Christ to be your Lord and Saviour, your head and husband, as well as others, and you would not, because you felt

not sick enough for the physician, and because you could not spare your disease ; in your hearts you said as those rebels, " We will not have this man to reign over us." Christ would have gathered you under the wings of His salvation, and you would not. What desires of your welfare did the Lord express in His holy Word ! With what compassion did He stand over you and say, " O that my people had hearkened unto me, and that they had walked in my ways !" " O that there were such a heart in this people, that they would fear me, and keep all my commandments always, that it might be well with them and with their children for ever !" " O that they were wise, that they understood this, and that they would consider their latter end !" He would have been your God, and done all for you that your souls could well desire : but you loved the world and your flesh above Him, and therefore you would not hearken to Him ; though you complimented Him, and gave Him high titles, yet when it came to the closing, " you would have none of Him." No marvel, then, if " He gave you up to your own hearts' lusts, and you walked in your own counsels." He condescends to reason, and pleads the case with you, and asks you, " What is there in Me, or My service, that you should be so much against Me ? What harm have I done thee, sinner ? Have I deserved this unkind dealing at thy hand ? Many mercies have I shewn thee ; for which of them dost thou thus despise Me ? Is it I, or is it Satan, that is thine enemy ? Is it I, or is it thy carnal self, that would undo thee ? Is it a holy life, or a life of sin, that thou hast cause to fly from ? If thou be undone, thou procurest this to thyself, by forsaking Me, the Lord that would have saved thee." " Doth not thy own wickedness correct thee, and thy sin reprove thee ? Thou mayest see that it is an evil and bitter thing that thou hast forsaken Me." He calleth out, as it were, to the brutes, to hear the controversy he hath against you : " Hear, O ye mountains, the Lord's controversy, and ye strong

foundations of the earth : for the Lord hath a controversy with his people, and he will plead with Israel. O my people, what have I done unto thee? and wherein have I wearied thee? testify against me. For I brought thee up out of Egypt, and redeemed thee," &c. "Hear, O heavens; and give ear, O earth: for the Lord hath spoken: I have nourished and brought up children, and they have rebelled against me. The ox knoweth his owner, and the ass his master's crib: but Israel doth not know, my people doth not consider. Ah, sinful nation, a people laden with iniquity, a seed of evil-doers!" "Do you thus requite the Lord, O foolish people, and unwise? is he not thy Father that bought thee? hath he not made thee, and established thee?" When He saw that you forsook Him, even for nothing, and turned away from your Lord and life, to hunt after the chaff and feathers of the world, He told you of your folly, and called you to a more profitable employment. "Wherefore do ye spend your money for that which is not bread? and your labour for that which satisfieth not? Hearken diligently unto me, and eat ye that which is good, and let your soul delight itself in fatness. Incline your ear, and come unto me: hear, and your soul shall live; and I will make an everlasting covenant with you, even the sure mercies of David. Seek ye the Lord while he may be found, call ye upon him while he is near: let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts: and let him return unto the Lord, and he will have mercy upon him, and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon." And when you would not hear, what complaints have you put Him to, charging it on you as your wilfulness and stubbornness! "Be astonished, O heavens, at this, and be horribly afraid. For my people have committed two evils; they have forsaken me, the fountain of living waters, and hewed them out cisterns, broken cisterns, that can hold no water." Many a time hath Christ proclaimed that free invitation to you, "Let him that is athirst

come. And whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely." But you put Him to complain after all His offers, "They will not come to me that they may have life." He hath invited you to feast with Him in the kingdom of His grace, and you have had excuses from your grounds, and your cattle, and your worldly business; and when you would not come, you have said you could not, and provoked Him to resolve that you should never "taste of His supper." And who is it the fault of now, but yourselves? and what can you say is the chief cause of your damnation, but your own wills? You would be damned. The whole case is laid open by Christ himself, Prov. i. from the 20th to the end. "Wisdom crieth without, she uttereth her voice in the streets, she crieth in the place of the concourse, saying, How long, ye simple ones, will ye love simplicity, and the scorers delight in their scorning, and fools hate knowledge? Turn ye at my reproof; behold I will pour out my Spirit upon you, I will make known my words unto you. Because I have called, and ye refused; I have stretched out my hands, and no man regarded, but ye have set at nought all my counsels, and would none of my reproof; I also will laugh at your calamity, I will mock when your fear cometh as desolation, and your destruction cometh as a whirlwind; when distress and anguish cometh upon you: then shall they call upon me, but I will not answer; they shall seek me early, but they shall not find me; for that they hated knowledge, and did not choose the fear of the Lord. They would none of my counsels: they despised all my reproof: therefore shall they eat of the fruit of their own way, and be filled with their own devices. For the turning of the simple shall slay them, and the prosperity of fools shall destroy them. But whoso hearkeneth to me shall dwell safely, and shall be quiet from the fear of evil." I thought best to recite the whole text at large to you, because it doth so fully shew the cause of the destruction of the

wicked. It is not because God would not teach them, but because they would not learn. It is not because God would not call them, but because they would not turn at His reproof. Their wilfulness is their undoing.

Be Earnest.

[We have already noticed the popularity of Baxter's preaching. The following brief extract from a discourse on "Making Light of Christ," will give some idea of its earnestness. In his "Life and Times," he says, "This sermon was preached at Lawrence Jewry, where Mr Vines was pastor: where, though I sent the day before to secure room for the Lord Broghill and the Earl of Suffolk, with whom I was to go in the coach, yet, when I came, the crowd had so little respect of persons, that they were fain to go home again, because they could not come within hearing, and the old Earl of Warwick brought me home again; and Mr Vines himself was fain to get up into the pulpit, and sit behind me, and I to stand between his legs."]

Oh, sirs! it is no trifles or jesting matters that the gospel speaks of. I must needs profess to you, that when I have the most serious thoughts of these things myself, I am ready to marvel that such amazing matters do not overwhelm the souls of men: that the greatness of the subject doth not over-match our understandings and affections, as even to drive men beside themselves, but that God hath always somewhat allayed it by the distance; much more, that men should be so blockish as to make light of them. O Lord, that men did but know what everlasting glory and everlasting torments are! Would they then hear us as they do? Would they read and think of these things as they do? I profess I have been ready to wonder, when I have heard such weighty things delivered,

how people can forbear crying out in the congregation, much more, how they can rest till they have gone to their ministers, and learned what they should do to be saved, that this great business might be put out of doubt. O that heaven and hell should work no more on men! O that everlastingness should work no more! Oh, how can you forbear when you are alone to think with yourselves what it is to be everlastingly in joy or in torment! I wonder that such thoughts do not break your sleep, and that they come not in your mind when you are about your labour. I wonder how you can do almost anything else. How can you have any quietness in your minds? How can you eat, or drink, or rest, till you have got some ground of everlasting consolations! Is that a man or a corpse that is not affected with matters of this moment? that can be readier to sleep than to tremble when he heareth how he must stand at the bar of God? Is that a man or a clod of clay that can rise and lie down without being affected with his everlasting estate? that can follow his worldly business, and make nothing of the great business of salvation or damnation, and that when they know it is hard at hand? Truly, sirs, when I think of the weight of the matter, I wonder at the very best of God's saints upon earth, that they are no better, and do no more in so weighty a case. I wonder at those whom the world accounteth more holy than needs, and scorneth for making too much ado, that they can put off Christ and their souls with so little—that they pour not out their souls in every supplication—that they are not more taken up with God—that their thoughts be not more serious in preparation for their account. I wonder that they be not a hundred times more strict in their lives, and more laborious and unwearied in striving for the crown than they are. And for myself, as I am ashamed of my dull and careless heart, and of my slow and unprofitable course of life, so the Lord knows I am ashamed of every sermon that I preach. When I think what I have

been speaking of, and who sent me, and that men's salvation or damnation is so much concerned in it, I am ready to tremble, lest God should judge me as a slighter of His truth, and of the souls of men, and lest in the best sermon I should be guilty of their blood. Methinks we should not speak a word to men in matters of such consequence without tears, or the greatest earnestness that possibly we can.

Now or Never.

[The same overflowing affection, and the same importunity, which can hardly leave off, and will take no refusal, are strikingly exemplified in the discourse entitled "Now or Never." We give its closing paragraphs.]

I have done my part to open to you the necessity of serious diligence, and to call up the sluggish souls of sinners to mind the work of their salvation, and to do it speedily, and with all their might. I must now leave the success to God and you. What use you will make of it, and what you will be and do for the time to come, is a matter that more concerneth yourselves than me. If long speaking, or multitude of words, were the way to prevail with you, I should willingly speak here while my strength would endure, and lengthen out my exhortations yet sevenfold. But that is not the way: a little wearieth you; you love long feasts, and long visits, and plays, and sports, much better than long sermons, or books, or prayers. But it is no small grief to us, to leave you in a cause of such importance, without some considerable hopes of your deliverance.

Sirs, the matter is now laid before you, and much in your own hands; it will not be so long! What will you now do? Have I convinced you now, that God and your salvation are to be sought with all your might? If I have not, it is not for

want of evidence in what is said, but for want of willingness in yourselves to know the truth. I have proved to you, that it is a matter out of controversy, unless your lusts, and passions, and carnal interest will make a controversy of it. I beseech you tell me, if you be of any religion at all, why are you not strict, and serious, and diligent, and mortified, and heavenly in that religion which you are of? Surely you will not so far shame your own religion, whatever it be, as to say that your religion is not for mortification, holiness, heavenliness, self-denial; or that your religion alloweth you to be ambitious, covetous, gluttonous, drunken, to curse and swear, be impure, and rail, and oppress the innocent. It is not religion, but diabolical, serpentine malignity that is for any of this.

It is wonderful to think that learned men and gentlemen, and men that pretend to reason and ingenuity, can quietly betray their souls to the devil upon such silly grounds, and do the evil that they have no more to say for, and neglect that duty that they have no more to say against, when they know they must do it now or never: that while they confess that there is a God, and a life to come, a heaven and a hell, and that this life is purposely given us for preparation of eternity; while they confess that God is most wise, and holy, and good, and just, and that sin is the greatest evil, and that the word of God is true; they can yet make shift to quiet themselves in an unholy, sensual, careless life: and that while they honour the apostles, and martyrs, and saints that are dead and gone, they hate their successors and imitators, and the lives that they lived, and are inclined to make more martyrs by their malicious cruelty.

Alas! all this comes from the want of a sound belief of the things which they never saw; and the distance of those things, and the power of passion, and sensual objects and inclinations, that hurry them away after present vanities, and conquer reason, and rob them of their humanity; and by the noise of

the company of sensual sinners, that harden and deafen one another, and by the just judgment of God forsaking those that would not know Him, and leaving them to the blindness and hardness of their hearts. But is there no remedy? O Thou the Fountain of mercy and relief, vouchsafe these miserable sinners a remedy! O Thou the Saviour of lost mankind, have mercy upon these sinners in the depth of their security, presumption, and misery! O Thou the Illuminator and Sanctifier of souls, apply the remedy so dearly purchased! We are constrained oft to fear lest there be much wrong in us, that should more seriously preach the awakening truths of God unto men's hearts. And verily our consciences cannot but accuse us, that when we are most lively and serious, alas, we seem but almost to trifle, considering on what a message we come, and of what transcendent things we speak. But Satan hath got his advantage upon our hearts that should be instrumental to kindle theirs; as well as on theirs that should receive the truth. O that we could thirst more after their salvation! O that we could pray harder for it, and entreat them more earnestly, as those that were loth to take a denial from God or man! I must confess to you all with shame and sorrow, that I am even amazed to think of the hardness of my own heart, that melteth no more in compassion to the miserable, and is no more earnest and importunate with sinners, when I am upon such a subject as this, and am telling them that it must be now or never; and when the messengers of death within, and the fame of men's displeasure from without, doth tell me how likely it is that my time shall be but short, and that if I will say anything that may reach the hearts of sinners, for aught I know, it must be now or never. Oh, what an obstinate, what a lamentable disease is this insensibility and hardness of heart! If I were sure this were the last sermon that ever I should preach, I find now my heart would shew its sluggishness, and rob poor

souls of the serious fervour which is suitable to the subject and their case, and needful to the desired success.

But yet, poor, sleepy sinners, hear us. Though we speak not to you as men would do that had seen heaven and hell, and were themselves in a perfectly awakened frame, yet hear us while we speak to you the words of truth with some seriousness and compassionate desire of your salvation. Oh, look up to your God! Look out unto eternity; look inwardly upon your souls; look wisely upon your short and hasty time; and then bethink you how the little remnant of your time should be employed; and what it is that most concerneth you to despatch and secure before you die. Now you have sermons, and books, and warnings; it will not be so long. Preachers must have done; God threateneth them, and death threateneth them, and man threateneth them; and it is you, it is you that are most severely threatened, and that are called on by God's warnings; "If any man have an ear to hear, let him hear." Now, you have abundance of private helps; you have abundance of understanding, gracious companions; you have the Lord's-days to spend in holy exercises, for the edification and solace of your souls; you have choice of sound and serious books; and, blessed be God, you have the protection of a Christian and a Protestant king and magistracy. Oh, what invaluable mercies are all these! Oh, know your time, and use these with industry; and improve this harvest for your souls! For it will not be thus always: it must be now or never.

You have yet time and leave to pray and cry to God in hope. Yet, if you have hearts and tongues, He hath a hearing ear; the Spirit of grace is ready to assist you. It will not be thus always; the time is coming when the loudest cries will do no good. Oh! pray, pray, pray—poor, needy, miserable sinners; for it must be now or never.

You have yet health and strength, and bodies fit to serve your souls: it will not be so always; languishing, and pains,

and death are coming. Oh, use your health and strength for God; for it must be now or never.

Yet there are some stirrings of conviction in your consciences; you find that all is not well with you; and you have some thoughts or purposes to repent and be new creatures. There is some hope in this, that yet God hath not quite forsaken you. Oh! trifle not, and stifle not the convictions of your consciences, but hearken to the witness of God within you. It must be now or never.

Would you not be loth to be left to the despairing case of many poor distressed souls, that cry out, "Oh, it is now too late! I fear my day of grace is past; God will not hear me now if I should call upon Him: He hath forsaken me, and given me over to myself. It is too late to repent, too late to pray, too late to think of a new life;—all is too late." This case is sad: but yet many of these are in a safer and better case than they imagine, and are but frightened by the tempter; and it is not too late while they cry out, It is too late. But if you are left to cry in hell "It is too late!" alas, how long and how doleful a cry and lamentation will it be!

Oh, consider, poor sinner, that God knoweth the time and season of thy mercies. He giveth the spring and harvest in their season, and all His mercies in their season; and wilt thou not know thy time and season for love, and duty, and thanks to Him?

Consider thy God who hath commanded thee thy work, hath also appointed thee thy time. And this is His appointed time. To-day therefore hearken to His voice, and see that thou harden not thy heart. He that bids thee repent, and work out thy salvation with fear and trembling, doth also bid thee do it now. Obey Him in the time, if thou wilt be indeed obedient. He best understandeth the fittest time. One would think, to men that have lost so much already, and loitered so long, and are so lamentably behind-hand, and stand so near

the bar of God and their everlasting state, there should be no need to say any more to persuade them to be up and doing. I shall add but this; you are never like to have a better time. Take this, or the work will grow more difficult, more doubtful, if, through the just judgment of God, it become not desperate. If all this will not serve, but still you will loiter till time be gone, what can your poor friends do but lament your misery! The Lord knows, if we knew what words, what pains, what cost would tend to your awakening, and conversion, and salvation, we should be glad to submit to it: and we hope we should not think our labours, or liberties, or our lives too dear to promote so blessed and necessary a work. But if, when all is done that we can do, you will leave us nothing but our tears and moans for self-destroyers, the sin is yours, and the suffering shall be yours. If I can do no more, I shall leave this upon record, that we took our time to tell you home, that serious diligence is necessary to your salvation; and that God is the "rewarder of them that diligently seek Him" (Heb. xi. 6); and that this was your day, your only day: it must be now or never!

The Old Man's Retrospect.

[Few men were more desirous of self-acquaintance than our author; and few passages in that copious miscellany, entitled his "Life and Times," are more instructive than the lengthened passage in which his younger and older self are compared together. We give the more important features from the contrasted portraits.]

The temper of my mind hath somewhat altered with the temper of my body. When I was young, I was more vigorous, affectionate, and fervent in preaching, conference, and prayer, than ordinarily I can be now; my style was more extemporate

and lax; but by the advantage of affection, and a very familiar moving voice and utterance, my preaching then did more affect the auditory, than many of the last years before I gave over preaching: but yet what I delivered was much more raw, and had more passages that would not bear the trial of accurate judgments; and my discourses had both less substance and less judgment than of late.

My understanding was then quicker, and could more easily manage anything that was newly presented to it upon a sudden; but it is since better furnished and acquainted with the ways of truth and error, and with a multitude of particular mistakes of the world, which then I was the more in danger of, because I had only the faculty of knowing them, but did not actually know them. I was then like a man of a quick understanding that was to travel a way which he never went before, or to cast up an account which he never laboured in before, or to play on an instrument of music which he never saw before: and I am now like one of somewhat a slower understanding (by that *præmatura senectus* which weakness and excessive bleedings brought me to), who is travelling a way which he hath often gone, and is casting up an account which he hath often cast up, and hath ready at hand, and that is playing on an instrument which he hath often played on: so that I can very confidently say, that my judgment is much sounder and firmer now than it was then; for though I am now as competent judge of the actings of my own understanding then, yet I can judge of the effects: and when I peruse the writings which I wrote in my younger years, I can find the footsteps of my unfurnished mind, and of my emptiness and insufficiency: so that the man that followed my judgment then was liker to have been misled by it than he that should follow it now.

And I must say, further, that what I last mentioned on the by, is one of the notablest changes of my mind: in my youth,

I was quickly past my fundamentals, and was running up into a multitude of controversies, and greatly delighted with metaphysical and scholastic writings (though I must needs say, my preaching was still on the necessary points): but the older I grew, the smaller stress I laid upon these controversies and curiosities (though still my intellect abhorreth confusion), as finding far greater uncertainties in them than I at first discerned, and finding less usefulness comparatively, even where there is the greatest certainty. And now, it is the fundamental doctrines of the Catechism, which I most highly value and daily think of, and find most useful to myself and others: the Creed, the Lord's Prayer, and the Ten Commandments do find me now the most acceptable and plentiful matter for all my meditations; they are to me as my daily bread and drink: and as I can speak and write of them over and over again, so I had rather read or hear of them than of any of the school niceties which once so much pleased me. And thus I observed it was with old Bishop Ussher, and with many other men; and I conjecture that this effect also is mixed of good and bad, according to its causes.

I add, therefore, that this is another thing which I am changed in; that whereas, in my younger days, I never was tempted to doubt of the truth of Scripture or Christianity, but all my doubts and fears were exercised at home, about my own sincerity and interest in Christ, and this was it which I called unbelief: since then my sorest assaults have been on the other side; and such they were, that had I been void of internal experience, and the adhesion of love, and the special help of God, and had not discerned more reason for my religion than I did when I was younger, I had certainly apostatised to infidelity; though for atheism or ungodliness, my reason seeth no stronger arguments than may be brought to prove that there is no earth, or air, or sun. I am now, therefore, much more apprehensive than heretofore of the necessity of well grounding men

in their religion, and especially of the witness of the indwelling Spirit; for I more sensibly perceive that the Spirit is the great witness of Christ and Christianity to the world. And, though the folly of the fanatics tempted me long to overlook the strength of this testimony of the Spirit, while they placed it in a certain internal affection or enthusiastic inspiration; yet now I see that the Holy Ghost in another manner is the witness of Christ and His agent in the world. The Spirit in the prophets was His first witness; and the Spirit by miracles was the second; and the Spirit by renovation, sanctification, illumination, and consolation, assimilating the soul to Christ and heaven, is the continued witness to all true believers. And if any man have not the Spirit of Christ, the same is none of His (Rom. viii. 9). Even as the rational soul in the child is the inherent witness or evidence that he is the child of rational parents. And, therefore, ungodly persons have a great disadvantage in their resisting temptations to unbelief; and it is no wonder if Christ be a stumbling-block to the Jews, and to the Gentiles foolishness. There is many a one that hideth his temptations to infidelity, because he thinketh it a shame to open them, and because it may generate doubts in others; but I doubt the imperfection of most men's care of their salvation, and of their diligence and resolution in a holy life, doth come from the imperfection of their belief of Christianity and the life to come. For my part, I must profess, that when my belief of things eternal and of the Scripture is most clear and firm, all goeth accordingly in my soul, and all temptations to sinful compliances, worldliness, or flesh-pleasing, do signify worse to me than an invitation to the stocks or bedlam. And no petition seemeth more necessary to me than, "Lord, increase our faith: I believe, help Thou my unbelief."

I was once wont to meditate most on my own heart, and to dwell all at home and look little higher. I was still poring either on my sins or wants, or examining my sincerity; but now,

though I am greatly convinced of the need of heart-acquaintance and employment, yet I see more need of a higher work; and that I should look oftener upon Christ, and God, and heaven, than upon my own heart. At home I can find distempers to trouble me, and some evidences of my peace; but it is above that I must find matter of delight, and joy, and love, and peace itself. Therefore, I would have one thought at home upon myself and sins, and many thoughts above upon the high, and amiable, and beatifying objects.

Heretofore I knew much less than now, and yet was not half so much acquainted with my ignorance. I had a great delight in the daily new discoveries which I made, and of the light which shined in upon me (like a man that cometh into a country where he never was before). But I little knew either how imperfectly I understood those very points, whose discovery so much delighted me, nor how much might be said against them; nor how many things I was yet a stranger to. But now I find far greater darkness upon all things, and perceive how very little it is that we know in comparison of that which we are ignorant of, and have far meaner thoughts of my own understanding, though I must needs know that it is better furnished than it was then.

Accordingly, I had then a far higher opinion of learned persons and books than I have now, for what I wanted myself, I thought every reverend divine had attained, and was familiarly acquainted with; and what books I understood not by reason of the strangeness of the terms or matter, I the more admired, and thought that others understood their worth. But now, experience hath constrained me against my will to know, that reverend learned men are imperfect, and know but little as well as I, especially those that think themselves the wisest; and the better I am acquainted with them, the more I perceive that we are all yet in the dark; and the more I am acquainted with holy men that are all for heaven, and pretend not much

to subtilities, the more I value and honour them. And when I have studied hard to understand some abstruse admired book, I have but attained the knowledge of human imperfection, and to see that the author is but a man as well as I.

And at first I took more upon my author's credit than now I can do. And when an author was highly commended to me by others, or pleased me in some part, I was ready to entertain the whole, whereas now I take and leave in the same author, and dissent in some things from him that I like best, as well as from others.

I do not lay so great a stress upon the external modes and forms of worship as many young professors do. I cannot be of their opinion that think God will not accept him that prayeth by the Common Prayer-Book, and that such forms are a self-invented worship which God rejecteth. Nor yet can I be of their mind that say the like of extemporary prayers.

I am much less regardful of the approbation of man, and set much lighter by contempt or applause, than I did long ago. I am oft suspicious that this is not only from the increase of self-denial and humility, but partly from my being glutted and surfeited with human applause. And all worldly things appear most vain and unsatisfactory when we have tried them most. But though I feel that this hath some hand in the effect, yet, as far as I can perceive, the knowledge of man's nothingness, and God's transcendent greatness, with whom it is that I have most to do, and the sense of the brevity of human things, and the nearness of eternity, are the principal causes of this effect, which some have imputed to self-conceitedness and morosity. I am more and more pleased with a solitary life; and though in a way of self-denial I could submit to the most public life, for the service of God, when He requireth it, and would not be unprofitable that I might be private; yet I must confess, it is much more pleasing to myself to be retired from the world, and to have very little to do with men, and to converse with

God, and conscience, and good books, of which I have spoken my heart in my "Divine Life."

Though I was never much tempted to the sin of covetousness, yet my fear of dying was wont to tell me that I was not sufficiently loosened from the world. But I find it is comparatively very easy to me to be loose from this world, but hard to live by faith alone. To despise earth is easy to me, but not so easy to be acquainted and conversant in heaven. I have nothing in this world which I could not easily let go; but to get satisfying apprehensions of the other world is the great and grievous difficulty.

I am much more apprehensive than long ago of the odiousness and danger of the sin of pride: scarce any sin appeareth more odious to me. Having daily more acquaintance with the lamentable naughtiness and frailty of man, and of the mischiefs of that sin, and especially in matters spiritual and ecclesiastical, I think so far as any man is proud, he is kin to the devil, and utterly a stranger to God and to himself. It's a wonder that it should be a possible sin to men that still carry about with them, in soul and body, such humbling matter of remedy as we all do.

I more than ever lament the unhappiness of the nobility, gentry, and great ones of the world, who live in such temptation to sensuality, curiosity, and wasting of their time about a multitude of little things; and whose lives are too often the transcript of the sins of Sodom—pride, fulness of bread, and abundance of idleness, and want of compassion to the poor. And I more value the life of the poor labouring man, but especially of him that hath neither poverty nor riches.

Poetical Fragments.

[Many who have read his practical treatises will scarcely be acquainted with Baxter as a writer of verse; but besides a

metrical version of the Psalms, he published two volumes of poetry. These "Fragments" contain some fine passages, and, with a little elaboration, they might easily have been polished into permanent beauty. But Baxter could not elaborate. His sense of time's preciousness amounted to panic. His most important works were not only never re-written, but were very cursorily revised; and doubtless his rhymes were almost as rapid and extemporaneous as his prose. The first excerpt is from the autobiography which he has entitled "Love breathing thanks and praise."]

Hard-heartedness Bewailed.

Long was I sadly questioning Thy grace,
 Because Thy Spirit's steps I could not trace.
 The difference is so great 'twixt heaven and hell
 That those must differ much who there must dwell.
 I fear'd the change which raised my soul no higher
 Would not suffice to save me from hell fire;
 But, above all, I thought so hard a heart
 Could not among the living have a part;
 I thought Thy Son would never heal my sore,
 Unless my tears and sorrow had been more.
 I wonder'd at my great stupidity
 That could not weep when I deserved to die;
 I wonder'd things so great as heaven and hell
 Did on my heart with no more feeling dwell;
 That words, which such amazing things import,
 Did not sink deeper, and my soul transport;
 That things of everlasting consequence
 Did not affect me with a deeper sense;
 And that a soul, so near its final doom,
 Could give these worldly trifles any room;
 That on these shadows I could cast an eye,
 While death and judgment, heaven and hell stood by.
 I wonder'd, when my odious sin was named,
 I was no more confounded and ashamed.
 Many a time I begg'd a tender heart,
 And never pray'd so much for joy, as smart;

I could have kiss'd the place where I did kneel,
 If what my tongue had spoke my heart could feel.
 These were my cries, when I to Thee did speak,—
 O that this heart of stone might melt or break!
 These were my groans, this was my daily breath,—
 O save me from hard-heartedness and death!
 This was the title which I used to take,—
 Senseless, hard-hearted wretch, that cannot wake!
 But, as Thy wisdom gives in fittest measure
 Not all at once, 'tis meet we wait Thy leisure.
 I thought that things unseen should pierce and melt
 With as great passion as things seen and felt;
 But now I find it is their proper part
 To be most valued, to be next the heart,
 To be the highest interest of the soul—
 There to command, and all things else control.

The Believer's Covenant and Confidence.

My whole, though broken heart, O Lord,
 From henceforth shall be Thine;
 And here I do my vow record,
 This hand, these words are mine.
 All that I have, without reserve,
 I offer here to Thee:
 Thy will and honour all shall serve
 That Thou bestow'dst on me.

All that exceptions save I lose;
 All that I lose I save;
 The treasure of Thy love I choose,
 And Thou art all I crave.
 My God, Thou hast my heart and hand;
 I all to Thee resign:
 I'll ever to this covenant stand,
 Though flesh hereat repine.

I know that Thou wast willing first,
 And then madest me consent:

Having thus loved me at the worst,
 Thou wilt not now repent.
 Now I have quit all self-pretence,
 Take charge of what's Thine own;
 My life, my health, and my defence
 Now lie on Thee alone.

Lord, it belongs not to my care,
 Whether I die or live;
 To love and serve Thee is my share,
 And this Thy grace must give.
 If life be long I will be glad,
 That I may long obey:
 If short; yet why should I be sad,
 That shall have the same pay?

Christ leads me through no darker rooms
 Than He went through before;
 He that into God's kingdom comes,
 Must enter by this door.
 Come, Lord, when grace hath made me meet
 Thy blessed face to see;
 For if Thy work on earth be sweet,
 What will Thy glory be?

Then I shall end my sad complaints,
 And weary, sinful days;
 And join with the triumphant saints,
 That sing Jehovah's praise.
 My knowledge of that life is small,
 The eye of faith is dim;
 But 'tis enough that Christ knows all;
 And I shall be with Him.

The Resolution.

Must I be driven from my books,
 From house, and goods, and dearest friends?
 One of Thy sweet and gracious looks
 For more than this will make amends.

The world's Thy book : there I can read
 Thy power, wisdom, and Thy love ;
 And thence ascend by faith, and feed
 Upon the better things above.

I'll read Thy works of Providence :
 Thy spirit, conscience, and Thy rod
 Can teach without book all the sense
 To know the world, myself, and God.
 Few books may serve when Thou wilt teach.
 Many have stolen my precious time :
 I'll leave my books to hear Thee preach ;
 Church-work is best when Thou dost chime.

As for my house, it was my tent
 While there I waited on Thy flock :
 That work is done ; that time is spent :
 There neither was my home nor stock.
 Would I in all my journey have
 Still the same inn and furniture ?
 Or ease and pleasant dwellings crave,
 Forgetting what thy saints endure ?

My Lord had taught me how to want
 A place wherein to put my head :
 While He is mine, I'll be content
 To beg or lack my daily bread.
 Heaven is my roof, earth is my floor ;
 Thy love can keep me dry and warm :
 Christ and thy bounty are my store ;
 Thy angels guard me from all harm.

As for my friends, they are not lost :
 The several vessels of Thy fleet,
 Though parted now, by tempests tost,
 Shall safely in the haven meet.
 Still we are centred all in Thee ;
 Members, though distant, of one head ;
 In the same family we be,
 By the same faith and Spirit led.

Before Thy throne we daily meet,
 As joint petitioners to Thee :
 In spirit we each other greet,
 And shall again each other see.
 The heavenly hosts, world without end,
 Shall be my company above ;
 And Thou, my best and surest Friend,
 Who shall divide me from Thy love ?

Must I forsake the soil and air
 Where first I drew my vital breath ?
 That way may be as near and fair ;
 Thence I may come to Thee by death.
 All countries are my Father's lands ;
 Thy sun, Thy love doth shine on all ;
 We may in all lift up pure hands,
 And with acceptance on Thee call.

What if in prison I must dwell ?
 May I not there converse with Thee ?
 Save me from sin, Thy wrath, and hell ;
 Call me Thy child ; and I am free.
 No walls or bars can keep Thee out ;
 None can confine a holy soul ;
 The streets of heaven it walks about ;
 None can its liberty control.

Must I feel sicknesses and smart,
 And spend my days and nights in pain ?
 Yet if Thy love refresh my heart,
 I need not overmuch complain.
 This flesh hath drawn my soul to sin ;
 If it must smart, Thy will be done :
 Oh, fill me with Thy joys within,
 And then I'll let it grieve alone !

I know my flesh must turn to dust,
 My parted soul must come to Thee,
 And undergo thy judgment just,
 And in the endless world must be.

In this there's most of fear and joy,
 Because there's most of sin and grace;
 Sin will this mortal frame destroy,
 But Christ will bring me to Thy face.

Shall I draw back, and fear the end
 Of all my sorrows, tears, and pain,
 To which my life and labours tend,
 Without which all had been in vain?
 Can I for ever be content
 Without true happiness and rest?
 Is earth become so excellent,
 That I should take it for my best?

Or can I think of finding here
 That which my soul so long had sought?
 Should I refuse those joys, through fear,
 Which bounteous love so dearly bought?
 All that doth taste of heaven is good;
 When heavenly light doth me inform,
 When heavenly life stirs in my blood,
 When heavenly love my heart doth warm.

Though all the reasons I can see,
 Why should I willingly submit,
 And comfortably come to Thee;
 My God, Thou must accomplish it.
 The love which fill'd up all my days,
 Will not forsake me to the end;
 This broken body Thou wilt raise,
 My spirit I to Thee commend.

December 3, 1663.

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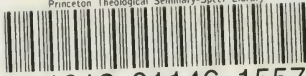
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